THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded [illegible]728 by Benj. Franklin

FEB. 24, 1912 — 5cts. THE COPY

MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

Two Souls
with but a single Thought!

Painted by James Leslie Wallace for Cream of Wheat Co.

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Where the World's Best-Dressed Men Come From

THE ROYAL TAILORS

THE ROYAL TAILORS

In the stores of over 8,000 Royal Tailoring dealers, there is now on

display the Supreme Spring Woolen Exhibit; a full half-a-thousand of the picked "plums" and "peaches" that the looms have turned out *new* this season.

And every bit of it is YOURS—for you to delightedly browse through and uncover the cloth *ideal* of your fancy. For somewhere, here, is that *one particular AFFINITY* of your fabric taste that you would call "just right" for *your* Spring suit or overcoat!

Made-to-measure De Luxe

The Royal System is *exclusively* a service in high-quality made-to-order clothes.

Behind your dealer's showing of the season's best woolens, is the famous Royal Broadway Tailor-shop Service—ready to build to your order in Chicago or New York, the made-to-measure suit of your dictation and "body-direction." Built from your virtual body-chart your dealer sends.

Lavish Quality: Small Prices

No man need now deny himself made-to-measure clothes. The Royal Service has annihilated the distance between you and the big-city tailor—so that no matter where you live—you can enjoy big-city tailoring in your own home town. And more, it has eliminated the prohibitive excess in the big-city tailor's bill—so that tailor-made clothes are no longer an extravagance, but an economy.

This is Your Invitation

The main purpose of this opening Spring announcement is to invite you to enjoy the hospitality that our 8,000 Royal merchants have authorized us to extend. We want you to call and inspect the big Royal Woolen Show; to see for yourself how this service is building at $20, $25, $30 and $35 the utmost in made-to-measure, all pure wool clothes—with a written guarantee and perfect satisfaction.

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Pay Less and Dress Better

Royal Tailored-To-Your-Order Clothes

The Royal Tailors

Chicago — *Now* Over 8,000 Royal Dealers — *President* — 148 Branch Royal Stores — New York

Joseph Nelson

Pay Less and Dress Better

"The Clothes That Real Men Wear"

The Style Book

MOST of you want your clothes correct in style. Young men insist on it unanimously; and all men are young nowadays in matters of dress.

The function of The Style Book is to supply this knowledge. Until we first issued such a book, this service had never been rendered to well-dressed men; it is now so much appreciated that we shall issue more than three million copies this Spring.

It goes all over the world; men in Alaska or South Africa see, and wear, the styles of New York, Chicago, London; correct style is cosmopolitan, not provincial.

In preparing the book our first responsibility is to know; a staff of expert designers and critics spend months in getting the knowledge.

The Spring book is a California number; the cover by Edward Penfield; "The days of '49"; the advance poster by Samuel Nelson Abbott. Send six cents for a copy; ready March 1.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: Hastings House
10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D! 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1912
by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

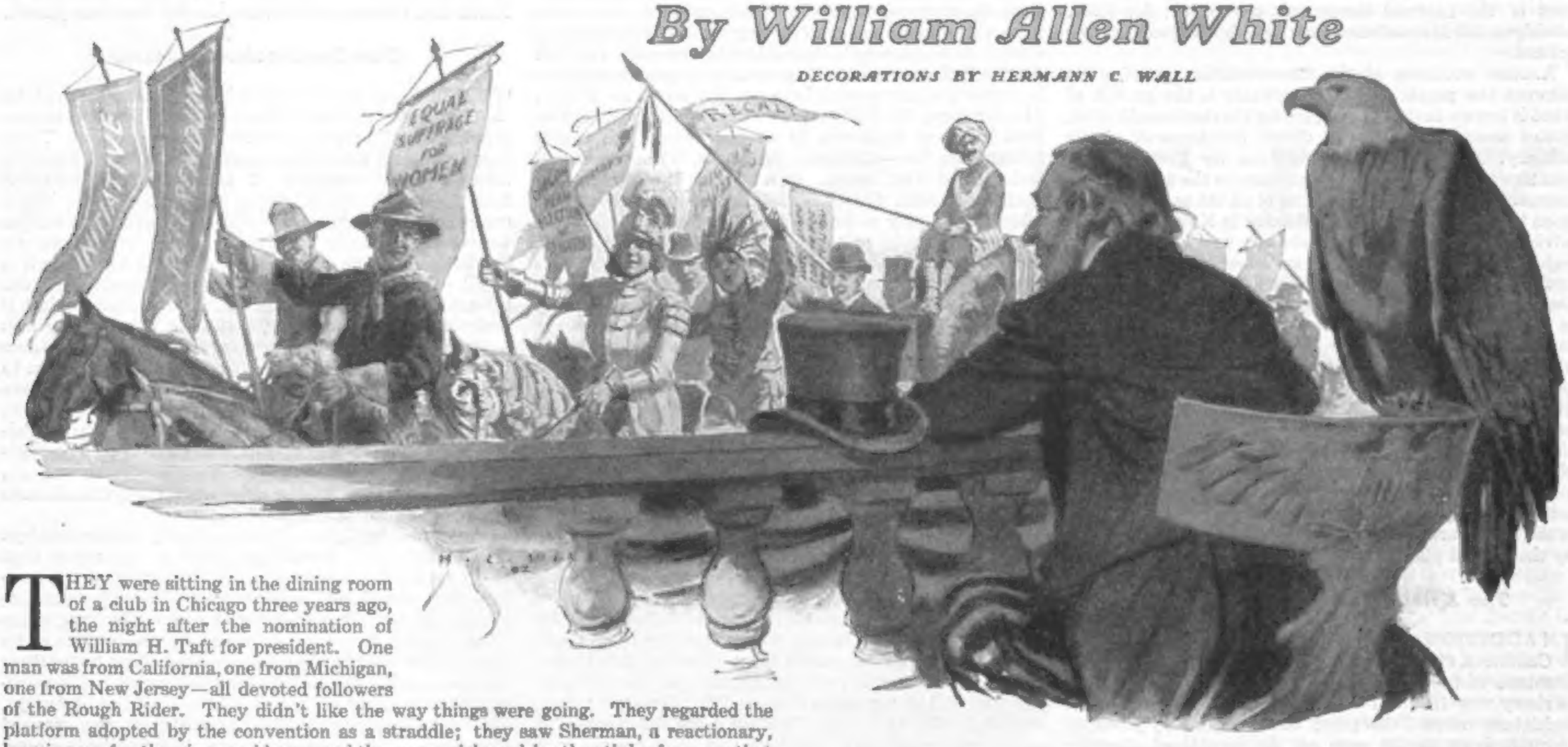
Volume 184 PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 24, 1912 Number 35

THREE YEARS OF PROGRESS

The Ground Covered During Three Years of Political Skirmishing

By William Allen White

DECORATIONS BY HERMANN C. WALL



THEY were sitting in the dining room of a club in Chicago three years ago, the night after the nomination of William H. Taft for president. One man was from California, one from Michigan, one from New Jersey—all devoted followers of the Rough Rider. They didn't like the way things were going. They regarded the platform adopted by the convention as a straddle; they saw Sherman, a reactionary, looming up for the vice-presidency, and they were sickened by the stink of money that was permeating the proceedings. The California man was inclined to think that perhaps Roosevelt's friends had made a mistake in permitting him to keep out of the race. The New Jersey man believed that things were headed wrong and was willing to make any sacrifice of Roosevelt's name and fame in history to turn the tide of reaction that seemed to be flowing in. When up spake the Michigan man.

"No," quoth he, "not on your life! If the people of this country can't buck this thing themselves, if they can't run this country as they would like it run, they will deserve all the misgovernment they get rubbed into them. It's merely a question of who is boss here—whether property is going to own the people or the people are going to own property. I'm for the Rough Rider bigger'n a wolf, but the time has come when we have got to do business without him. We must hustle for ourselves. Four years more of spoon-fed reform will ruin us. If the people desire to progress—and they do or I'm all wrong—they must get out and fight for it; stand on their two legs and go after it tooth and nail. I'm glad to see Theodore Roosevelt go—we've got to fight it out in this country ourselves sooner or later without him, and the sooner the quicker."

What it Means to Get a Finger in the Pie of Politics

AND so Theodore the First, sometimes called the Brash, "sailed away for a year and a day to the land where the palmtree grows," along with other tropical flora; and the spoon-fed people stood up on their legs and began that contest which Mr. Paul D. Cravath, certainly a qualified witness, has seen fit to call "the contest between the people, through their Government, and organized wealth, through the corporations." For three years the contest has been waged with some asperity. In every city, in every state and in the Federal Government, some form of that struggle has been manifest. In caucuses; in primaries; in conventions; at the elections; in legislatures; in Congress; in the White House; in the minor courts, state and Federal; and in the Supreme Court itself, the political contest for the ownership of the United States has been raging. The battle has not been drawn; the "people, through their Government," have won—not finally, of course; but they have made substantial gains.

It is doubtful if any other three peaceful years in American history have seen more substantial changes in the attitude of the people toward things fundamental than the past three years have shown. These changes have appeared in the state governments of some of the commonwealths of New England and in the Pacific Coast region, in the rich sagebrush principalities of the Rockies and in the industrial and agricultural states of the Mississippi Valley. Whatever is moving the people is, of course, but a continuation of the impulse that carried them so far during the first years of the century; and naturally during the past three years they have used the experience that the earlier years of the contest under President Roosevelt gave them—and they have had the accumulated momentum of those years. The important thing, however, is that there has been no let-up in the struggle begun ten years ago. The wave of reform has not ebbed.

Moreover, the political purpose remains stronger than the economic motive. The movement is institutional at base. It began with the primary, which was designed to break the alliance between business and politics; and, now that the primary is operating in three-fourths of the states, it is used as a lever for giving the individual more direct control of the other institutions of government.

To this end the people are creating new institutions—nothing but a rebuff from the United States Supreme Court can stop the spread of that institution called the initiative and referendum. It is now in force in two hundred and nine cities in twenty-five states and is a part of the fundamental law for state purposes in eleven commonwealths. These eleven are Maine, Missouri, South Dakota, Arkansas, Oklahoma, California, Colorado, Arizona, Montana, Nevada and Oregon. The legislatures that adjourned this spring submitted it to the people of eight other states—Washington, Idaho, Wyoming, North Dakota, Nebraska, Florida, Wisconsin and Indiana—where it is incorporated in the new constitutions. In Ohio it was granted to all cities. The urban population forms a major part of the people of that state; and, moreover, a working majority of the delegates to the constitutional convention are pledged publicly in writing to put the initiative and referendum in the new Ohio constitution. In three other states the initiative and referendum passed both houses of the legislature—Kansas, Massachusetts and Illinois—but lacked a constitutional majority in one house. In Minnesota and Michigan it passed one house of the legislature by the required majority and lacked but a few votes in the other house.

New Political Ideas and Forms of Government

HERE are, all told, twenty-five American states where the fundamental relation of the people to the state government is being changed. If, during the next decade, direct legislation gains as rapidly as it has gained since 1908, three-fourths of the American states will be made over. The initiative and referendum today are exactly where the primary was in 1906. The recall has been adopted by the people of Oregon, California and Arizona; it has been submitted to the people for a vote in 1912 as a constitutional amendment in Nebraska, Wisconsin, Indiana, North Dakota and Washington, and by initiation it will go before the people of Colorado. It is a live political issue, for in the cities also it is spreading. It will be found in about one-third of the cities that have adopted the initiative and referendum as parts of their charters.

The legislatures of the states were busy last winter with municipal grants of these weapons of fundamental democracy. We find the right to adopt the recall was granted to cities in Idaho, Montana, North and South Dakota, Washington, Wisconsin, Wyoming and California; and the right to adopt the initiative and referendum was granted to cities adopting the commission form of government in Illinois, Louisiana, Virginia and Michigan.

Coincident with the feeling that the powers of government should be extended to the individual voters, there seems to be a well-defined tendency toward widening the suffrage. Four states last year submitted the question of equal suffrage for women to the voters as constitutional amendments—California, Kansas, Oregon and Wisconsin. California adopted the amendment. This is the largest number of states that ever had this proposition before the people in any one year. Heretofore the suffrage movement has been successful only in the Far West, where men exceeded the women in numbers. The states having woman suffrage are Washington, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, California and Utah. If the people of Wisconsin, for instance, should adopt woman suffrage in the election of 1912, the question would cease to be sectional and become part of the national democratic movement; for Iowa, Michigan and Massachusetts are regarded as good fighting ground.

Another evidence of the closer relation growing up between the people and their servants is the growth of what is known as the Oregon plan for the election of United States senators. It is the direct development of the primary. After the party candidates for United States senators are nominated at the primary in the summer, the names of the successful candidates of all the parties are put upon the ballot at the general election in November for an advisory vote. To make that advisory vote binding, every legislative candidate is given an opportunity to sign at option one of two statements: First, that he will vote for the United States senator designated by the advisory vote of the people of his state; second, that he will not vote for the candidate chosen by the people. Naturally most of the legislative candidates agree in writing to obey the people, and the advisory vote becomes binding. Thus, in 1909 the Republican legislature in Oregon elected a Democrat, and in 1911 a Democratic legislature in Nevada elected a Republican, and a Democratic legislature in Nebraska elected a Democrat—all because the people so voted in an advisory vote. In 1911 three United States senators were so elected. In 1913, as the result of the work of the legislatures of 1911, a dozen senators will be elected by the Oregon plan of a direct advisory vote.

The Latest Creation in Democracy

IN ADDITION to the three states named above, Idaho, California, Colorado, Arizona, Kansas, Minnesota, Ohio, Montana and New Jersey will elect senators by a direct advisory vote that will be all but mandatory. The Iowa legislature indorsed this plan; but a reactionary governor thought Iowa people were not so capable of choosing senators by a direct vote as the people of Kansas, Nebraska and Minnesota—and he vetoed the bill. However, with twelve states electing senators by a practically direct vote and with the fourteen states of the South, wherein there is but one party, electing United States senators at the primary, it is easy to see that if the constitutional amendment to the Federal Constitution legalizing a common custom should happen to lag it will make little difference.

In a few years more, if the tendency is not checked, most of the states will have the direct vote for senators under the Oregon plan, and those that do not have it will probably be of a type whose electorate is so sluggish that it will make little difference how they choose their senatorial representatives. The people of a state deserve about what they get in the way of representation. If they are not willing to sacrifice their time and their money for the common good they will get the type of senator that represents a selfish, sordid people.

The amendment, by avoidance, of the Federal Constitution in the election of United States senators by a direct vote is not the limit of the cheerful audacity of these reformers. The Constitution provides that the president and vice-president shall be chosen by the electoral college. It has suited the purposes of politicians in practically all of the American states to ignore this constitutional provision by placing the names of the president and vice-president on the ballots at the general elections; and now the reformers are going one step farther and are seeking to place the candidates for party nomination for president and vice-president upon the primary ballot. This permits the Republicans to choose at the primary in their states between Mr. Taft and Mr. La Follette, and the Democrats to express their choice by direct primary vote as between Mr. Woodrow Wilson, Mr. Harmon, Mr. Folk and Mr. Clark. In six states this idea has been legalized: in Oregon—where the people initiated the law—California, Nebraska, Wisconsin, North Dakota and New Jersey. In a number of other states—notably Kansas, Ohio and Michigan—the idea will be adopted probably without warrant of law.

The presidential primary may be called the very latest creation in fundamental democracy. It is as untried as the primary was ten years ago and stands about where the initiative and referendum stood five years ago. It is only about two laps behind the recall; but the idea appeals to the common-sense of the people, for the reason that if they are wise enough to vote for president they are wise enough to choose presidential candidates. And it is likely the conventions which nominate presidential candidates in 1920 will be composed of spectacled, high-browed gentlemen of sedentary temperament, who will register the choice of the people on an adding machine while the delegates devote themselves to the nice points of verbiage in the platform. By that time, perhaps even the platform planks will be submitted to the people by a primary initiative system such as Texas now has, in which case the national political conventions may be run by correspondence or by long-distance telephone.

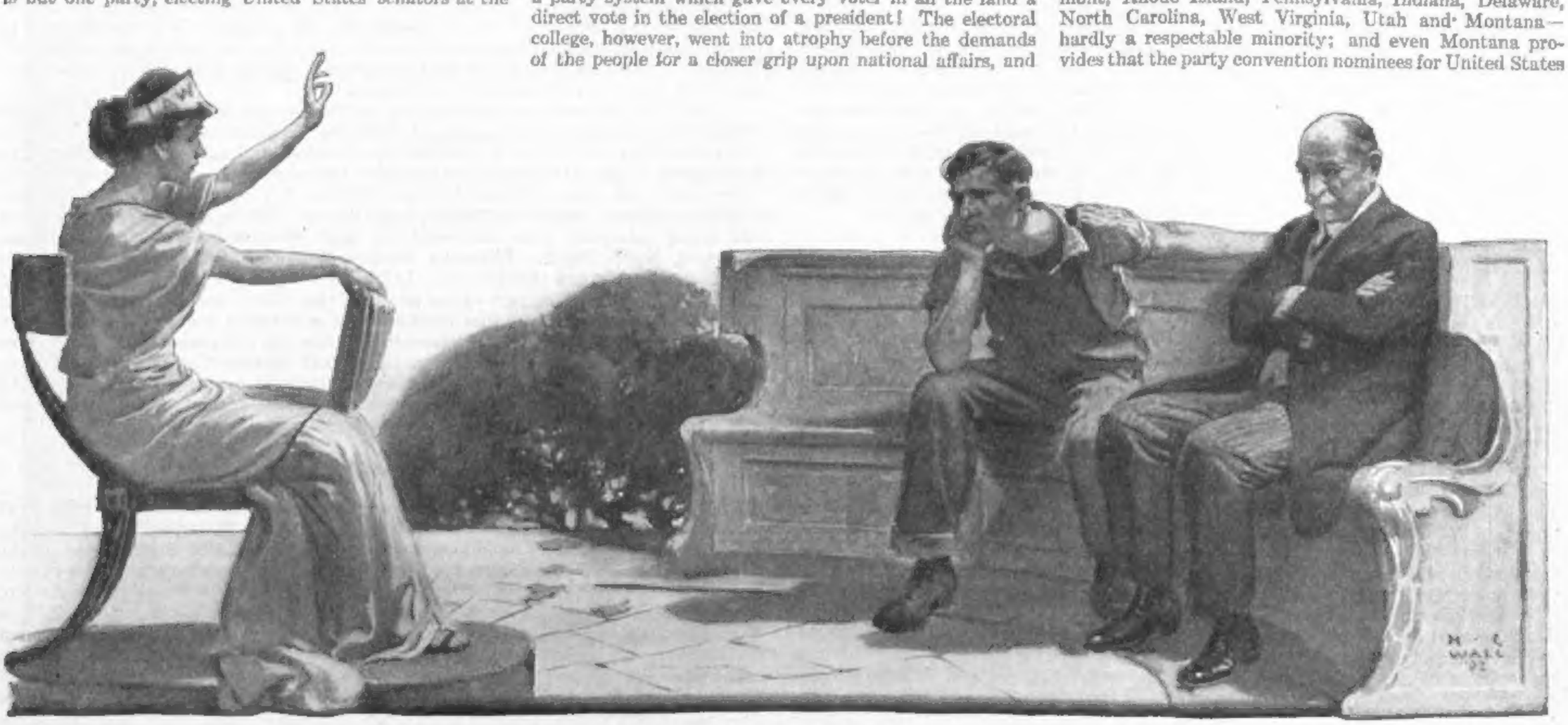
What a crowd of candidates for post-offices, and for United States district marshals and attorneys and revenue collectors, will be put out of commission by the change! The conventions will not be so dramatic as they are now, but they will be representative—which, after all, is a more or less important point. Prophecies are dangerous, but analogies are harmless. And we may look back a little over a century and surmise how Alexander Hamilton and the dear old Fathers would have smiled superciliously if they had been told that their well-laid plans to put the choosing of a president in a few hands would be laid low by a party system which gave every voter in all the land a direct vote in the election of a president! The electoral college, however, went into atrophy before the demands of the people for a closer grip upon national affairs, and the national party convention may follow the electoral college into disuse during the present decade—for all over the country the convention system is passing. It is passing because the people have found that the system offers to a few men great power to work their selfish ends in national politics. In working those ends these few men open a clear way for the forces amenable only to property to enter American politics and corrupt it.

It is against the perversion of American politics to selfish ends that the whole strength of the so-called Progressive or reform movement is directed. No one cares for the primary because it is the primary; or the initiative and referendum because of the name, or the Oregon plan for electing senators because it belittles the legislature; or the presidential nomination law because it would destroy the national convention's prestige. It is because money gets into conventions and legislatures and turns the will of the people into a byword that these institutional changes in our form of government have risen during the past ten years. All that the people demand is self-government. And it is interesting to note that, coincident with the growth of the primary system and its logical development in fundamental democracy, in nearly every state of the North and West a corrupt-practices law has been passed.

The Ten Backward States

THREE years ago more than half the states north of the Ohio River and west of the Alleghanies had laws requiring publicity of campaign expenses after the election. These laws in general have been amended or replaced by other laws going a step farther. It is now generally provided that there shall be publicity of campaign expenses before the primary or before the election, or both; so that the voters may know how much money a party committee or a candidate is spending, where it comes from and where it is going. In several states, notably Oregon and Wisconsin, the amount of money that may be spent by a candidate is limited. The legislatures of 1910-11 in the various states overhauled their corrupt-practices acts and amended them to provide for publicity of campaign expenses, both as to source and disbursement, before the election. This was done in Idaho, Indiana, Maryland, New Hampshire, Ohio, South Dakota, Wisconsin, New Jersey, Wyoming and California. Colorado is to vote in November upon a corrupt-practices law initiated by the people. In New York, North Dakota and Maine stringent acts or amendments have been added to the present law.

Democracy is almost cynically frank; it acknowledges that without rigid restrictions it will be as easy to beat the game of self-government through fundamental democracy as it was to beat self-government through representatives. Three years ago a state's rank in the Progressive column might have been estimated by the breadth of its primary law and the rigor of its anti-pass law; today these laws are nearly universal, and a state's stand is best measured by the kind of a corrupt-practices law it enjoys. Before leaving the political activities of the forward movement in the country it may be worth while to set down the states that do not have the primary law, in some of its forms, covering practically all important offices and generally providing for the nomination of United States senators. These backward states are Connecticut, Vermont, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Delaware, North Carolina, West Virginia, Utah and Montana—hardly a respectable minority; and even Montana provides that the party convention nominees for United States



senators shall be put on the ballot in November for a direct advisory vote, which the legislature, in advance of its election, pledges itself to follow. In some cases, as in Oregon, South Dakota, Maine and Colorado, the primary came after the initiative and referendum; but generally direct legislation and the recall follow the primary as a natural development of a self-governing people.

Democracy seems to feel a need to mend economic conditions; for, all over the country, in all the courts, in Congress and in the White House, we are tinkering away at this job—cheerfully withal, even though we know what a task it is. Speaking broadly and ignoring a wide neutral zone, in the state legislatures the economic activities of those states in the forward movement are divided into efforts of two kinds—to curb the encroachment of those who have and to ameliorate the conditions of those who have not. Perhaps this is robbing Peter to pay Paul; but there is a feeling among the people that certain artificial conditions that make some men rich and keep others poor must be changed, and that by taking away special privileges in one direction we may establish justice in another; that in some way unearned increment shall be distributed in wages.

So, all over the nation, and particularly in that group of states which have adopted the primary and its accessories, we find the legislatures devoting themselves to the two branches of the problem as they are revealed—first, in the control and regulation of public utilities, and second, in securing for labor compensation for trade accidents. The endeavor is definitely to take from capital employed in the manufacture and sale of public utilities—transportation, water, light, fuel, power and communication—everything but a decent rate of interest, with reasonable managerial salaries, and to make capital bear the sickness and accident expenses due to any trade as a charge against the trade—to be passed on to the consumer of the manufactured article if it seems necessary, but to be taken off the back of labor in any event.

During the past three years a sort of tacit agreement seems to have been reached between the people and the railroads that much of the regulation of railroads, as to rates at least, may be safely left to the Interstate Commerce Commission and to the railroad commissions of the states appealing to that central body for aid. The legislation of 1910-11 has shown a distinct tendency away from state regulation of railroads and toward the centralization of regulation in the Interstate Commerce Commission. In the place of stringent state railroad legislation, about which there is some dispute, we find the state legislatures in the more intelligent and progressive of the states devoting themselves to local utilities—to the electric company, the interurban railroad, the gas company, the telephone company, the waterworks and the town street cars—touching the larger transportation problem only in dealing with express companies, whose business is more or less local, and with telegraph companies in connection with their local rates and service and taxes.

The public-utility commission is the old railroad commission enlarged. This public-utility commission, with powers over practically all public utilities as above designated, is found now in Kansas, Maryland, Connecticut, Michigan, Ohio, New Jersey, California, Washington, New York, Wisconsin, Massachusetts, South Dakota, Oregon and Nebraska; and North Dakota has given cities the right of initial action in fixing rates and securing service from local utilities. The control of the issue of stocks and bonds—to prevent overcapitalization—is given to public-utilities commissions in Kansas, Maryland, Michigan, Nebraska, Ohio, New Jersey, California, Wisconsin and Massachusetts; and, as a corollary of the right to control the issue of stocks and bonds, the commissions are empowered to make physical valuations of the properties of public utilities in Kansas, Maryland, Nebraska, Michigan, Ohio, Oregon, South Dakota, Washington, Wisconsin, California and New Jersey. Except in New York, Wisconsin, Massachusetts and Nebraska, these powers over local public utilities have been given to the commissions by the state during the past three years; and even in the states just named, within the year the powers of the commissions have been extended either by judicial confirmation or legislative action. *(Continued on Page 38)*

THE GRIP OF THE LAW

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

"Great Scott! Say, I'm Sorry! Let Me Help You Pick 'Em Up"

THE Great January Sale was on at the mammoth People's Store of Shodiwell, Tultrate & Markum. Paymaster, who in his profession of versatile adventurer with other people's money had suffered the boredom of a month's inactivity, leaned over the cut-price fiction counter, where literature, dressed in the clothing of a brazen flirt, appealed to the market, hysterically beseeching readers, readers, readers!

Suddenly a hand, small and white, delicately shaded with the pink of life, coming within the rascal's vacant stare, picked up a detective story, the cloth cover of which was besmirched with huge imitation thumbprints. On one finger of the lady's hand which held the book was a diamond that seemed at first glance to be of the size of a cut-glass stopper from a decanter.

The gleam of the stone may have hurt Paymaster's eyes, but an unprejudiced observer who noted Paymaster's lids narrowing down into two slits as he lifted his gaze to the woman's face would have said, had they known him, that the wily Paymaster scented game.

No observer, however, would have been so unfair as to say that the woman was not pretty. To be sure, she was attired in black from head to foot; yet the mourning she wore was of that doubtful character which enhances rather than detracts from the mischievous charms of a diminutive but active body, a well-poised head of fluffy golden hair and a chin so rounded that maturity, almost due in the record of time, seemed postponed indefinitely.

It might well have been expected that the combined charms of the vivacious little woman and the scintillating diamond would have led Paymaster to plan a pursuit of her, either to satisfy his vanity or his leaning for illegal acquisition. She might not have seen him at all and he might have followed her through the crowds unseen, following her golden trail—or, when that had faded from sight for a moment, then the strong wisps of violet perfume which she left on her way. Had this, however, been the sequence of the scene at the book counter, the chronicle here set forth would never have been written. What happened, in fact, was much more surprising.

The girl raised her eyes, looked into Paymaster's face; then, stifling a gasp, beckoned toward the store entrance with a subtle little jerk of her head and a lowering of one delicate eyelid. The lady had introduced herself as one who, however lacking in refinement, was in no wise delinquent as to observation, self-control or power of expression. Her one movement had spoken the equal of a paragraph of words. She had said: "Heavens! It's you—Paymaster—come out of the past! On the level, I'm not sorry to meet you. See this black dress? My husband died several months ago. Do you remember when I was bookkeeper for the Coöperative Dividend Syndicate, Limited, on Nassau Street? I haven't seen you since the postal inspectors got us; and Jim Tholpin married me because I wouldn't testify against him at the trial. Meet you outside. I want to tell you something."

Paymaster, always gallant, strolled toward the entrance, complimenting by little glances of surprise which apparently recognized each time the charm—whether she had it or not—of any salesgirl who chanced to be idle. He had enjoyed, in his thirty odd years of life, lingering for five minutes in the memory of many thousands of frivolous feminine minds. The compelling carefree air was his; he wore it as he met Mrs. James Tholpin—*née* Natalie Murphy—where the swinging doors, like mills, took in their grain on one side and discharged their chaff into the roar of the street on the other.

"So you've kept out of jail!" whispered Natalie.

"My dear girl," Paymaster answered carelessly, "my work is too various. It's scattered in too many cities. I keep changing my game. A month ago I took a round of the drug stores in Boston, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore and Washington. I'd go in and suggest that the soda clerk had short-changed me a dollar the day before. They'd look up their cash. You know about four out of five days they run over two or three dollars. No reason why they should have it any more'n me—is there? Thirty stores a day—thirty or forty dollars. Works best when you take a taxicab. Nice little trip."

Mrs. Tholpin's dangerous violet eyes danced with naughty delight.

"Say, you're just the same as ever!" she exclaimed with a shiver of enjoyment.

"I made love to you once," Paymaster replied, producing a sheepish grin to order. "You didn't like me then."

"Yes, I did. It was platonic."

"You can't prove it by me," the rascal answered. "Words like that would have given you a convulsion in the old days when you used to order fried eggs and batter cakes at Hormel's Lunch."

Natalie sniffed.

"He made me do a lot of reading," she asserted. "Things have changed. There's an Englishman at my boarding house now who's as refined as you ever saw. And he doesn't notice nothing wrong with my education. That's what I wanted to talk with you about—I don't mean education—it's love."

Paymaster sprang into a defensive attitude and then extended his fingers, palm downward, in one of the impressive oratorical gestures of the streets.

"Nix on love, my proud beauty!" said he, smiling. "It's too late. You're a good girl all right, and all that, and your being a widow don't figure with me; but—nix on love!"

"Oh, I ain't talking of you and I ain't in love with anybody, you boob!" said Natalie blithely, adjusting her large hat with the aid of her own reflection in the store window.

"It's the Englishman. He's in love with me, or so close to it that it hurts him. He's got money already and more coming to him too. He's in this country to collect it. Only what a poor fool! You never seen such a sheep. He's got to be sheared, Paymaster. He's a fruit, and such a chance! It's a shame not to pick him. 'Aw, reelly,' he says, 'Mrs. Tholpin, you are very chawming—oh, truly!—this mawning, I assuah you.'"

She turned up her little nose a trifle farther than Nature intended the normal uplift and allowed her arms to fall helplessly to her side to display utter weariness.

"It should be killed—quick," she added. "It oughter be put out of its own cute little misery. I don't want it bothering me."

"I don't quite see where I fit!" Paymaster yawned as his eyes took a quick tour of inspection over the neat little personage with the long eyelashes. "Can't you complain to the police?"

The girl bit her pink under lip.

"It's queer business for an honest, respectable girl like me," she said. "Only I thought of it the minute I seen you. You're the one to do it. It's a shame for somebody not to get it."

"Get what?"

"The fifty-eight thousand."

Paymaster's smile disappeared as if it had fallen into the brown snow-slush under his feet.

"What's the answer?"

"It's name is Rutherford Abbott-Ewan," she explained. "It's about our own age and wears clothing that looks like

burlap and costs money. It has a package of letters of introduction and it has a pigskin leather case for everything it owns, from cigar cutter and fountain pen up to shoes and umbrellas. It stares at me when I talk to it as if it was going to fold up with love and wither away."

"Write that in your diary," urged Paymaster impatiently. "It's great. But what's the business end of this anyhow?"

"Well, there was an old brother he hadn't seen for eighteen years. He died two years ago in Whiffletree Forks, Minnesota, and left some sort of a will, and so on—and they've just settled things; so Ruthy has the only claim, and he's here waiting for his—what do you call 'em?"

"Credentials?"

"Yes, dear; that's the word. And he's ready to go any day—as soon as they come. Only you look a good deal like him. That's what put it into my head the second I saw you. And if you had the papers ——"

"And got there first ——"

"And I kept him here by wearing my lavender gown and smiling at him at breakfast—the kind of smile I can throw when I want to ——"

"Then ——."

Paymaster looked at Natalie—a little doubtful possibly, but grinning at the prospect of the sport; Natalie looked at Paymaster—a little frightened perhaps, but thrilled with the mere wickedness of the conspiracy. Both laughed aloud.

"But now suppose I went out there with a checked suit, and all that," suggested Paymaster; "and then while I was in town he wrote a letter to the people out there—the lawyer—whoever has been looking after the business for him. Well?"

"Nothing to it," Mrs. Tholpin replied with her sweetest tone, glancing down at her diamond. "Mr. Rutherford Abbott-Ewan left the name of the lawyer in England, and—will you believe this?—until his papers come he can't remember it. It hurts its little head to think. It expects its papers at general delivery this afternoon. Do you see the bright light? The only thing that gets me is how I'm going to dodge going to church with it while you're gone; if my friends see me with it they'll think I'm payin' an election bet."

Paymaster strolled out toward the street-crossing with her as she walked; the unlighted cigarette in his mouth bobbed about merrily with the shrewd expressions that played round his thin lips.

"Are you going to get the papers for me?" he asked.

Natalie was much insulted. Her little figure bristled.

"What's the matter with your getting 'em?" she exclaimed angrily. "I'm only giving you a tip. I'm not a thief—and don't you forget it! All you've got to do is to go to the window before he gets there and ask for 'em. The steamship gets in at noon—at high tide."

He smiled again. His sense of humor was not dull or his feelings sensitive.

"Why don't you say something?" she asked. "What are you thinking about?"

"Just thinking," said he, "that your bally-bally friend had been to the general delivery window enough for the clerk to call the inspector's desk the minute I began to play the title part in this Abbott-Ewan production. But the matter is simple after all."

"How?"

Paymaster placed his two hands on his forehead, palms outward, fingertips meeting, in the manner of a Hindu mystic. Without a word he walked over to a newspaper stand on wheels, where were displayed daily journals from thirty big cities widely scattered over the country.

"Hany Hinglish papers?" Paymaster demanded.

The brisk newsboy whisked out an assortment.

"How much for the armful, separately wrapped?"

"Two dollars."

"Wrap 'em up!" said Paymaster grandly. "As a friend of mine named Blowther would wheeze: 'Let's do things in a real big, broad-gauged way.'"

"How much are the souvenir postcards?" he asked, stepping into the entrance of a vacant dilapidated store.

"Two for five on those."

"What'll you take for fifty all stamped?"

"Dollar-sixty."

"Start the factory. We'll come back for the papers and the cards. I want some stamps. Come on, Natalie."

"The money's gone to your head," cried the girl, clutching his arm, but confident that, after all, Paymaster would reveal at the next moment one of his characteristic strokes of genius.

"Just for that I won't tell you what I am going to do," he answered.

"You're addressin' 'em all to Ruthy!" she cried, looking over his shoulder as he began to write.

"Why not?" asked he, looking up at her when his work was finished and he had deposited his huge consignment to the mailboxes.

Her curiosity showed in a pout which had appeared on her pink lips, but Paymaster gave her no time to speak.

"I start for Whiffletree tonight," he said gleefully, "with muh passports and a new suit of clothes made out of a steamer rug. Do you get me? And you stick to the Englishman. Let's see the smile again. That's good. I'd fall for that myself. You're prettier than ever and I'm just as square as I ever was. It's a sure go we divide on this or my name isn't R. Abbott-Ewan. This is my rush season. We're turning applications away. Time is money. Goodby."

Natalie watched him as his lean, agile body, lithe as a cat's, squirmed away through the crowd; then she stamped her well-clad little foot with the vexation of a woman who has not been told.

"English newspapers and postcards," she repeated. "Ain't he a regular cut-up!"

So far as Paymaster regarded a clever idea with more intimate, personal, fatherly affection than one that was merely profitable, the widow of the deceased James Tholpin, promoter of the Coöperative Dividend Company and the Electric Nitrogen Corporation, was right. If, however, she had been at the post-office at four that afternoon she would have seen a diverting little drama which to her eyes would have had a significance not apparent on the surface.

For at the hour, when winter dusk begins to fill the corridor in front of the incoming division of the post-office, where the bust of Alexander Hamilton glances down superciliously on the common run, a strange-looking individual walked up and down the tiled floor, kicking scraps of paper, cigarette ends and hairpins with the deliberate, preoccupied manner of a great philosopher. This man wore a long overcoat the color of a lioness, which would have done justice to a character part of an English tourist in a musical comedy. Subsequent happenings indicated strongly its fitness as a costume for a comedy not musical. Now and then the head of the coat's wearer rose from the spacious collar, like the head of a ferret from a rathole, turned in a rapid survey of the individuals passing and then fell back under its broad-brimmed hat into the obscurity of the garment.

At five minutes after four, when the bust of Alexander Hamilton had sneered visibly at modern life for the seventh time, the figure in the coat suddenly seemed to become more active, and from the sharp and hawklike nose which protruded above the upturned lapels came a little explosion of satisfaction. The corridor being almost deserted, the emotions of the wearer might well have been attributed to a single newcomer who was approaching the middle section of the division.

This stranger walked with a military step which was in keeping with the accuracy of his dress. His hat was adjusted without a tilt to right or left that could be measured by a micrometer; his nose was in the exact center of his ruddy, rather expressionless face; his tie, in which a pin was fixed halfway between the right and left edges, dropped into a precisely buttoned, green-knitted waistcoat, as if the point had been predetermined by the use of dividers. Accuracy stood out in his gloves, in the set of the spats on his right foot and on his left. He strode over the tiles up to the delivery window with clicks of his soles beautifully measured with the intermittent clacks of his yellow Malacca cane. He drew out a linen handkerchief with a blue-checked border.

"Nix on Love, My Proud Beauty! It's Too Late"

"Why Didn't I Study Law? That's What Gets My Goat!"

"Rutherford Abbott-Ewan. Many thanks," he said into the A to M general delivery window; "and, by-the-by, I'm rawther in a 'urry—if you don't mind."

At these words the head of the bystander came out of the big coat again long enough to say half aloud: "Natalie was right—now that food and clothes are so high it ought not to live any longer."

Almost immediately the clerk within thrust forward a bundle of mail matter that would have staggered the post-office collector for an antifat-medicine house.

"My word!" exclaimed Ewan. "Postcards and letters all together! And papers! I wonder what 'as 'appened at 'ome. My word!"

He gathered the confusing mass into his arms and attempted to carry them to the wall desk, where he might separate them. When halfway across the corridor, however, the waiting stranger, having cast a furtive glance all about, threw himself viciously against the Englishman's back, causing the latter to sprawl forward on the tiles with a great clatter of the Malacca cane and derby hat, and a wide scattering of the papers.

"Great Scott!" cried the rascal in the ulster. "Say, I'm sorry! You didn't hurt yourself? I never saw you. It was just bump and over you went! Let me help you pick 'em up."

He had already undertaken this unselfish task, gathering newspapers, postcards and letters with swift, deft motions of his hands.

"There you are," he said at last, interrupting the brushing the furious Englishman was giving himself. "Now you're all right. I'm sorry."

Yet, for the sake of truth, it must be denied that Paymaster, as he hurried out into the crowd, was sorry. For in the pocket of the ample coat which would have infolded him twice and which he had bought for the express purpose of causing a sensation in Whiffletree, Minnesota, was the envelope containing the identification and legal documents for which Mr. Rutherford Abbott-Ewan had waited so long.

. . . . . .

Those who have never passed a day in Whiffletree do not know the sadness which settles upon that distributing center for the mining and timber country as a winter night begins to creep through Main Street, and the last rays of sunset linger, perhaps with reluctance, on the tower of the Opera House and Home County Bank, photographs of which building may be obtained by those whose architectural tastes permit, at "Joe Ford's, the Foto Man," two doors below the Grand Hotel and this side of Commercial Block. The wind wails through the ten motheaten pines which were spared by the lumberjack's ax to make Smith's Park in the center of the town, and dim lights begin to burn in the palatial and gloomy brick and pillared residence of Amos Wearing Joy, whose huge plate-glass windows overlook the expanse of buildings which degenerate into wooden shacks, as the land drops off to the eastward, and end abruptly in the smelter which discharges noxious hisses and gases, like a peevish reptile chained to a dumpheap.

Paymaster, with his English coat and English bag and English spats and English cigarettes, from which he had torn the United States customs stamps, having walked up half a block from the railroad yard, caught some of this atmosphere of depression.

"Look here!" he said to the last solemn-looking individual whom he met on the corner of Main Street, "what does a man do here evenings? Is there a moving-picture show?"

"No," said the man suspiciously. "Are you going to start one?"

"Maybe," Paymaster replied craftily. "Who are the lawyers here?"

"Lawyers!" the man whimpered. "Lawyers! There aren't lawyers. One's too many, I say, and I ought to know. There's only one and that's Lawyer Joy—Amos Wearing Joy—with offices in the Ore and Lumber Building across the way."

"Thanks," said Paymaster. "I'll take a chance."

He left the native shaking his head sadly, as if to say, "There goes another!" and, still carrying his bag, climbed the creaking wooden stairway of the brick block; observing the dirty hallways, he rejoiced that there were none of the marble corridors and mahogany anterooms with which he had believed he might be awed into nervousness and perhaps some calamitous slip from his presence of mind. He knocked on the ground-glass pane at the end of the passage.

"Come in!" whispered a timid voice and Paymaster opened the door.

The man within was six feet two and smelled of bay rum, but his size and aroma were the only positive qualities which seemed to remain in him. When he spoke, his voice was timid and halting; he cast his dull eyes to the floor and extended a hand which felt like the under side of a slice of cold blueberry pie.

"Mr. Joy?" began Paymaster.

The huge Insignificance giggled with silly pleasure and made other noises in his throat which sounded like air in a steam radiator.

"I'm not Mr. Joy. He's terribly busy in the inner office. I'm his secretary—for eighteen years. Sit down and wait."

Five minutes passed, during which the clock that advertised an insurance company ticked so mournfully that Paymaster concluded that ill luck was in store for him. Suddenly the door flew open, slammed against a case half occupied by law books and filled with agricultural reports, and a shockingly powerful voice roared: "Timmy, who's next? Tell the others to wait."

"Go in," whispered the vast Creature of Humiliation in an awed tone. "That's Mr. Joy. He's all through his last conference."

Paymaster had seen no one go out or any other clients waiting. He stepped into the room.

A little man, who could not have stood shoulder-high to Napoleon Bonaparte, was seated behind a flat-topped desk. Though he must have been in middle age, his hair was black as crows' feathers and as disordered as that of a Western senator who has been thinking. He had two little, tight and not overclean fists, one of which he was using to dash off words on a block of paper and the other to make inexpressive thrusts toward Paymaster. His face, like his hands, looked undersized and cramped.

"Well!" he roared like a bull. "What now? What now?"

"You're the lawyer that has my property," said Paymaster.

"Haven't got it! Haven't got it!" bellowed the other. "Who are you? Who are you?"

"Rutherford Abbott-Ewan," said Paymaster.

The little man dropped his papers, pulled out the ends of his four-in-hand tie, flapped them up and down on his fingers, and, adjusting a formidable pair of eyeglasses, with black, hard rubber rims, stared at Paymaster.

"So you're the brother of poor George Abbott?" he shouted. "Sad death! Sad death! Nearly broke my heart. Write your name here. Timmy, get out the Abbott probate files."

Paymaster shuddered, but wrote a signature. He felt certain that he had met real trouble at the outset of his infamous undertaking, and he was tempted to fly through the door and down the narrow stairs when he saw the massive Inconsequence bringing in a pile of folders, maps, letter files and drawers of card catalogues.

The attorney looked at Paymaster's writing. The attorney scowled a terrible scowl. He shook the paper. He leveled his crooked little forefinger at the man before him.

"That your hand?" he roared. "Eh? Eh?"

The rascal nodded.

"Then who signed these letters?" Joy screamed, dancing about in a paroxysm of cross-examination.

Paymaster, at bay, invariably does at least one thing—he lights a cigarette. This he succeeded in performing with leisurely grace. Then he looked up.

"My secretary," he replied coolly.

Joy seemed to collapse. He fell back into his chair, wiped his forehead and seemed utterly exhausted.

"I have my papers with me," said Paymaster. "Yes. Letter of introduction—letters from you, written when you took up the case at my barrister's request—letters from my brother George. Here they are. And let me offer you an English cigarette."

"More like it! More like it!" muttered the lawyer, having read the exhibit. "Why, Mr. Abbott-Ewan, what else would you have me do than be suspicious? Would you have me fail to conserve—conserve!—preserve!!—preservate!!!—my client's interests? The responsibility—the gravity, sir, of my position is tremendous, especially in a case when the beneficiary of my labors is at Wellmouthstoke-on-Battersall, ten thousand miles away! No, Mr. Abbott-Ewan, the ethics of the law are rigid. It was necessary for me to identify you before paying you a penny."

"The money ——" the adventurer began, with an eager smile.

Mr. Joy clapped his little paws together for an interruption and then rubbed his sandpaper palms in noisy satisfaction.

"We will come to the adjustment of the final rights in the case as soon as the proper procedure permits. Let me do my full duty as attorney. Let me acquaint you with the steps I have taken. Timmy, hand me those papers in file one."

"I'm not a lawyer myself," Paymaster ventured.

"What Did the Lawsuit Cost—Us?"

Joy nodded sympathetically as if to say that he was sorry, but on a pinch could forgive his client the delinquency.

"Now these are the papers in Nordquist *vs.* Abbott's Executor *et al.*," began the attorney.

"I thought George died without owing a cent."

The lawyer smiled.

"This was a case of a Norwegian farmer for damages and personal injuries, owing to your brother's automobile frightening a horse the plaintiff was leading. It was brought into this office after your brother's death, but before you engaged me to act. Of course professional honor forbade me to act on both sides. Therefore I turned the matter over to Jenkins Plumtaster, who used to be my partner. Here is the complaint. Let's see—'Said plaintiff was thereby rendered, made and created sick, sore, lame, wounded and injured, and subject to great mental agony.' And let's see—'Said automobile aforementioned, calculated, purposed and designed to terrify, terrorize and otherwise frighten animals of the nature, kind and species of the horse.' There it is. Read it over! At the risk of being considered conceited, I say that my defense of that case was most ingenious. I never believe in a compromise when there is a good chance in a fight."

"Ha!" exclaimed the impostor. "You won!"

"Won!" roared the little man. "Certainly not. We lost. It was too bad. Here is the decision and copy of executed judgment and satisfaction—three hundred dollars."

"That isn't much in an estate of fifty-eight thousand," Paymaster exclaimed cheerfully.

"Legal expenses and costs, of course," said Joy. "Typewritten evidence, service of detective, Doctor Marrow, expert testimony—seventy-eight hundred dollars. Appeal on agreement to pay all counsel fees, court work, Jenkins A. Plumtaster, four days—four hundred dollars. Appeal referred to referee on facts and law, transcription of record, counsel fees—total, four thousand two hundred and seventy-eight dollars and—and—what's that figure?—and thirty-five cents!"

"What did the man sue for?"

"Eight hundred dollars, if my memory serves me," said Joy. "Now, Timmy, let's have those papers in the prayer in equity for partition of the joint ownership in the Abbott-Blackall timber piece. Blackall, Mr. Ewan, did not want to sell; but your representatives indicated you wanted quick assets to close the estate. Blackall's a client of mine and asked my advice. I told him, of course, not to sell unless forced to do so. What other course could I take?"

"I can't see," muttered Paymaster.

"Certainly not!" said Joy, dumping a load of documents on the desk in front of the adventurer. "That meant showing our teeth. I say it meant showing our teeth! I'm a fighter in such cases—the servant of my client. Of course a prayer to compel a sale is tedious. We need the best of men to confirm titles. He ran into a snag. He was up in Harlan County twelve days—sixty-five dollars. Just look over these items. We pressed the matter over a period of eighteen months. Timmy, is the total right?"

"Sixteen thousand three hundred and forty-two dollars?" sang the secretary. "Yes, that's correct."

"How about the hundred dollars we paid the timber surveyor?"

"I forgot that."

"Add it in when you revise this record. We want it accurate," commanded the lawyer, savagely biting the end off his cigar. "Now give me file three."

Timmy trembled.

"File three is still with the clerk of probate."

"Pah! Where are the papers in that breach-of-promise claim we settled?"

"They're here."

"Who brought the breach-of-promise?" asked Paymaster timidly.

"Timmy's daughter," snapped Joy. "I certainly was sorry for that girl."

"But how can a breach-of-promise be held up against a dead man?"

"The breach was a refusal to marry long before death. Friends of your brother say he never saw the girl except at the Knights' Annual Ball; but then—what could I do? I wrote you. You said to use discretion. A dead man's memory, you know. And, besides it looked as if we would have to take it 'way up to the Supreme Court on a fine point of law. Personally I'm a compromiser. Furthermore, it was just at the time that Slattery, a minor, twelve years old, to whom your brother had left five thousand dollars under his first will because he was fond of the child, brought suit through his guardian to contest the validity of the second will. I wrote you about it. I drew that second will myself—drew it myself! I knew that old man Slattery was wrong. I could have told him so and made him mad as apoplexy. I couldn't do that! You know how that is? Slattery has been a good client of mine. Why, he wanted me to fight the case for him! But I said, 'No; I owe my efforts to Mr. Abbott-Ewan. I'll call up

(Continued on Page 54)

GAYNORIZING THE FINEST

A Policeman's Story Told to Frank B. Elser

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"An Experience That Taught Me Not to Butt In When I Wasn't Really Wanted"

PROBABLY you are an average American citizen—or, if not, an average citizen of the city of New York. Whichever you are, if you have ideas about the Black Hand, about Tong wars in Chinatown, about gang fights, and about other things for which New York is famous and infamous, I will lay you ten to one that, on snap judgment, you will say that being a policeman on the metropolitan force is a pretty dangerous occupation.

In this you are more or less wrong. I am one of over ten thousand policemen in New York, and I am putting it straight when I say that the risk of injury or death isn't one, two, three with the real problems of the game. By the real problems I mean the little things under the helmet and behind the brass buttons, about which the public, in New York or elsewhere, seldom reads or hears—the little things and William J. Gaynor. Being a policeman is, of course, more of a hazard than, say, superintending a misses' school on Riverside Drive or doing night-watchman duty at a home for the aged; but it can't compare as a taker of life and limb with structural steelwork, tunnel-boring and many other occupations less picturesque. Alongside of such work, twirling a club with the "Finest"—otherwise the second largest police force in the world, in the second city in the world—is as safe as tatting.

As I write this, the year 1911 has just closed—and only four men out of 10,200 odd in the department have died during this twelvemonth. Of these four, only one—Patrolman Michael Lynch, who was shot by a negro—met a violent death in the performance of duty. Of the other three, two died of commonplace heart trouble and one was struck by a trolley car.

Show this record to your family if they object to your becoming a policeman because of imagined dangers, and I think they will change their notion.

Brains Mightier Than Clubs

IT IS true that willingness to meet death or have a leg twisted in a mix-up with a runaway is requisite to a successful cop's make-up; but this isn't what worries him. Rather, the policeman's troubles in New York today are the things not on the schedule, to meet which he has got to think. The day of the husky piece of beef, surrounded by a blue uniform and topped off with a helmet, is past. Brains have come to be mightier than the club. The men who are getting the promotions are the thinkers, not the bruisers and the grafters.

The Irish still predominate, but they no longer have a strangle-hold on the force. There have been German-Americans and Italians among us for a decade or more, and now Jews are turning out onto the sidewalk in greater numbers every year. The Jewish patrolman or detective is so common today that he attracts no attention—there are Jewish lieutenants galore; and over in Brooklyn you will find Henry Cohen—whose name is not Irish—an inspector. Only the other day, to meet changing conditions, they added a Jewish chaplain to the department. When I first came on the force a Jewish cop was a curiosity. I am an Irishman, forty-one years old, and I have been a policeman for seventeen years. My first year's salary was eight hundred dollars; and, assuming for the sake of convenience that I am still a patrolman, it is now fourteen hundred dollars. Out of my first year's pay I bought my own uniforms, my clubs, my revolver—a matter of about two hundred and twenty-five dollars; in fact I bought—and have bought—everything in the way of equipment except my shield. The city furnishes that absolutely free. I lend carfare out of my own pocket to stranded old ladies who have lost the handkerchief with the dime knotted in it; I tote sticky foundlings to Bellevue; I lead to the station house for examination stray dogs suspected of rabies; I settle family quarrels rather than hale man and wife to the Domestic Relations Court; I try to be polite to unreasonable and overzealous members of the S. P. C. A. who unjustly accuse a driver of cruelty to his horse and insist upon his arrest—and sometimes I pursue and shoot a mad cat in the tenement quarter, or pick up, in true country pound-master style, a small red pig wandering in the theater district.

These are some of the little things. In addition, I have a few routine duties as prescribed by the regulations. Referring you to these, you will note that, among other things, I am empowered and expected at all hours of the day and night to prevent crime; detect and arrest offenders; preserve the public peace; suppress mobs, riots and insurrections; direct traffic; arrest all street beggars; provide police attendance at fires; assist, advise and protect immigrants and travelers; and carefully observe and inspect all places of public amusement, down to and including cockpits and ratpits.

Personally I have never observed or inspected a ratpit, but I have been asked by a little girl where she could bury a pet white rat. What's more, I told her. This all may sound like a joke; but, take it from me, the business of being a cop is some job—if I do say it myself.

Conditions in the city are becoming more complex every day and the policeman with all muscle and no brains no longer fits in the scheme. Gray matter under the helmet is what is wanted. A patrolman recently won a difficult booklovers' contest conducted by a newspaper; and though Commissioner Waldo is not looking for bookworms as a general thing, he is emphasizing that—to succeed—a cop must study. And as a student the cop is making good. The "Finest" are getting wise.

Today the policeman who is on to his job knows the penal code and the corporation ordinances better than the taxpayer who accosts him; he can put it all over your so-called man-about-town when it comes to street-corner diplomacy; and in a pinch the chances are that he knows his rights and the rights of Citizen Fixit and P. B. Publico better than do those two well-known individuals themselves.

"I'm sorry I can't arrest anybody for that just because you say so," says Patrolman Number 753 to the indignant citizen who complains that hoodlums are snowballing pedestrians at a nearby corner. "I'll stroll over that way and try to catch 'em at it; but I'll be thrown out of court if I arrest anybody for a misdemeanor on hearsay."

"But I saw them throwing," insists the citizen.

"Were you hit?" asks Number 753. "And will you appear as complainant?"

Seeing Things at Night

THE citizen shakes his head. He wants the boys arrested, but he doesn't want to be bothered with court procedure.

"I saw them; that's enough," he argues.

"Sorry, sir; but nothing doing," says the policeman. Then to clinch the matter he pulls forth his green rulebook and reads something like this:

You are authorized to make arrests—

1. On a warrant;
2. When you have seen an offense committed;
3. When a felony has, in fact, been committed and you have reasonable cause to believe that the person to be arrested committed it;
4. In the nighttime, when you have reasonable cause to believe that the person to be arrested committed a felony, though it afterward appears that a felony has been committed but that the person arrested did not commit it.

Having recited this as if he knew it, Number 753 walks toward the corner and the indignant citizen mutters something about a "smart cop," with nasty emphasis on "smart."

Naturally the policeman hates to go into court with a case he can't support, to be made a monkey of by a keen magistrate with a sense of humor. So, next time one appears a bit diffident in taking action in a petty case, pause a minute before calling him a boob and get his view. Court is the bane of the cop's existence anyway. How eager would you be to make an arrest for a trifling offense fifteen minutes before it was time to go off duty in the evening? If you look the other way it means go home to the wife and supper on time; make an arrest and it's wait in night court until perhaps two o'clock in the morning—then be on the job early the next day.

Some policemen strike it unlucky this way and have an epidemic of little arrests extending over a period of a week or more. They may live in Flatbush or Staten Island; but it's up to them to hang round the courts until their cases are disposed of. Moreover, it is convictions and not arrests that count on your record. Under these circumstances wouldn't you look the other way now and then, and let a couple of street fighters separate before you arrived on the scene? I think you would.

"When I was new in the game," a veteran of the force was saying not long ago, "I used to think that every arrest I made was a step nearer promotion. I'm not so energetic now. I try to be there with both feet when anything big is doing;

Moral: Be a Wise Cop, Know the Law, Wink and Gaynorize

Asked for a Loan—Not of a Dime or a Quarter—But of Five Dollars

but if I see a crowd cheering on a pair of fighting bootblacks I usually slow up a bit until some one has time to holler, 'Cheese it!—the cop!' If I were to run in everybody who broke a law I wouldn't eat a meal at home three times a month.

"I'll never forget an experience I had about ten years ago," he continued; "an experience that taught me not to butt in when I wasn't really wanted. I was as green as grass and was walking along, just looking for trouble, on a beat on the lower West Side. Scraps were frequent in the district; and as I approached a place known as the Corned-Beef Flats I heard a noise upstairs that scared me—even though a cop. There was a terrific crash of crockery and furniture and a series of wild yells, suggesting riot and murder.

"Pistol in hand, I went up the steps three at a time and broke in the first door I came to. As I did so, some one who was apparently waiting pasted me square in the eye with a beer bottle. I rolled down the stairs, picked myself up on the landing in a daze and, with blood streaming down my face, blew my whistle for assistance.

"In a minute an old warhorse of the precinct came loping up; but, instead of dashing up the stairs as I had done, he just stood and looked at me.

"'What's the matter?' says he at last.

"'A terrible fight in the flats,' says I.

"'Did you start it?' says he.

"'Of course not,' says I, wiping the blood off my face.

"'Then come along,' says he, 'and don't be interrupting a family celebration. It's dangerous!'"

A Dramatic Dismissal

NO ONE except a panicky youngster ever whistles or raps for assistance unless the situation demands it. For this reason the response from fellow officers is instantaneous. The signal is never ignored. The shrill of a whistle or the tattoo of a night stick on the sidewalk has an ominous and sinister sound, and every man who hears it is on his toes at once. Only three times in more than thirty years have there been cases of dismissals from the force for cowardice. These cases made profound impressions.

The last occurred in August, 1907. A patrolman, whose name it would be cruelty to mention, faltered and showed a yellow streak when a murderer he was pursuing darted up a stairway. The man had a gun and he threatened to use it, and the cop simply didn't have the nerve to go and get him.

Like the hanging of Danny Deever, this poor fellow's dismissal from the force in disgrace has the young recruits "a-shakin'" to this day. And it was terrible! Bingham, then Commissioner, stood him up before the crowd at headquarters and delivered a denunciation that made even the veterans shiver.

"My God, men," said the Commissioner, "don't ever let this thing occur again while you and I are together! A man is not a man who is not physically brave. That poor devil is not a man; he is a poor, weak thing! It is thirty years, they tell me, since there has been such a charge; and in thirty years only one man out of about nine thousand is a mighty small percentage. It won't dilute the water much. Take his shield and his buttons—and let him go!"

While the man to whom this was addressed stood trembling and ashen-faced, they unclasped his shield from his breast and began to take his buttons; but the buttons were bradded on and there was no getting them off without a pair of pliers. After a moment of fumbling, agonizing to all who witnessed it, he was allowed to go; and he staggered from the room with his buttons still on. The two other cases of cowardice on record occurred in 1877. The men dismissed flinched from an armed maniac.

Failure to make petty arrests may sound like neglect of duty, but it's seldom that a policeman gets in trouble for it. On the other hand, it is the wise cop who knows that this policy will not only lessen the arduous duties of sidewalk-pounding, but that it is in harmony with the pronounced ideas of William J. Gaynor, Mayor of New York, and the most eccentric and original commander-in-chief—that is the title—the department has ever had. You may remember that Gaynor, as a Supreme Court Justice, had decided opinions on how the city should be policed, and he and General Bingham had a set-to about the case of a boy in Brooklyn who, Gaynor said, was the object of police persecution. The police arrested the boy with remarkable perseverance notwithstanding Justice Gaynor's protest; and also, notwithstanding his protest, the boy was mugged for the Rogues' Gallery, though he had never been convicted of anything.

When Gaynor took office his mind was all made up about what a policeman should and should not do, and he set about putting these ideas into effect at once. Ask any man on the force and he will tell you that Gaynor has alternately heckled, puzzled, discouraged and encouraged the police of New York more than any influence in their history. Rhinelander Waldo, whose name correctly suggests Knickerbocker aristocracy and whom the mayor has described as "a catch—for he's rich," is the latest commissioner and an able one; but the mayor, with power to remove a commissioner over night—or over minute, for that matter—is the Big Boss, and the force doesn't know just what to think of him yet. However, he knows what he thinks of the force.

The mayor has always held that there are too many arrests; and, more than any one else, he has made it clear that a cop must know when to wink and pass on. A few weeks ago His Honor said, in addressing a gathering at a banquet on the East Side, that he was proud to announce that there were fifty thousand fewer arrests in the city during the first year of his administration than there were in the year preceding.

"Your chairman has alluded to the fact," said the mayor, "that since I took office I have relieved you from undue interference from the police. I have tried to do this. I had a hard time doing it. Some people think that the nicest thing in the world is to let the police knock every one on the head. No policeman has a right to put even so much as his little finger on you except by law.

"In the first year of my administration the number of arrests without warrants was fifty thousand less than the year before. The public cried that there was a 'crime wave'—that these fifty thousand fewer people arrested were burglars and thieves; but I took the figures myself and analyzed them, and I showed that the falling-off in arrests was in petty things. We don't need police in this free country. The police now understand that it is their business to deal with criminals and not with decent people."

Moral: Be a wise cop, know the law, wink and Gaynorize.

Carrying out these ideas about noninterference with decent people, it was the mayor who caused to be put into effect the summons system, under which, instead of haling Bill Jones to court instanter for a trifling misdemeanor, the cop says: "Tag! You're it! Come to court in the morning!"—or words to that effect. Likewise it was the mayor who insisted that growing children must have a place to exercise their bodies—in the streets if necessary. He made this plain in one of his characteristic letters. Answering a communication from a little girl who complained that she couldn't roller-skate on the sidewalks, he suggested that she try again, for he was sure that every policeman would "wink very hard" when she clattered by on her skates.

Thus, the New York cop must know when to wink and when not to wink—but it's not so easy as it sounds. Make a silly arrest and he will be criticised as a bonehead or worse; neglect to make one and P. B. Publico, heretofore mentioned, will go all the way to headquarters with a complaint. To meet these complications, knowledge of the city ordinances and the penal code is a lifesaver; and you would be surprised to know how glib some of the police are in the technicalities of the law.

Almost to the point of shouting, the mayor has demanded that the East Side shall live as the East Side wants to; and to avoid trouble the policemen on duty there must use the most delicate judgment. Strictly speaking, it is against the law for Jewish merchants on the East Side to keep open their stores on Sunday. Go down there next Sunday and see how the law is not obeyed. Everything is wide open; Sunday is the big shopping day. The cop who would try to enforce the law would be nothing short of a lunatic. Many persons harbor an idea that these Jews do business on Sunday by legislation authorizing those who worship on Saturday to keep open their places of business on the Christian Sabbath. Such a law was passed, but it was knocked out as discriminatory by the State Court of Appeals. Hence, the Jew on Hester Street has no more legal right to sell you a pair of trousers on Sunday afternoon than has the big merchant in the uptown shopping district; but, under a policy that it is inexpedient to enforce any law with which the majority of the citizens of a district are not in sympathy, he does it just the same. By this system the shrewd and unorthodox merchant of the Ghetto may peddle his wares on both Saturday and Sunday with little fear of molestation.

The Complexities of Pushcart Law

THE lower East Side lies in the First Inspection District, as that geographical division of the city is called for police purposes; and in this district there are approximately forty-five thousand pushcart pedlers. As the typical resident of the East Side feeds and clothes himself and family largely from the pushcart—both as merchant and purchaser—you can see that the industry has complexities worthy of consideration by an Interstreet Commerce Commission.

To regulate these pushcarts and their pushers, the city of New York has adopted a set of ordinances almost as minute in their provisions as the Constitution of Oklahoma. If the poor pedler were held amenable to one-fifteenth of these regulations he would spend about an hour a week on the street and the rest of his time in court or jail. Gaynorization saves the day.

If Aaron, with the fruit cart, violently assaults Nathan, who peddles suspenders, of course an arrest is made; but if he fails prominently to display his license; fails to have a number painted plainly on both sides of his cart; fails to stand ten feet from his nearest brother in trade—in short, if he breaks any such petty rules the policeman is more than likely to pass on. He may speak to the pedler who hasn't shown any license and perhaps arrest him if he is without one; but making an arrest for other infractions, too numerous to mention, is decidedly out of the question.

Enforcing the ten-feet-apart rule is physically impossible. The city fathers who passed the ordinance might

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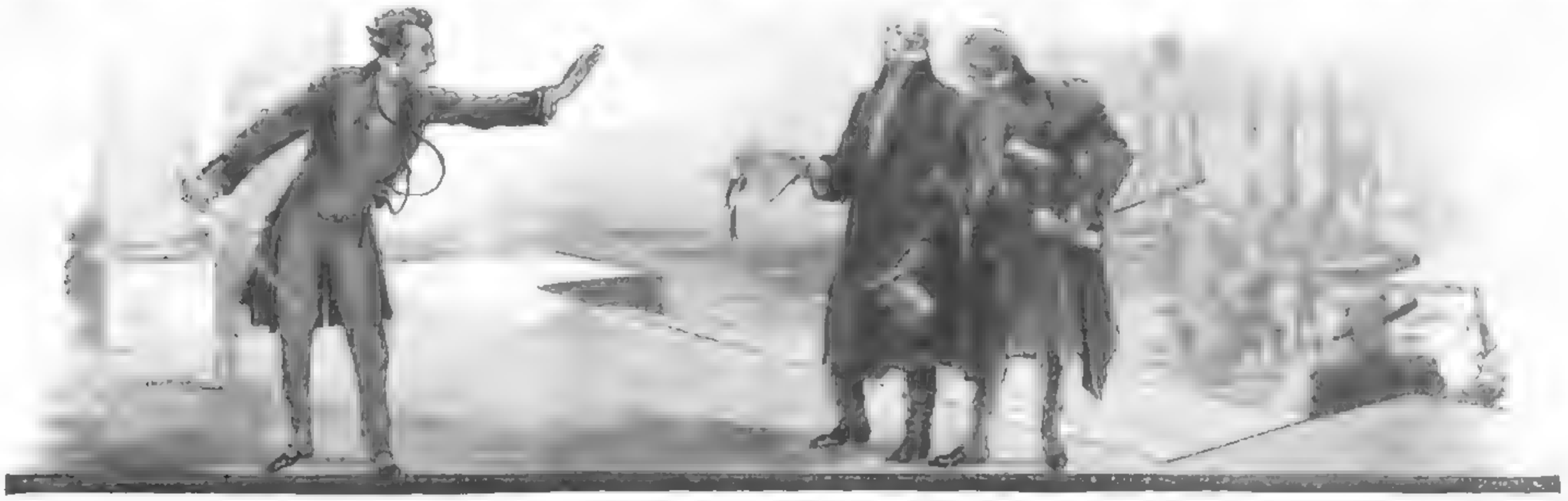
"In the Hand Was a Five-Buck Note"

GOVERNMENT AND BUSINESS



A Very Clear-Cut Exemplification of the Club Theory

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

A BUREAU in the Government of the United States is charged with the promotion of domestic and foreign commerce. This bureau employs a force not so large as that employed for the same purpose in a single state of the Union by one foreign Government. I am indebted for that item to a speech made in Kansas City not long ago by Secretary Nagel, of the Department of Commerce and Labor. It furnishes a convenient illustration of the fact that when Governments in the United States deal with business at all they pretty generally use a club.

There are people still living in this country who admire Andrew Jackson for smashing the Bank of the United States—a very clear-cut exemplification of the club theory. Few episodes in American history have been more thoroughly raked over by competent scholars. Every circumstance has been brought to light.

We know, then, that the bank under Biddle's management was really conducted ably and honestly; that it brought about resumption of specie payments, which had been suspended during the War of 1812; that it furnished the country a sound, uniform currency, of which there was great need; that it performed very valuable services for the Treasury; that it assisted materially in the development of the South and West—in short, that it was a highly useful institution. We know also that the charges brought against it were either trivial or poppycock. Two committees of Congress, after Jackson began his attack, investigated the bank and reported favorably upon it. The bank was not a political machine, though most of its directors were personally opposed to President Jackson. Professor R. C. H. Catterall, who had access to Biddle's private letters and papers, in addition to many other sources of information, found no evidence whatever that the bank ever spent a dollar corruptly.

The political atmosphere, however, was filled with vague, unprovable charges, mostly that the bank was a "monster"—"octopus" apparently not having been invented at that time; that, in some mysterious manner, it "made the rich richer and the poor poorer"; that it was "the scourge of the common people"—in short, it was what we now call Big Business and Wall Street.

Laws That Hinder But do Not Help

PRESIDENT JACKSON succeeded handily enough in smashing the bank, thereby precipitating a brisk little panic and opening wide the door for that flood of depreciated or worthless "wildcat" state-bank currency which plagued the country for years and involved it in immense losses.

This episode is still admired by people who imagine President Jackson as another St. George slaying the dragon; but what he did actually slay was the family cow! In spite of protests to the contrary, there is still rather too much disposition to stick a knife into any large horned beast that comes within reach—without adequate inquiry as to how harmful or useful the animal really is, or how far any objectionable characteristics may be removed.

As an illustration: We lead the world in banking power, and our foreign trade, running neck and neck with Germany, is decidedly exceeded only by England; but our banking system is so circumscribed by law that American banks cannot finance American foreign trade. Our great rivals, England and Germany, have branch banks where they have important trade. Besides directly facilitating business, these banks are constant and persuasive advertisements of their respective countries. Some years ago a group of financiers proposed to establish an American bank for the special purpose of dealing with foreign trade, with branches in the East and elsewhere. The best they could do under our banking laws was to incorporate by a special charter in Connecticut; but a Connecticut bank cannot do business at first hand in New York. So this concern was obliged to do its business in our financial capital and chief port in a left-handed way, through an agent.

Again, our national banks are forbidden by law to employ the credit instrument by which a great part of all international trade is moved—namely, the accepted bill of exchange. The result is that American importers in many lines are obliged to go to England for the credit instrument with which they do business. When Uncle Sam buys coffee, for example, he must get his credit in London and go to the foreigner with an English O. K.—which scarcely tends to increase the foreigner's respect for him.

We buy nearly seventy million dollars' worth of coffee in South America. The Brazilian exporter doesn't wish to sell us coffee and wait for his money until the cargo reaches New York and is sold. The American importer doesn't wish to pay for the coffee in Brazil and have his money tied up until the cargo gets to New York and is sold. To avoid this long tying-up of either party's capital, the importer gets his bank in New York to arrange with a London bank so that bank will accept ninety-day drafts drawn by the Brazilian exporter against actual shipments of coffee, bills-of-lading showing that the coffee has been shipped to accompany the draft.

The Brazilian exporter then puts his coffee on shipboard and gets bills-of-lading for it. He takes the bills-of-lading to his own bank in Brazil and attaches them to a ninety-day draft for the price of the coffee. The Brazilian bank will at once discount that draft at a low rate of interest because the London bank has agreed to accept it—that is, to guarantee payment at maturity. The Brazilian bank can immediately rediscount the draft by cable in London, and practically not lie out of its money a single day. At this writing the London discount rate for these "to-arrive" bank-accepted drafts is three and a half per cent. By the time the ninety-day draft falls due, the coffee has reached New York, been disposed of, and money to meet the draft has been remitted to London.

Now there is scarcely any chance of a loss in this transaction. The actual coffee has been shipped, as the bills-of-lading show. It is, of course, insured against loss at sea. The responsibility of the American importer is guaranteed to the London bank by a bank in New York; but if the exporter drew directly upon the importer and then sought to discount the draft he would find only a limited market for it and have to pay a correspondingly high interest rate. Any bank that discounted it would want to know the reputation of the exporter and of the importer, and something about the coffee trade; but when the London bank steps in and stamps its acceptance upon the draft, then any bank will discount it without further inquiry, relying simply upon the sufficient name of the London bank. Thus there is a very wide market for the draft. Year in and year out, in fact, these bank-accepted drafts, by which a large part of all international trade is moved, can be discounted in London and Paris at the rate of three to three and a half per cent, or even less, always commanding the lowest rate.

Our national banks, however, cannot accept time drafts. Nobody seems to know just why that restriction was put in the bank act, nor does anybody know a sufficient reason for keeping it there. We say to a national bank in New York: "You may extend credit freely to a coffee importer; but you must not extend it in the form in which he can directly use it. You may virtually stand responsible to a London bank that accepts his drafts; but you must not accept them yourself." Which illustrates the point that it is easier with us to get laws that restrict business than to get laws that promote business.

One result is that our foreign trade has to get an English or a French O. K. and pay well for the privilege. Another result is that the banking reserve of this country continually feeds stock-exchange speculation.

Foreign banks keep a cash reserve against deposits, and a secondary reserve, consisting of paper upon which they can realize at any moment. This secondary reserve is largely in the form of bank-accepted drafts drawn against actual commercial transactions. Consequently, in Europe commerce gets the lowest-going interest rate and the secondary bank reserve is employed largely in legitimate commercial transactions.

Having no bank-accepted drafts, and no discount market for them, that resource for employing secondary reserve is denied our banks. Our big city banks, however—especially those in New York and Chicago—need a secondary reserve quite as much as European banks do, because lesser banks all over the country deposit reserves with them; and if a pinch occurs the whole country is drawing upon them at once.

Feeding Speculation and Starving Trade

TO BE safe, these banks must always have, in addition to their reserve of actual cash, a secondary reserve, consisting of loans that they can realize upon at any moment. The only available loans of that character in this country are call loans on collateral—that is, loans payable upon demand and secured by pledge of stocks and bonds; in short, loans to stock-exchange brokers and operators.

Because they are quickly convertible and the banks must have them for secondary reserve, these stock-exchange loans almost always get the benefit of the lowest going interest rate—commonly two or three per cent, or about half what the merchant and manufacturer are paying. Thus speculation and not legitimate trade gets the benefit of the lowest interest rate; thus, also, our bank reserves are constantly feeding the stock exchange instead of feeding commerce.

There is no reason to doubt that the European system, with its benefits to legitimate trade and independence of stock-exchange speculation, would have developed here if our bank legislation in the last two generations had been shaped with a view to the needs of business.

Probably, in the United States, a dozen laws to restrict business are passed or proposed for every law to promote business that is passed or proposed. It seems time to redress the balance a bit.

True, our foreign trade flourishes, for which thanks are due first to Nature and next to the very trusts we are trying to disorganize. Forty per cent of our exports are raw material, far and away the biggest item being cotton, which the world buys of us because soil and climate have given us almost a monopoly of growing it. Fifteen per cent

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Inside Ball in the Church League

By GEORGE FITCH

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

REGULARLY about the middle of October, when the championship baseball games are over, I begin to worry about the destruction of our birch forests. To cut up a nice, innocent birch tree and leave a whole lot of little birch trees fatherless in order to make print-paper, and then to plaster that paper over with golf scores and horse gossip, and the kind of stuff the college correspondents send out to keep football alive between Saturdays, looks almost like a crime to me. For weeks after the baseball scores disappear I just take a hasty look at the piazza of a morning newspaper to see whether any one has stolen the Capitol at Washington or whether any aviator has gone up so high that he has lost the way down; and if there isn't any type bigger than an ink bottle in the headlines I let it go. I know the nation's safe, and I'm afraid if I read on I'd turn over to the hay they call the sporting section in the winter and get homesick for spring.

There are two kinds of fans -bleacher fans and newspaper fans; and I've been a newspaper fan ever since the year after Cap Anson won his last pennant. I learned to read in the newspapers that fall, and the next spring I began to steal the sporting page away from my father while he was reading the heavy artillery on the editorial page. All that summer I read about Anson and his champions with as much pride as if he were an uncle of mine. I remember how shocked and paralyzed I was that fall when Anson's team blew up in the stretch and lost the pennant. In my childish way I supposed that Chicago always would win—that it was so provided in the Constitution -and I didn't see how the country was going to adjust itself to the new state of affairs.

I've followed the Chicago team by the morning mail ever since. Anson, Burns, Pfeffer, Williamson and Hutchinson were all early heroes of mine, though I never saw them play; and many a morning, at a critical point in the race, I've gotten up early and helped the Homeburg newsdealer chase the Chicago paper sack as it rolled down the platform after being dumped from the fast mail, which merely slowed down to about fifty miles an hour through our town. It took twenty years of devoted reading on my part to land a pennant for the team, but I never faltered. I never yelled "Rotten!" or "Take him out!" or "Give us a beam, bartender!" It wouldn't have done me any good, anyway, at that distance. I just read pluckily on until Captain Chance finally turned the trick; and I'll bet I was as proud of the team as if I had had baseball for a supper appetizer instead of for breakfast all those years.

You'd be surprised to know how many newspaper fans there are anyway. Take our own town of Homeburg, for instance. Probably not ten men in a year see the Cubs play; but most of us are red-hot fans just the same—mail-order fans, so to speak. There's a little informal gathering every morning in front of the State Bank, where we Cub fans talk the whole thing over acrimoniously with the White Sox supporters after we have read the papers, and discuss the previous day's doings of the Homeburg boys in the big leagues.

There are two of them now—Adams in the National and Dewey in the Three-Eye; and, though we might take our eyes off the President for a whole week and never once hunt up his doings on the first or fifth or ninth page, you can bet we don't neglect Adams and Dewey. We look their record over every morning; and when Adams cops a Bleriot out in right, or Dewey doubles and drives in the winning run, we're suffocated with pride.

Seems to me, take it all in all, baseball's a lot more fun in a small town anyway. It isn't so formal. There's not such a financial atmosphere about it. We just go out and play ball. We make more errors and we do more mahogany-headed work on the bases than they do in the big leagues, but we get just as much fun out of it; and as for excitement—well, I'll venture to say there never was so much interest a head over baseball during a world's series as there was in our church league which we pulled off three years ago. That's one of the things that makes me content to stay at home and read about the big-league games. I've seen the church league finish. I've played on the Congregational team, which won the pennant by one game and one run and one cussword—and there really isn't anything more thrilling in baseball for me to look forward to on this sphere.

Our church league was the achievement of Sanford Carroll. Carroll is a young college graduate who came to Homeburg one summer to run our weekly paper while the editor was on a trip. He was an all-round man and a great addition to our little city. He made the band, on the first practice night, with his trombone; and a little later he organized an orchestra and got appointed choirmaster of the Congregational church. They'd had one basso and about half a tenor in the choir for some time, but inside of two weeks they had no less than ten men toiling away on the anthems; and as for girls—well, Carroll was a handsome chap and the trustees were really embarrassed. There wasn't room for everybody in the choir loft. That's what hustle and personality will do anywhere—in Homeburg same as in New York.

All this time, however, baseball was Carroll's first love. He was an eleven-thousand revolution fan—newspaper, bleacher and padded-glove sorts combined; and it was his ambition to organize a league between the various churches. I think he thought of it first because the Congregational church had a crackerjack pitcher, and a catcher who was pretty fair—but that is neither here nor there. He talked to a lot of the Methodist boys; and, as they had a shortstop with some talent, they fell in with the idea at once. There were two Swedish churches in Homeburg and they volunteered to organize one team from both churches. That left only the Baptists on the fence. The Baptists are not very strong numerically, though they have a church so big that you are always afraid it will cloud up and rain inside it when you are there, and their baseball material was—to put it mildly—phenomenally punk; but by a good deal of persuasion we prevailed on them to come in.

The ministers were pretty skittish at first, and we had to talk a good deal about exercise and the value of pure air and pure sport before they would warm up to the proposition. Even when they did consent, they unanimously insisted on a cast-iron rule expelling from the game and from the park any player using a word which assayed even the slightest trace of sulphur. Rule One was a no-swearing rule, and the Baptist minister nearly kicked over the whole league at the last minute by insisting on another rule, prohibiting the stealing of bases. We argued and argued, but he was firm. We had to promise to score them as "appropriated" bases before he would relent.

It was evident, however, that the league was going to be a howling success from the start. The way the various teams jumped into the game was beautiful, but I don't think any one was so eager as we Congregationalists. It was our big chance to get the jump on the Methodists; and if you don't know it I'll just tell you there had been a genteel but decided rivalry for twenty years between the Methodists and the Congos—that's what we call the Congregationalists in Homeburg, life being short. The Congos had begun strong. They had built a big church; and, just about the time the Methodists had put up a nice brick church about half its size, we had put in a pipe organ and taken the wind entirely out of their sails—but there was no drowning those Methodists. They stuck at it and revived and revived—I mean had revival after revival—and grew and got almost sacrilegiously enterprising.

Our Christmas celebrations in the church were admired by every one for their beauty and splendor; but the Methodists hired the opera hall and had two Christmas trees every year—one on each side of the stage, with a fireplace between, out of which Santa Claus came sometimes and other times had to wait until the fireplace could be taken off of him, things not always working smoothly. We used to have annual steamboat excursions on the Mississippi River -grand affairs too; but the Methodists chartered a bigger steamboat and sold four freezers of ice cream to our one. Little by little they pulled away from us, and finally they enlarged the church and fitted it with new oak pews in the up-to-date arena style. After that they put in a better pipe organ than ours, which was pretty old and inclined to be rheumatic by that time, and hired our organist, who had played free for us for fifteen years. Then we gave up and settled down to take their dust on the long, weary journey through this vale of sorrow.

However, the baseball league seemed to be our chance to get even for a lot of the past. There was no use denying it—our team looked mighty good. We had a pitcher with curves and a catcher who really knew how to catch, and I was some considerable little shortstop in a modest way, while Carroll was one of the best fly exterminators I ever saw outside of the profession; so it was with feelings of sublime confidence that we faced the Methodists on the first day of the season before a crowd of a thousand eager citizens, half of whom were embroidery and mission-circle experts who had never seen a baseball game before.

It was a glorious day. It made up for years of grief. As a church, the Methodists were early risers and hard workers, but when it came to baseball they were agnostic to excess. Randolph Blinn was on the first base for them. He was a mighty fine fellow, who led the choir and was superintendent of the Sunday-school, and he enjoyed the game immensely but he wasn't much comfort to the team. When Alf Saunders, who shortstopped clear from right field to the home plate, dug up a grounder and hurled the ball at him, Blinn would watch it in the most eager and friendly manner; and as soon as it had zinged past him he would turn and chase it as industriously as if he were getting a dollar a step. Roy Collins, on second, was nearly as bad, while A. W. Bunscomb, who had caught a game back in the early neolithic age, wouldn't stand up behind the bat after the first inning, but took balls on the bounce. We almost ran ourselves to death, for the bases were only flag stations and the basemen conversed pleasantly with us as we tore by. "Let the fielders do the work!" was their motto. A grounder is lots easier to handle after it has plowed out through the grass to a fielder anyway. There isn't so much chance of getting it on the end of the thumb with a cruel concussion.

Twenty-six to one was the score and life was perfectly rosy! What did we care for the Methodist pipe organ or their two-ring Christmas tree, or their brand-new parsonage and their paid choir? We walked round the streets all the next week and hunted up Methodists to talk to. We'd talk about the weather or the crops, or the nerve of the Q. Railroad in taking off the four-twenty-three train; but eventually the conversation would sneak round to the subject of baseball, and shortly after that the Methodist would get up and go home, no matter where he was. Then we would saunter out after another Methodist and begin another conversation. Life was just one gloat after another!

The Baptist and Swedish churches went at each other the next Wednesday; and, as champions to date, we sat by and watched them with a bored air. It wasn't so much of a game as it was a dodging-match. Both teams kept their eyes on the ball very carefully and did not allow it to get near enough to bite them. The Swedes finally won, 31 to 19 or thereabout; but they weren't proud about it, because they had averaged five errors apiece.

He Was Superintendent of the Sunday-School, but He Wasn't Much Comfort to the Team

The Deacon Stood Watching It With Fascinated Awe

As for the Baptists, they were real martyrs to the game. In spite of their utmost efforts, they couldn't dodge the ball all the time, and the number of contused palms, telescoped fingers and dented features they accumulated was appalling! Deacon Hexton's case was particularly pathetic. He was a partly petrified old chap, with a forty-year stand of whiskers and the spirit of a boy; and he tried to play shortstop because no one else dared to do it. He stopped almost a dozen balls that afternoon and only used his hands twice. After that he kept them behind him out of harm's way. He was knocked down by baserunners; he had a finger cracked; he was hit in the ribs with a pitched ball—and, worse than all, he made a home run.

It was his crowning misfortune. He didn't mean to do it in the first place. He had struck out four times and had gotten so he sort of liked the wild swing of the bat, when he hit the ball accidentally just on the belt. It soared over Lars Sjodeen's head and the deacon stood watching it with fascinated awe.

"Run! Run!" a thousand voices yelled. The captain of the team pushed the deacon off and he trotted to first where he stopped, it looked safe there and he had no wind left anyway; but Sjodeen couldn't find the ball in the thick weeds in right field and a committee of Baptists ran down and pried the deacon off first. He sprinted to second and after great persuasion was encouraged to start for third. He was making good time when Ellery Cain, the town nuisance, yelled "Slide!" from the bleachers. With one despairing look, Deacon Hexton slid. He landed twenty feet from the bag and, clawing desperately for it with hands and feet, finally crawled to it amid cheers that rocked the solar system. The ball was still lost—they never did find it; and after the deacon had been brushed off and pinned up, and his glasses had been found, he walked home like a Roman conqueror—though, as a rule, Roman conquerors didn't rub their faces in the dirt before parading. He struck out more carefully than ever after that and walked with a cane for days afterward.

It looked like the Congo first and the rest were nowhere after that game, and we filled our coats more tightly than ever that week. We took the Swedes on the following Wednesday, and to our grief and amazement went up against Andy Lung, a heady little pitcher who had worked some with the town team. His regular catcher, Bengt Bengston, was there too. We had never held a very high regard for the piety of these two young men and were surprised to meet them in such select company; but it seems that they were Lutherans technically—they had been confirmed about fifteen years before—and we were compelled to associate with Lung's curves for nine innings.

It would have been a sad day for us if it had not been for the young Swedish Methodist pastor, the Reverend Leander Ringborg, who played shortstop and threw industriously at eagles and sundogs all the afternoon. I never saw a man throw at a first baseman and miss him in so many directions. Twice he overshot him by a good forty feet and once he hit the official scorer, while the other seven times, having failed to calm down the ball until the runner was well on his way to second, he threw it toward first base, anyway, and got it entirely out of circulation, thereby allowing us to score profusely. He enjoyed the game immensely and worked with all his might, but he was not what you would call a cool-headed player by several thousand degrees Fahrenheit. However, he was the pastor, and his team never thought of asking him to retire to the field, where he would have been more useful. That is the disadvantage of standing too much in awe of your pastor.

As a result, we beat the Swedes, but hardly enough to notice it—twelve to eleven was the score—and we didn't feel so chesty by a good deal. Our team work didn't loom up so brilliantly this time. We had two or three awful holes. Duffield had four flies in right and didn't get near enough to any one of them to wish it good afternoon; while Lord, on second, achieved five errors on five chances, and might as well have been made of mud when the catcher pegged a ball down his way. We saw plainly that we should have to plug up those cavities; and that, I suppose, is what started all the trouble.

I blame ourselves for the whole business, though we didn't mean it—honestly. There was Lord, on second base, as useful as a mountain of mud; and there was Archie Holbrook, a perfectly good second baseman of civilized habits, going to waste on the sidelines because he had never investigated a church from the inside. We liked Archie and we loved those broad adhesive hands of his. The more we thought of them the more we thought of Archie's welfare. It was distressing to see him growing up far, far from the best influences. We yearned to give him a lift and set him on the right path. I can't see anything wrong in it even now. One should always help a brother; and it was with feelings of the purest philanthropy that we went to Archie and suggested that he enroll himself at once in the Congo Sunday-school and join the choir.

Archie had been watching those church games until his arms had almost twitched themselves off. It had also been terrible for him to see a nice second-base job going to waste while he was lingering idly by. So he accepted with great speed, though nervously; and after he had gotten seated in the choir the next Sunday and had sort of warmed up to the occasion, you'd have been surprised to hear how his voice came out above the rest. Archie had a good voice, but it didn't have any particular throttles or mufflers or check valves on it, and some of the people in the congregation looked sort of wild during the anthem. However, as I said, it was the very best second-bass voice in the city—and, anyway, the anthem wasn't very long.

We spread the news of Archie's reform as vigorously as we could during the next few days, and he played with us against the Baptists a week from the following Wednesday—played one of the finest little second-base games I ever saw. The Baptists had strengthened up a little by not letting their second baseman play at all—but, of course, they had no chance. They played in a sort of foreordained and indignant manner, and it was plain to be seen the game was a bore to them. We were as easy on them as we could be—only made about sixteen runs in five innings—and we gave them a couple of runs, too, by bringing Duffield in and letting him play short for an inning; but that didn't ease matters much, and after the game it almost seemed as if they considered Holbrook had done the whole thing—though goodness knows we could have beaten them without any one at second. We were just perfecting our teamplay and laying for the Swedes. That was all—absolutely all.

The slight hard feeling among the Baptists wasn't a marker, however, to what the Methodists were saying. They had been sailing right along and had beaten the Swedes themselves the week before—Lung and Bengston having been called out of town on parochial work at a baseball tournament in the next county; and from the way they commented on our second baseman you would think they regarded evangelistic work as nothing less than a crime. They fairly boiled with indignation—and we weren't surprised at all, when we met them two weeks afterward, to find the crack Homeburg juniors, Kelley and McGuire, on the team. They had seen the error of their ways, the Methodist captain sarcastically told us, and had decided to attend the Methodist church.

We were pretty indignant, but we didn't say anything, there not being anything particularly pat to say. It was as pretty a game as you would care to see. We could only hit the red streaks Kelley's shoots left behind them and no one on the Methodist team could bat except McGuire, who tried for a home run every time and got as far as third twice, only to die a lingering death while his awestricken teammates pecked timidly at James' sizzers. It might have gone on forever if I hadn't caught a good one accidentally and lifted it for two bases in the twelfth. I took a long lead and McGuire thoughtlessly threw to the Methodist second baseman to catch me. The look of disgust on his face when the second baseman hastily drew himself out of range would have withered a bronze statue! I ambled in while the Methodist centerfielder was carrying the ball in to where he thought he could throw it to the second baseman; and McGuire threw his glove about two hundred yards as he took off his harness—but he didn't swear. I listened with all my might. He swelled visibly but he didn't swear! It was a wonderful feat of self-control.

After that it was perfectly plain to every one that the baseball season would be fought out strictly on its baseball merits; and that, if any one had any kind word to speak in connection with any one else, it would be done outside of business hours, so to speak. The Methodists and Baptists went after each other the next week and the revivalists just toyed with the high divers, Kelley striking out twenty-two men. On the following Wednesday we tackled the Swedes; and Lung and Bengston, having finished their missionary tour, were right in the middle of the game. Moreover, Albert Alberson and Swan Hedine had discovered their confirmation papers after a long search, and they worked at short and on third. The game was settled in advance. We were a nice little team and played a good parlor game; but did you ever try to reason with the projectiles that four or five husky young Scandinavian coal-miners were batting? I played short and considered myself lucky to get out alive. We couldn't touch Lung—and the score was seven to nothing—a real ball game! The next day little groups of Methodists came round to the various places where we were trying to make our living and leaned over the desks and counters, and talked baseball—baseball—baseball! It was enough to drive you mad, they were so sneery about it. By that night there wasn't enough good feeling in Homeburg to hold a love feast round a pinocle table.

In other ways, though, the season was certainly a success. The whole town turned out to the games, and the noise was so thick and continuous that a cannon hardly would have found a chance to edge in and make its remarks heard. It was mighty hard on the regular county league team, which was playing fourth out of a possible fifth that season. We played Wednesdays to an overflowing field. They played Thursdays to the score boy and the umpire; and along in August they disbanded, after putting a pathetic little piece in the paper telling how hard they had fought for the honor of Homeburg, with no support at all!

By that time we were going down the toboggan at a horrifying rate. The Swedes had cleaned us again; and after a terrific Homeric struggle, in which I might say we represented the dying Trojans, the Methodists got our goat about the last of August, with the aid of three college team visitors who had attended an ice-cream social given by the church and were therefore held to be eligible, and the same old demons, Kelley and McGuire, who were now going to church with such careless grace and precision that you might almost have supposed they had been born that way. We had decided to stand or fall with our one recruit, Archie Holbrook; and this time we fell with a series of heart-wrenching bumps. We perspired and we wrangled. We cut off two base hits and ran bases as if catamounts were behind us—but it was no use! The sun was dying in a bloody sky when our last man was run down between third and home, with the score eight to five against us;

Archie Had a Good Voice. But Some of the People Looked Sort of Wild During the Anthem

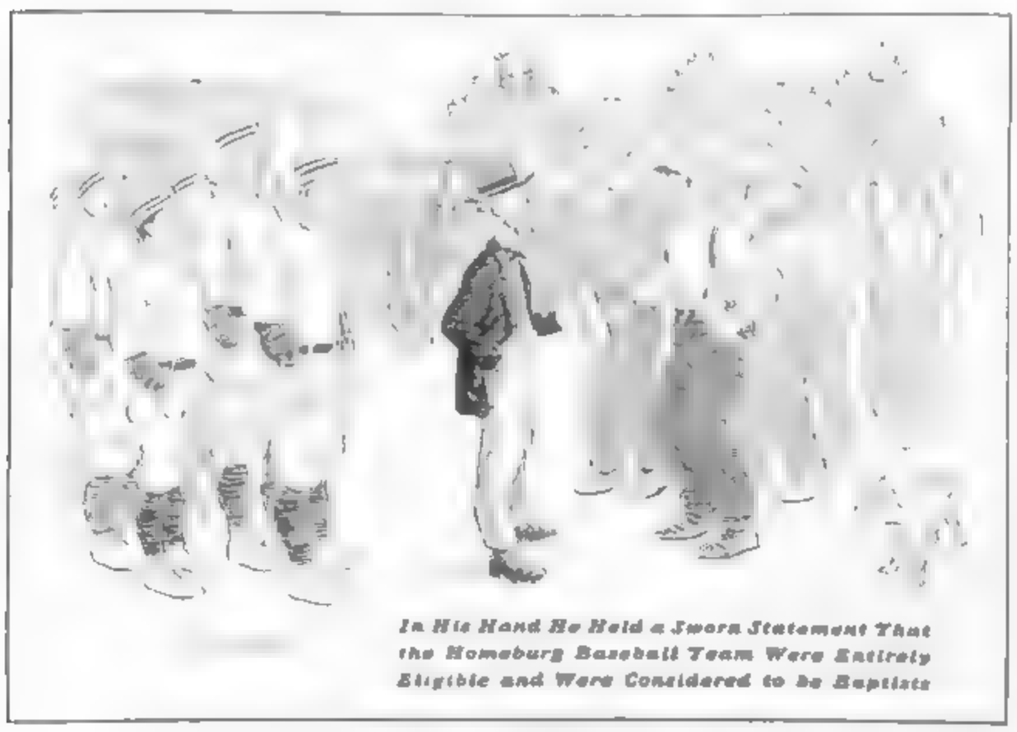
and the next day I wished heartily that baseball had never been invented. I never heard so much baseball talk in my life, and absolutely there wasn't a thing to talk about either!

Our only comfort in that hot, tragic month was the Baptists. They had plodded sulkily along with their regular team, and when we met them, just after the fatal Methodist day, we fell on them with long-bottled fury. We three-baggered and home-runned until the concussions sounded like a bombardment; and we taunted and guyed them as we fanned them out, threw them out, worked the hidden-ball trick on them and put them into the joke class generally. The sewing-circle demons was what we called them. It wasn't a happy afternoon, but it was some relief anyway. We shut them out thirty-seven to nothing, and tauntingly declared that old Deacon Hexton was their only real player, he having stopped a batted ball by accident—though he lost it in his clothes and Holbrook got a home run off of it. Poor Deacon Hexton had suffered heavily all through the season. It was such a temptation to make him dodge at the plate that every pitcher in the league had winged him at least once; and, what with colliding with liners and baserunners, he was getting into such a dismantled condition that it looked as if he would have to finish the season in a wheeled chair. Why, he even lost a handful of whiskers in this particular game when he fell down on second while trying to stop a throw and James, our pitcher, slid in and spiked the deacon's chin shrubbery; but what there was left of the deacon was certainly game. He didn't assay an ounce of quit to the ton; and he made the last out that day by running wildly up to an infield ball, clapping his big straw hat down on it as if it had been a butterfly and then fishing it out and tossing it to first.

The final series began the next week amid a tension that practically paralyzed business in Homeburg. Every one had a fighting chance but the Baptists; and when their game with the Swedes came, on Wednesday, and the latter trotted out their hereditary and hypothetical church-workers, along with two new home-run specialists who, it seems, had been baptized while they were too young to object, we began to make bets on whether or not the score would reach three figures. When the Baptist team came out we suspended all occupations, including that of breathing, and stared, bug-eyed, at the aggregation!

It was the Homeburg regulars—the whole team from Franklin, the star pitcher, down to Petie Berg, a five-foot whirlwind, with the home-run record of the league! At their head was Deacon Hexton, with a quiet but perfectly noticeable smile extending from horizon to horizon on his face; and in his hand he held a sworn statement that the Homeburg baseball team, having met on the church steps the night before and having contributed a nickel apiece to the foreign-mission fund, were entirely eligible and were considered to be Baptists of whom the church was particularly proud -not one of them having broken any laws or backslidden in any way during his entire church connection. Having read this to the multitude, Deacon Hexton withdrew to a comfortable seat in his old surrey and the doings began.

It was a game to be embalmed in ball history! Those Swedes didn't care for Franklin or Berg, or the whole Homeburg regulars, with a few big-leaguers thrown in; and they tore off two runs in the very first inning with a batting streak that sent the entire light-haired section of the bleachers into hysterics, and made old man Hexton get out and walk nine times round his surrey, chewing a stalk of timothy as he did so. No wonder he was agitated! It had cost him one hundred cool dollars, we learned afterward, to convert the Homeburg regulars to the Baptist faith on Wednesdays—one hundred dollars a game, win or lose! And the deacon was the kind of man that wanted to see good fruit brought forth from the seed he had sown.



In His Hand He Held a Sworn Statement That the Homeburg Baseball Team Were Entirely Eligible and Were Considered to Be Baptists

He needn't have worried, though. Franklin was about to break into league baseball, anyhow, and after the first inning you would have thought the Swedes were batting at X-rays. Meantime, Berg was concussing and detonating, and the rest of the team were straightening out Mr. Lung's inshoots with businesslike regularity. The score that day was eleven to two in favor of the Baptists. A week later they took on the Methodists, and they never have computed the score with any degree of exactness. The Methodists had hard luck owing to the violent backsliding of Kelley and McGuire, who tried to introduce cigarettes into a lawn social and got on their dignity when it was mentioned by some hundred and nineteen people. They quit the team cold; and, it being only the day before the game, no other battery could be located and herded into the fold. It wasn't a game. It was a Marathon on the bases. The Baptists pounded in about forty runs, and after each one Deacon Hexton would rise and wave a big white handkerchief and shout: "Hooray, boys! Hit it again!"

That night the town was one hornets' nest. The Methodists were furious; the Swedes were sulky—as for ourselves, we were desperate. Our turn was coming on the following Wednesday. On that date we would march out on the diamond and provide a summer day's amusement for the Baptists of Homeburg and surrounding towns.

That wasn't what was bothering us the worst however. The Methodists and ourselves were tied for first place. The Wednesday game was the last one; and if we were defeated that darned old church, which already had the biggest membership and the biggest Christmas celebrations, and a church with an auditorium and a three-manual pipe organ, would take the pennant and hang it from the steeple—after which the members would come round and lean on our counters and desks and talk baseball until murder was committed or the Angel Gabriel called time with his big horn!

Wasn't that a pretty prospect? It just ruined our health to think of it. I had never hated anything so badly in my life as the job of going out there and getting batted off the planet—and all on account of a fool idea we'd started ourselves. Every man on our team would have stood up and taken a good beating with a club to get out of it—but there didn't seem to be any hope. I went to Deacon Hexton, accompanied by Ambrose West, the banker, who is a member of our church, and pleaded with him to play the regular church team, promising to leave out all of our good players if he did, and even to play the solo alto of our choir in right field—but he just chortled at us.

"What, let those bright young fellers backslide after me spending so much money bringing 'em into the church!" he said indignantly. "What do you think I am? Here I see a chance to bring light into nine young souls. It's costing me a lot of money, but I don't begrudge that. You ought to see them boys at service! They listen to the minister just as careful as if he was talking baseball; and now you want me to boot them out of the church because you're afraid they'll beat you next Wednesday! Dear, dear!—but this is a wicked world!"

He talked on that way as long as we would stand it—wouldn't listen to reason or anything else; so we went home and began taking quinine in preparation for the sad event, in the midst of which disagreeable process Sim Bone and Pang Byers came to us and asked permission to play. They are beloved members of our church, but what they know about baseball you could print in scarehead type on a postal card; but they argued that we were going to be annihilated, anyway, and they had contributed to the expenses of the team and wanted some of the fun—and besides, they said, they had a scheme. So we let them play; but it almost caused a row, because every member of the regular team wanted to have one of the recruits take his place. You could judge from this that we weren't approaching the festivities with anything like joy.

I have never seen so many people in one place in Homeburg as there were on the baseball field that Wednesday—and the Baptists had a big majority. Every Baptist within forty miles was present, and most of the Methodists, too, they having figured out that the pennant was going to be batted into their clutches that afternoon. The pseudo, hypothetical and temporary Baptists got a reeking cheer when they burst out on the field, and a little knot of Congregationalists chirped loyally at us as we went gloomily out on the diamond.

"He Said You Were a Superimposed Parallelepiped!"

Sim Bone played first at his request. Sim is the best catch-as-catch-can talker in our town. He is as sarcastic as tabasco sauce, and witty, too, and he had the emergency Baptists on the team mad before the game began. Carroll played second and I stuck to short, while on third base we had Pang Byers. Pang is about forty, and whenever he goes into the gas office to complain about his bill they ask him how much he wants off before he starts. He is the most destructive conversationalist I know of. He is a regular verbal griddle. They still tell in Homeburg how a smart traveling man began to josh Pang in the restaurant one night about his straw hat, it being later in the year than the traveling man allowed the world to wear straw hats. Pang let him talk a minute—and then started in with a few general allusions to the wonderful advance in microscopy and the science of detecting the infinitesimal. From there he wandered on, speculating on how long it would be before science would be able to discover a traveling man's brain. Then he began discussing a traveling man's neck; then his mouth, and then his ears; but he didn't finish, because the traveling man went away. And, Pang following him, the traveling man didn't wait for the train, but walked out of town and over to the junction, where he sat four hours all alone and glad of it.

We went on to the field, and Andrews, the temporary Baptist third baseman, hit the first ball so hard that both the pitcher and I had to jump for our lives to get away from it. Andrews stopped at first, being kind of weak from not having had a chew of tobacco for over an hour, and Sim Bone turned on him with a glare.

"What do you mean, you unfumigated, unmitigated quintessence of undesirability, by trying to kill our pitcher?" he hissed. "Why, you scarified protoplasm, if you do that again we'll transmogrify you!"

Andrews roared like a bull. Sim had been talking to him that way before the game too.

"Say, do you want your damhead knocked off?" he shouted. "I'll ——"

"Excuse me," said Corwin Jones, who was umpiring for us, "but you're out of the game and off of the field for swearing!"

The row that followed made big-league baseball sound milksoppy. The whole super-Baptist team crowded round Jones, and before they got through talking he managed to get two more—the third baseman and the right fielder. They threatened, roared and threw their gloves round for ten minutes. It was blissfully tumultuous. Deacon Hexton came down and said he really didn't think the boys meant to swear; but we were firm. Besides, we were inexpressibly shocked at the deacon. Maybe they didn't mind little things like profanity in his church, but we certainly could not permit it. That fixed the deacon and evened up for a previous evening he had given us.

Presently the three debaptized players shouldered their bats and went out of the park, while the grandstand seethed and growled and bubbled and muttered like a retreating thunderstorm. They saw the whole wicked plot and besought the rest of the regulars to stand firm. They called on them, with tears in their eyes, to be calm and patient; and the three miserable weaklings who went out to plug up the holes came up to us and asked us if we couldn't kindly play the game out without sarcasm!

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The Box-Office Value of Tears

By MARY SHAW

ILLUSTRATED BY HANSON BOOTH

TEARS—idle tears!" sang the poet.

"It does no good to cry, darling," we teach the children. All the maxims and platitudes preach the uselessness of tears; but ask a manager of a theater about the actual value of tears and, undoubtedly, he will show you that millions of dollars have been made by this amiable and general human weakness.

It is not so easy to make persons in an audience weep as it is to make them laugh. The general impression that the emotional actor has a finer kind of talent than the comedian is borne out by experience. Playwrights who understand the nature of things strive to get telling situations—that is, to bring tears to an audience in the makeup of the play itself. There are fundamental things in human nature which, properly placed in the drama, will bring tears from the audience. They are very few in number, but they can always be relied on for this effect. The surest one is the relation of the mother and the child in unhappy situations. A large proportion of women and an average number of men are very quickly touched by any trouble in the relations of these two.

It does not matter how indifferently such scenes are played; the audience can always be relied on to bridge over any gaps in the performance.

In these days, when there seems to be a kind of dread of plays that touch upon the tearful emotions, superficial reasoning would indicate that the temperament and nature of the public at large are different from what they were in former days. In America the desire to be amused, which shows so great a change from fifteen to twenty years ago, when audiences equally enjoyed being moved to tears, might lead us astray if we did not remember that there is a fashion in tastes in the theater just as much as there is in clothes and in sports.

Thirty years ago in this country such plays as Camille and East Lynne, which depended for their vogue almost wholly upon tears, were the greatest money-makers that the American stage had ever known. And in their wake came a series of plays such as Froufrou and Led Astray, modified somewhat in character, but still dependent largely on the same element that won the entire approbation of the theater-goers.

Careful observation of the successful plays on our stage during a long period shows this constant changing from one type to another. There was a period in which melodrama was in the ascendent, another of emotional drama, another of comedy, and still another of burlesque. So there is no need to grow tragic over the present liking for something rather light and ephemeral in dramatic fare.

George Eliot, a great student of human nature, has written that people grow to wear grief like a hat, cocked to one side, with a feather stuck in it. This is true of an audience. The susceptible women and girls who throng the matinées, and use up three or four handkerchiefs at Zaza and such plays, are not suffering in any real sense. If persons in an audience actually entered into the catastrophe presented on the stage as they would enter into one in real life, then all the current thought of the disagreeableness of emotional plays would have some real meaning. A long experience in presenting rôles of this kind, however, has taught me that there is quite as pleasurable an effect on certain persons in having the tenderer side of their nature gently touched as there is in having their sense of humor tickled.

It is when people begin to give reasons for avoiding sad plays that one sees how little we really know of ourselves and our natures. Nearly every one of the objectors will tell you that he or she is particularly sensitive to suffering of any kind. They will not stand for being "harrowed up," they say. If they were really harrowed, in the true sense of the word, by the weepy drama, then, indeed, it would be something seriously to eliminate; but, as a matter of fact, it is not at all easy to harrow persons with an imaginative recital like a play. The instant proof is that we are surrounded every moment of the day by deep suffering; yet we are in no sense harrowed by the actuality.

This Otherwise Impossible Play Was Swept Into Stupendous Financial Success on a Flood of Tears

The sad plight of a child will touch persons in the theater more deeply than any other one thing. Yet, curiously, the same persons who weep copiously over a little chap, cold and neglected and deserted, in a play, will be quite indifferent in real life to the same sort of boy when they pass him on the street or when they hear a touching story told of one. It gives an audience a pleasurable sensation to see the misery of the child in a play relieved, because it costs them nothing but a little sympathy and everything is so beautifully fixed up "for keeps"—while the actual boy on the street is a distressing problem with a haunting face, from which you get no pleasure. So how can you be harrowed by a thing in a theater which you are able to endure philosophically outside?

The truth is that persons who make such objections to the emotional drama are simply those to whom the emotional drama does not appeal. If they were really "harrowed up"; if their hearts throbbed and their imaginations were made captive; if they lost for a time all sense of the reality about them and were projected into a dream world of which they were a vital part—they would enjoy the drama. And that is the whole meaning of stage representation—to make the audience a component part of the personality of the characters on the stage and the life they are living.

No one disputes the right of an individual to select the kind of play he prefers or the mood he would be in for the few hours in the theater; but to explain his preference by misstatement is an injustice to himself and an injustice to the theater. The American, for the most part, is a nervous rather than an emotional being. He takes everything—business and amusement—as he takes his quick lunch—on the run. Comedy effects can be quickly developed and disposed of. Emotional effects require a longer time in preparation, a subtler attention and more abandonment of the individual. Therefore they have to be particularly powerful and universal in appeal to hold his attention. It is not his sensibility that makes him dread them, but something quite different—his unbalanced nerves.

The value of the weepy drama at the present moment is certainly not so great as it has been at other times in our stage history. The reason is that just now it does not chance to be the prevailing tone and fashion; but, even so, it can hold its own, provided it is skillfully sandwiched with lighter material. And, at any stage of the game, the appearance of a man or woman with unusual power to draw tears from an audience will restore to favor this class of play which was so popular a decade or two ago.

One can easily see that if a woman of the talent and personality of Clara Morris were to rise and demonstrate in some play the power to send women into what is called hysterics, and have them led out weeping from the theater—to shake strong men by her portrayals—we should at once be flooded with a lot of drama written for her and her imitators; in fact, it is only a short time since Miss Morris made her phenomenal success in plays of an essentially weepy character, and people have not changed much in so short a time—only fashion in plays changes. It sounds almost like a fairy tale, the description of how, when as Miss Multon she pleaded so eloquently to see her child, women and men rose up in the audience and screamed: "Let her see her child!"

How odd it reads, in this day and order of things, that Miss Morris was able to keep the curtain down thirty or forty minutes between two scenes of Camille, while a crowded house waited breathlessly for the next round of agony! Her matinées used to begin at one-thirty; and sometimes the play was not over until six-thirty—one long, unending river of tears. Yet it is not surprising when you come to think of it. Miss Morris absolutely set a fashion that night at Daly's Theater, when she appeared as the Woman in White, in Wilkie Collins' drama—I think. It was something novel. She had the power to capture the imagination of her auditors, to bring them into the situation as if they were interested participants in her trouble. The throng of women leaving the theater with three or four soaked handkerchiefs, and the men who had blown their noses until their handkerchiefs were almost in the same condition, were as deeply satisfied as any that today pile out from the batch of comic operas and farces with which our theaters abound.

I never saw Miss Morris at the height of her career. It was at the very end of it, and after I had some knowledge of acting, that I had the privilege of witnessing her New Magdalen in New York; but by this time the fashion in plays and acting had changed. Instead of the wild abandon and piercing tones that had made her performances so thrilling at an earlier date, another style of suffering lady had taken possession of the stage—a quiet, well-bred woman. She still used her handkerchief, but her sobs were all controlled, and her tones were fixed so as to be harmonious and pleasing to the ear. I was very much struck by the difference between her methods at this time and those ascribed to her earlier in her career. It was impossible to realize the effect she must have produced

The Same Persons Who Weep Copiously Will be Quite Indifferent in Real Life to the Same Sort of Boy

when audiences were not sensitive to style, but were simply captured by the truth and novelty of her work. There were no forty-minute waits, by the way, when I saw the performance; it was rather indecently hurried, in fact. The actress had so modified her performance that a great deal of it, except the climaxes, was done in a low tone, almost monotonous in its effect.

I suppose Eleanora Duse and Miss Morris might be taken as the two extremes in the difference of methods of producing tears. Twenty-five or thirty years ago we had the wonderfully gifted Morris using all her powers of interpretation, but through the outward expression of startling shrieks and moans, and restless, harrowing emotion. Judged by our present standard of feeling and behavior, such a method would now seem to have been rather unhealthful. Results just as powerful are produced by Duse as she stands calm, apparently unimpassioned, breathing forth her misery in tones that are almost musical in cadence, seeming to give us a typified figure of universal suffering rather than individual grief. The manners and methods of these two women are absolutely different.

Heartbreaking Lady Isabelle

HOW comparatively short a time ago it was regarded as natural for women to faint away every time anything happened in the drama that was unusual! How they sobbed and cried over what would now be considered the merest trifles. Whether women in real life in those days behaved in that way, we cannot very well know; but we do know that in books and plays it was the rule of conduct. Nowadays if any solution can be worked out in a situation that will avoid fainting by women it is eagerly substituted. As for sobbing and crying, unless it is for most excellent reasons, an actress indulging in that sort of thing would be considered a nuisance. The fainting away and the moaning have been thrown into the scrapheap along with the scream. This change has not been brought about solely by the actors. The manner of expressing feeling, of presenting human character, and the method of construction of plays have altered so completely that a new style of acting is inevitable. When it comes to the essential thing we find that dramatist and actor always hark back to the elementary conditions that generally can be relied on to touch the human heart.

The compelling of tears is a gift possessed very much more largely by women than by men; in fact, few men have this power. And the tear power of even these few men is very often due to the situation invented by the dramatist.

Some plays can almost stand on their own feet as tearcompellers. Take East Lynne, for instance, which had a tremendous popular appeal, first as a novel and then as a very badly constructed play. Every grade of actress, from the highest to the lowest, has essayed the leading rôle with almost equal success. Why? Because the gist of the emotional appeal is in the fact that the mother, who through a sin of her own has deprived herself of the companionsh.p and bringing up of her children, enters the house of her former husband and his wife, disguised as a nurse, when Willie, her oldest boy, is dying. In his delirium the boy keeps calling for his mother and asking if he shall see her when he dies. At last the strain is too great for the woman—she pulls off the green spectacles and the wig which disguise her and, clasping the child to her breast in his dying agonies, screams to him that she is his mother.

For twenty-five years this play was the last word of all that was most touching in the weepy drama. Yet, when an engagement was offered me at the Girard Theater, in Philadelphia, to play Lady Isabelle—among other rôles—I was ashamed to say I had never seen East Lynne and was totally unfamiliar with the part. However, as every actress' name, from Lucille Western down the line, was associated with a personal triumph as Lady Isabelle, I felt that what so many others had done I could do. I was very conscientious. My training had been entirely modern. Therefore I was positively amazed at the cheap, tricky playing upon a simple, natural emotion in the play. Evident claptrap met one at every turn. The construction of the drama itself was loose—there was no sequence in it at all. The scenes were tacked on to one another, with no connection. The conduct of the characters was scarcely human—they belonged in essence to the old melodramatic types that were not required to be guided by any true motives. They did a thing because it would make an effective situation, not because any human being would do it naturally. Everybody abused Lady Isabelle from start to finish. No one seemed to have a spark of natural, human decency. The husband was a cold-blooded sentimentalist who listened to every bit of gossip that any one poured into his ears; and his sister—an impossible cat—sought all opportunities to humiliate and torture the wife of the brother whom she was supposed to love tenderly. The tempter, Sir Francis Levison, would not have deceived a baby in long clothes. His lovemaking was of the simplest, boldest style of the seducer. No woman with a grain of sense could have listened to it with any idea of sincerity back of it. The comedy was as fearful as the emotion. Compared with it, the horseplay in modern comic opera is artistic in delicacy and subtlety.

The grief-stricken husband, after his wife had eloped with Sir Francis Levison, marries another young woman in double-quick time. This extraordinary woman, when the erring wife comes, disguised, to get a position as nurse, instantly—on the first interview—tells to the stranger the entire story of the family in its minutest details. Like all the others, she pays her compliments to poor Lady Isabelle in the most scathing terms. There seemed to be no delicacy or sense of honor in these people, who were supposed to be moving in the best social circles in England.

I was simply appalled at the material I was supposed to make human; but, like a good soldier, I tackled it. It was a sad performance. I could not seem to find out "where I was at" during the first part of the play; but, ah, the good old scene—that sure old scene with Willie!

The only child available to play Willie was a long-legged girl of about thirteen or fourteen. Now Willie is supposed to be about five. The girl had a perfectly unimpressionable, high-pitched childish voice, and long curls that hung almost to her waist. Except under stress of great nervous excitement, I do not suppose I could have lifted her from the bed and carried her to the window and played an emotional scene with her in my arms. As a matter of fact, I told the stage manager that it was impossible; that I saw no reason why she could not die in bed. True to the traditions of the play, however, he insisted that she must be dragged to the light and look into the face of her mother. I shall never forget the physical struggle I had to lift this lanky girl, who was shrieking in unmoved tones: "Madam Vine, when shall I see my mother!"

I thought the scene would never be over and the curtain down. Wonder of wonders! When it rose for the call there was nothing visible in the house but a sea of handkerchiefs! Shade of Lucille Western! Was it possible that under such conditions one could bring out so much white linen? Lady Isabelle dies in bed in the last act. The scene is a long, draggy, weary rehash of all her troubles, mercifully ending in death. I had confessed to the stage manager that I was unfamiliar with the play and asked him if one could really hold the audience while the lady went on telling at such length the things they already knew by heart. He assured me that no one would leave the house, and that if the scene were cut in any way the audience would greatly resent it, as each one had probably seen East Lynne dozens of times and was counting on every line that was to come.

Pocket Handkerchief Preparations

IT proved to be exactly as the manager said. I do not know whether they had stopped weeping between the acts while a jolly set of waltzes was offered up; but, anyway, their handkerchiefs must have been near at hand, for, as the curtain rose and I propped myself on one elbow to begin the long, dreary recital, most of the battery of linen was in position. They knew what was coming, but that did not dim their emotion in the least. One would think, looking at it rationally, that death would have been the simplest and happiest solution of poor Lady Isabelle's existence—that it would have been a kind of spiritual joy to see her pass out; but her exit was as sincerely mourned by that Philadelphia audience as if she had been of some use in the world.

Surely this otherwise impossible play was swept into stupendous financial success on a flood of tears, which shows the box-office value of this quality of emotionalism. To this day in the popular stock companies, when all else fails, East Lynne can be hurriedly thrown out, to the financial advantage of everybody. It is an infallible meal ticket!

(Concluded on Page 28)

THE RECORDING ANGEL

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

IV

RUCKERSVILLE was a literary center. Most of its inhabitants over the age of sixteen were orphaned authors—that is to say, authors without publishers. It was a place where adolescence flowered naturally into little hexameters of love, and old age faded into long historical narratives. The South is the only section of the country that still produces this kind of serenely uncommercial genius. In other places, when an author cannot sell what he writes, he wrings the neck of his muse and hires himself to a business concern. But here he simply despises the "damned" publishers for fools and goes on writing his masterpieces. In 1845 a certain old cock-poet published, in The Southern Literary Messenger, a poem of fifty thousand words, under the title of Grouped Thoughts and Scattered Fancies. It was concluded only at his death. Had he lived, it would undoubtedly have been fifty thousand words longer. He enjoyed that pleasant lyrical inebriation of the faculties so common to Southerners. I am venturing to copy here the forty-second stanza of this remarkable production, which the skeptical reader may see for himself any day he takes the trouble to visit Ruckersville in search of it.

I saw it in my dream. Oh, could I task
My sense again to slumber, nor to wake
So long as the dear vision was in sight!
I will not do it so much wrong to make
My rude words show the picture thou dost ask.
Behold it in my passion! A delight
Trembles through all my utterance! Oh, I feel,
In the devoted beatings of my heart,
That I should look enjoyment, nor appeal
To vain resource of language to impart
This vision of most rare happiness—
That rapture it would madden to reveal,
Which song itself would render spiritless—
It was such sweet, heart-touching tenderness!

There still remained undimmed much of this divine fire in the hearts of his descendants. And the fact that not a line of prose or poetry had appeared in print since the publication of Grouped Thoughts and Scattered Fancies, was due to the decadence in the literary taste of editors rather than to any lack of merit in Ruckersville sonnets. At the time this story begins, there were not less than five hundred finished and voluminous manuscripts in the attic archives of the town, by which not a single author had been discouraged.

Captain Rucker-Martin, in fact, was engaged upon his fourth unpublished volume with as much ardor as if it were his first effort. This was a narrative of the Civil War and was entitled Around the Camp Fires. Elbert White was writing a history of Marches in Virginia, to say nothing of others equally inspired, some account of whose literary activities shall be found in these pages. And, when you come to think of it, after the cloud of dust we raise hurrying along in our times is settled into the sods that shall cover us at last, this unpublished literature of the South will be found to contain more material suited to the exalted glory of man than does the history of commercial enterprise in the North and East, where the stolen dollars often account for the last ten stories of the skyscraper. It was the kind of literature suited to monuments and tablets, and to the shining headboards of maidens' graves. Keats might have copied some of it beneath the immortal love scene upon his Grecian urn. Isaiah would have despised it, but Shakspere would have giggled over it and culled some of it for Ophelia, it was all so naïvely the pastoral of the spirit rather than the literature of life.

Thus you understand that the atmosphere of Ruckersville was naturally literary. It is for the purpose of getting you properly acclimated in it that I am forced to go more into particulars. If this were a novel, the next thousand words might be omitted, so little action is there in them. But this is a little history of life, and life is made up of digressions. The story of our insides is always much longer than the story of our outsides. The biography of humans is made up more of what they plan to do than of what they really achieve, if it is set down literally. You work hard with a certain aim in view. You purpose to arrive, with your collateral all properly arranged for the event. It is clear sailing. Then Fate takes the gripes and inadvertently kicks you under the fifth rib, and there you are, set back about ten years. Your grandmother died without leaving you the inheritance you had every reason to expect. You have to get up and make your own fortune. Or the ballots are counted and you are not elected. You have to run again. God sees to it that you do not butt the stars every time you fetch a surge. It is a providential precaution against your destruction of the solar system.

In a small way, the same things are true when it comes to telling a story. Unless you are writing mere fiction, you do not kick the climax goal in every chapter. You cannot keep the hero in sight all the time, going at full speed through the narrative, with his tail over a dashboard and the grandstand yelling at every jump. This is done only in a novel. In a transcript from life nobody recognizes the hero, and words take the place of unconscious observation. For example, if you lived in Ruckersville you would have known all about the Woman's Club. As it is, I must interrupt this narrative to explain, or you will not be in position to appreciate what follows and what does not follow.

The club was composed of the most enlightened and progressive women in town. They were ambitious. They conducted two or three little world-movements on the sly, of which the world never heard. They irritated the town council, struggled to "rise in the scale of things," and were determined to produce something that was not in the nature of cakes, pickles and infants. They studied parliamentary law and tried to practice it. They desired to appear in the magazines and, by way of being strictly modern, they showed a diabolical energy in meddling futilely with the men's affairs, such as petitioning for this, that, and the other, and for caterwauling year in and year out about the one open saloon in Ruckersville. It was useless to explain to them that one open saloon was less damaging to masculine morality than a dozen blind tigers.

"But why have the blind tigers either?" demanded Miss Mary Yancey, who was merely femininely logical. She was the spokesman of the last committee from the club that waited on Colonel Lark, the mayor of Ruckersville.

"I do not know why, Miss Mary," answered the colonel, wagging his old white head whimsically and blinking his little bead-blue eyes at her.

"If you don't give a man a chance to flop back into the savage now and then in the open, he'll do it anyhow behind the do'. Maybe it's the way he's made; maybe it's the way he grows. Adam knew he was doin' wrong when he eat that apple, but all the angels in heaven couldn't have kept him from tastin' it. And I reckon it's all for the best. We never would have amounted to anything if he'd kept on settin' around the garden behavin' himself. Don't you bother your dear heads about us men. We ain't really worth it. We are cut out of imperfections, just as you are fitted together out of perfections."

He was seated at his desk at his office in the town hall, his half-smoked cigar politely discarded in the presence of ladies; his fat, fiery-red wattles lay upon his wilted collar, and his short legs were crossed below his exceeding stomach. Miss Mary Yancey occupied the edge of her chair in an importunate attitude immediately in front of him, her tall thin knees pressed closely together, her body bent forward. In one hand she held a petition signed by every member of the Woman's Club, with the other hand she soothed the colonel with gentle gestures in midair, as she went on with her exhortation. Behind her, like the faint reserves of virtue and honor, sat Miss Leonora Bell and Miss Mildred Percey. They were looking their best for the good of the cause they represented. Women know that more than half of the success of it depends upon the way they look, if they have to deal with men. As a matter of fact, the colonel was a widower. And, though they were very far from suspecting such a thing, this was really the only way they had of courting him. But he understood it perfectly and was accustomed to wonder, after each committee visitation, which one would get him.

Men pass through three stages matrimonially. The first is when they fall in love, but struggle against the banns. The second is when they are caught and married. The third is when they reach an age so advanced that they do not fall in love at all, but are willing to marry anybody. The colonel had arrived at this "Barkis is willin'" stage, but he was too shrewd to show his hand to three women at once. Personally he had no preference; that is, he preferred any of them, and he more than half suspected all three of considering him. This was not his egotism, it was his nature. One thing a woman never dreams is that a man often knows that she is in love with him before she does. The trouble he has is in convincing her, inducing her to read her own heart to him properly. And he is usually very delicate about it, concealing his purpose beneath the adoring animation of his own love-making. Colonel Lark was not the man to put all this esoteric loveliness of woman into words, but he enjoyed the committee from the Woman's Club and merely bided his time when it should become bold and brave enough to come in the abridged form of one person. Then he purposed to end the whole question of Ruckersville reformation by proposing marriage to the lady this happened to be.

The Woman's Club always met with Mrs. Fanning-Rucker. She was the leading woman of the town. That is to say, she was the one who was most successful at keeping all the other women behind her, beneath her and under her. She was the creator of all the ruthless social discrimination suffered by others. Every circle of society has such a person in it, usually a female; just as every county has a sheriff, chosen and elected to office on condition that he is not opposed to capital punishment and will hang a man if there is one to be hanged. Mrs. Fanning-Rucker, then, was the social sheriff and the feminine lid of Ruckersville. Naturally she was vicious. Such women always are, no matter how many movements they have that look charitable and progressive. She entertained herself with mischief occasionally. For example, in the spring it amused her to entice a swarm of Captain Rucker-Martin's bees into her hives. With this in view she planted a bed of a rare and peculiarly pungent variety of sweet-williams near her own bee-gum, which were arranged in a circle about an immense horse-apple tree. It seemed that when the perfume of the sweet-williams mingled with the odor of the apple blossoms no young and hopeful bee could resist the combination, any more than the captain himself could resist a certain julep at Bilfire's saloon.

Thus every year, upon some fragrant April morning, it happened that there would be heard a tremendous booming in her side yard. Immediately Mrs. Fanning-Rucker might be seen to thrust her preposterously ugly old head out of an upstairs window, where she could observe a blooming bough of her apple tree sagging, mildewed

almost black with a swarm of Captain Martin's youngest and most enterprising bees. She would smile, draw her head in, and call downstairs to the black houseboy.

"Thomas, put some comb and honey in that new bee-gum and set it under the horse-apple tree!"

After that she drew her chair to the back window of her room, which overlooked the captain's place, and sat down.

About eleven o'clock an awful figure might be seen emerging from the side door of the captain's residence. It had a pair of long thin legs, the trousers being wrapped and tied securely over the tops of the shoes with white strings. The head and trunk were incased in an old hoop-skirt that had been stretched up to its uttermost and covered with mosquito netting. The netting was drawn in at the bottom and tied in a gauzy, ruffled, shirt-tail effect about the thin loins. The top was also gathered up and tied above the head of whatever was inside. About the distance of four hoops from the summit the arms of a man extended. In one mitten-covered hand he held an old-fashioned cowbell by the clapper, in the other he carried a bee-gum smeared inside and out with honey. He moved furtively over his lawn, crossed into that of Mrs. Fanning-Rucker, and continued to advance even more furtively toward the white circle of gums, toward the apple-tree bough laden with his bees. The woman in the bedroom moved her chair back to the window overlooking the spot.

The captain—for the hoop-skirt concealed no other—set down his gum and began a rhythmic circle around the hissing, tightly clustered bees, clapping his bell furiously. The very air rocked and clamored with the fearful din; but not a bee budged. This might continue perhaps ten, fifteen, twenty minutes, and was designed to fascinate the insects and stupefy them so that they could be raked into his gum and carried back home. But it seems that a bee may sometimes dream he is mad and do quite as much damage as when he is awake. This is what invariably happened. The moment the captain lifted his hand to rake the swarm off into his hive, some little demon with a nightmare found a weak place in the armor, darted through it, and occupied the hoop-skirt with the captain. Then ensued wild confusion. The swarm changed into a whirlwind about the hoop-skirt, which became vocal, the legs of it leaped wildly and bore it at lightning speed across the two lawns that separated the captain from his home and from soothing applications for his swollen places. During this spirited dénouement Mrs. Fanning-Rucker sat in her chair, rocking to and fro and laughing till the tears ran down her long, sallow, horse-shaped face. When all was quiet an hour later, and the immigrant bees were properly pacified among the apple blossoms, she would again call down the stairs.

"Thomas, go and get that bee-gum the captain dropped on the lawn and put it in the cellar. We shall need it next year."

This was the kind of woman she was, with a humorous taste for cruelty. If she had been a man she would have been called "an old rascal." As it was, she enjoyed the fear and flattery of her inferior kind. She never visited in Ruckersville, but if a neighbor was ill she sent jelly or wine or flowers to the afflicted one. This was her way of expressing her ladyshipness.

She was also the patroness of art. Not that she knew much about any art, but you will have observed that in its infancy everywhere art is insulted by the encouragement and protection of fools. This was how she became the tutelary deity and president of the Woman's Club. It was the center of artistic activities, as well as of such economic and reformatory interests as I have already described. Nearly every member of it was engaged in some literary adventure. Mrs. Fanning-Rucker's office was to encourage every one of the adventurers to believe that she could write an immortal sonnet or story. This was a characteristic Mrs. Fanning-Rucker had in common with teachers of composition in girls' schools, and with that class of editors who reject manuscripts with so much flattery that the poor victims go on writing more.

V

ON THIS memorable afternoon of the fourteenth of June there was the usual semicircle of women in Mrs. Fanning-Rucker's elegant parlor. Miss Leonora Bell was about to call the roll when the Misses Yancey entered. They were late, having been detained by the necessity of locking up the house, to protect it from a disreputable looking person who had loitered openly about their front gate and had been seen deliberately staring up at their innocent Juliet window galleries. They felt as indignant about this as if the scamp had been detected in the act of peeping at their ankles. They moved quietly to the two nearest chairs, one behind the other. Both were very tall. Their clothes murmured starchily. Each had the freshly laundered appearance so many women achieve. They wore stiff white skirts, and white shirtwaists that showed their collar-bones through embroidered eyelets.

All this time Miss Bell stood, roll book in hand, with that polite patience that is so embarrassing to those who inadvertently give occasion for its exercise. She began:

"Mrs. Elizabeth Fanning-Rucker."

"Present."

"Mrs. Patricia Felton."

"Present," admitted a pale young woman with black hair, staccato eyes of the same color and a reed-flute mouth.

"Mrs. Clarinda Magnus."

"Present," answered a large blonde woman whose voice seemed to disturb her. She moved all over, rearranged her skirts, and flashed an indignant look around the room as if she felt conscious of having made some kind of break. She was a new member and nearly frightened out of her wits by the honor.

"Mrs. Frances Luster."

Miss Bell blushed and passed immediately to the next name. Mrs. Luster had given birth to an infant the night before and could not be present.

"Miss Mildred Percey."

"Present."

"Miss Mary Yancey."

"Present."

"Miss Agnes Yancey."

"Present."

Miss Bell closed the roll book, lifted her eyes, smiled, and pronounced with the intonation of a teacher who is calling the name of her favorite pupil:

"Mrs. Elbert White."

"Present," droned a deep, somnambulent voice

Every face in the room turned instinctively in the direction from which the sound came.

Seated in one of Mrs. Fanning-Rucker's most expensive rosewood chairs was a very tall old woman. She was in the darkest corner of the room, and the most conspicuous figure in it. You could not have told why. Greatness in a human sometimes gets mixed with the grotesque in situation. This may have accounted for her prominence. She was out of drawing with the little occasion. She looked the grandmother of the stars, in a flowered petticoat. Her thin white hair was parted and drawn back from a brow as smooth as a tombstone, which, in spite of this smoothness, somehow gave the impression of having a beautiful verse of poetry inscribed upon it, setting forth the sweet virtue of the dead. She was blind, and had the ineffable look of the blind who have nothing to do, no worried unrest about duties unfulfilled, merely the serene patience of those who sit and wait. She wore a kind of smile like those who have been deprived of their sorrows and retain that angelic roundness of features that belongs to youth. One inferred that if she should live to be a hundred she would be amazingly beautiful. For more than twenty years cataracts had veiled the pupils of both eyes, and she had the habit of keeping the lids closed. This gave her the appearance in company of smiling and talking in her sleep. She wore an old calico gown with pink and blue morning-glories in it. They were connected by a curved stem to a vine that ran as straight as a bean pole from hem to neck; and the vine was one of those Burbank commercial wonders often seen in cheap prints, in that it was able to produce alternately pink and blue blossoms of enormous size and brilliance. She was queer about this with the artless queerness of the blind. She loved color and always wore gaily-hued frocks.

She did not really belong to the Woman's Club, never having done anything or written anything. But she was always present at the meetings and at every other social function in Ruckersville. She was the most silent, the most

The Open Street Was the Place Where He Made Up for Another Role in the Little Drama of Life

"But Why Have the Blind Tigers Either?"

cultured, the most entertained and the most beloved woman in the town. Nobody could have told what she was good for; yet no one knew how to spare her. If she did not enjoy her blindness, she enjoyed the benefits of it. And it extended as far as her affections. She bestowed these alike upon the deserving and the undeserving. She was that human least-common-denominator in society who fitted silently, sweetly, into every fraction of it.

If any one in Mrs. Fanning-Rucker's parlor could have dreamed that the old blind saint was unconsciously taking notes upon them, rather than upon their committees and programs and literature, they would have been horrified. But you cannot suspect the person of eavesdropping upon you who sits openly in your very presence. It is a psychic phenomenon common enough, but not understood.

The secretary read the minutes, from which one gathered that the preceding meeting had been an important one. A paper had been read upon the pearl fisheries of the coast of the Samoan Islands, from which it appeared that oysters were very crudely treated in that place. Another set forth conditions in Cuba, a subject of timely interest on account of the supervision of the United States. The thing that seemed to produce the deepest impression was the fact that moonlight was so bright in Cuba that it gave mules insomnia and caused them to die of nervous prostration. This sensitiveness of the mule excited much discussion, and the reason why you will readily understand if you have observed the recently awakened minds of women. To think is a new and delightful experience. Therefore they are not particular to grasp the important point in a discussion. They perform the most delightful mental variations upon any little reed of an idea. The delicious sensation of exercising the brain is what they are after. They see themselves in the fresh rôle of intellectuality. They have made the immense stride from personal gossip to the consideration of an idea. If the idea they choose is the least one suggested by the subject under consideration, it is amusing, but natural. A child is not equal to calculus. Thus, when the topic of Cuba was under consideration in the Ruckersville Woman's Club, interest centered, not upon the resources or the social and political conditions of that little mulatto country but upon the very queer circumstance that mules suffered there from moonlight insomnia. They cared nothing for the unsightly animals, but their humanitarian instinct, always highly developed, directed them to puzzle over the peculiar invalidism of the unfortunate beasts in Cuba, just as they failed to compute the value of pearls in the discussion of the pearl fisheries and devoted themselves to the frightful slaughter of innocent oysters. Every one must observe that the contribution of the modern woman to thought is almost entirely directed by her maternal instinct translated into a kind of sentimental humanitarianism. She is not practically intelligent, but merely mercifully excited mentally. And this is really fortunate, for the civilized male mind is scientific and commercial, and has resulted in some sad oversight of the need of human nature—to say nothing of mules and oysters.

Next followed a memorandum of business and the names of the committee appointed to draw up and to present to Mayor Lark resolutions against spitting on the streets.

"Delightful refreshments were served by the charming hostess, which were enjoyed by all," concluded Miss Yancey, folding her notes.

"Are the minutes correct?" demanded Mrs. Fanning-Rucker.

Apparently they were.

"Is the committee on spitting ready to report?"

Miss Yancey again rose to her feet.

"Madam President, we have found some difficulty in framing the resolutions. It is a delicate subject and we ask for extension of time."

A close observer might have seen the incandescent flash of humor in the blind woman's face as Miss Yancey resumed her seat.

"Is there news from editors and publishers?"

This question produced that state so often observed at a religious experience meeting when all are invited to talk. Every woman present assumed a self-conscious expression and remained silent. Then, as in the experience meeting the old bell-wether saint leads the way with the same old story of his divine relationship, Miss Mary Yancey opened her reticule and drew forth what appeared to be a wedding invitation. She took a thick, handsome sheet of linen paper from the envelope and read aloud:

Dear Miss Yancey: We are returning herewith your story. This does not mean that it may not be available for some other magazine, but we are overstocked at present with unpublished manuscripts and do not think it advisable to keep you waiting so long to see your story in print as we should have to do if we accepted it. We shall be glad, however, to have you submit others from time to time.

Faithfully yours, LIONEL U. U. BUNK.

There was a murmur of praise.

"That is encouraging, Mary," said Mrs. Fanning-Rucker. "What did you do?"

"I sent the story back to him," blithely explained Miss Yancey, "and told him I was willing to wait ever so long for its publication."

"You'll never see it in print," snapped Mrs. Felton. "I have no less than five letters from that editor, exact copies of the one you read. He is a fiend. He plays you like a trout on a line, but he'll never publish anything you write."

Mrs. Patricia Felton had a sort of briar-patch mind from which little cotton-tailed ideas leaped out and got away. If she could ever have caught one and set it down alive and kicking, she might have succeeded. The trouble was she destroyed them with her grapeshot vocabulary and mailed the remains to some leading magazine. Your amateur author will not consider any other kind of periodical.

Miss Yancey looked indignant, as much as to say she pitied any one who could be guilty of dashing cold water upon the helpless, upturned face of genius.

"Which story did you send, Mary?" inquired Mildred tenderly. She was a woman whose spirit was composed of healing salve. And she knew Mary's stories by heart, the two had labored over them together so often.

"It is a new one," the author admitted blushingly.

"Read it, Mary," exclaimed the Woman's Club.

"But I told you I sent it back to the editor."

"You must have a copy."

She did. Slowly, gently, as if it were a living thing, the manuscript was drawn from her reticule.

There are more authors alive out of print than ever do get into it. And every one of them takes this kind of consolation for their failures. They read their things aloud to their friends. They form clubs among themselves, the bravest, the most long-suffering institutions in this country for that purpose. And this kind of club survives, held together by a common misery, until some member actually does get into print. Then she becomes indifferent, disloyal to the others. The illusion is broken and the organization dies.

"The title," read Miss Yancey, "is The Uses of Adversity." She cleared her throat and began:

"'Fair, yes, more than fair was Nina Hamilton, and there was more than beauty in her bright, flower-like face. The daughter of a wealthy, aristocratic Southerner, she inherited the warm, impulsive feelings of our Southern land, while from her mother she derived the almost ethereal beauty of form and features and the clear marble complexion belonging to Northern climes. With her small, well-rounded figure she united grace and ease seldom to be met with, and her face—'twas one of Nature's masterpieces. Her features were delicately molded and of Grecian regularity. The bright blue eye, so speaking in its glances, when once seen was not soon forgotten; and the smile was one of those whose influence all must feel. In her the picture of Zuleika seemed realized, and as you gazed you thought,

"'The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,—
And oh, that eye was in itself a soul!'"

One receives from this opening paragraph a veracious impression of literary ideals in Ruckersville. No ending could be good enough for such a beginning. And of course one can say that the thing was absurd. As a story, yes. Much of the literature of the South as literature borders upon absurdity; but as an expression of innocent-mindedness nothing in the Scriptures surpasses it. It is always as sexless as a hymn, whether written by an old maid or a drunken old man. Love is a lavender-sweet, poetry-headed experience, not the decadent, poisoned passion displayed disgracefully naked in modern fictions. I do not defend Miss Yancey's story, but I merely contend that worse things appear in the best magazines.

The reader will not be asked to attend another meeting of the Woman's Club. He has seen the vitals of the female mind—a queer pair of wings with no body.

The sun was gone. Nature had become the perfumed kissing lover that Nature always is in the summer twilight. Dusk was falling; or rather, it appeared to be rising from the earth—a soft shade, sod-brown, changing into the darkening green of overhanging trees. Very far off the stars were faintly singing; and under the doorstep, beneath the stones in the long tangled grass, the crickets were strumming away to answer them—a sort of clod chorus, strident, thin, but in perfect tune. A cricket never strikes a false note. And this is really the purpose for which they were created. You must have observed that no human ever heard the stars sing. But the moment the first star puts on her evening shine and trails out upon the fading, foot-lighted skyline, the early evening cricket also puts on his beetle-back dress coat, stands on his hindlegs, rakes his forelegs across his vocal chord and salutes her. He may be joined by a bullfrog cello; but this depends upon the depth of the frog's puddle and is not essential.

Not a bough stirred, not a blade of grass, yet a little round-bellied whirlwind came from somewhere, gathered up a straw, a few missing leaves from the June trees, a gnat or two, and went spinning, bobbing zigzag down the village street. Before a very old house, with one entry that divided it and gave it the appearance of an ancient pair of baggy trousers with threadbare places in the seat, where two square windows with broken panes showed, the little hoopskirt of nothingness passed, whirled round and round, then suddenly leaped into the air, shed its straws and leaves, and left the two gnats wondering where they were, and why. They went on wheeling over and under because there was nothing else to do, until they drifted in through one of the open windows and fell inanely, drunkenly against the face of Amy White, who had returned home an hour ago, led by Mildred Percey. She lifted one hand vaguely and brushed them away. This was the last of the gnats. You will not hear of them again in this story. They have served their purpose. They have introduced the heroine, who I could not be sure was recognized at the Woman's Club. No matter how many other women appear, there should be no occasion for confusion in the reader's mind. Amy will remain the heroine, and sustain the part even if some other woman shows more activity and gets into more trouble. It is not always the person who looks the best and does the most in the tale that should have the title rôle, but the one who is the most.

VI

FIVE minutes after the whirlwind passed the gnats lay among the morning-glories in Amy's lap, with their infinitesimal heels kicked up and their wings flattened out. A man might have been seen coming slowly along the

Continued on Page 49

If She Had Been a Man She Would Have Been Called "an Old Rascal"

THE LIGHTED WAY

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

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XXVII

THE arrival of Arnold accompanied by Mrs. Weatherley created a mild sensation in Tooley Street. Mr. Jarvis, fussier than ever and blinking continually behind his gold-rimmed spectacles, followed them into the private office.

"You have heard nothing of Mr. Weatherley?" Arnold asked.

"Not a word," the cashier answered. "We have rung up several more places and have tried the hospitals again. We were all hoping that Mrs. Weatherley had brought us some news."

She shook her head.

"Mr. Weatherley left home exceedingly early this morning," she announced. "I believe that it was before half-past seven. Except that he called at the house in Hampstead for the letters, I have not heard of him since."

"It is most mysterious," Mr. Jarvis declared. "The governor—I beg your pardon, Mr. Weatherley—is a gentleman of most punctual habits. There are several matters of business that he knew awaited his decision today. You will excuse me, madam, if I ask whether Mr. Weatherley seemed in his usual health when he left this morning."

Fenella smiled faintly.

"Have I not already told you," she said, "that he left the cottage in the country where we spent the week-end before half-past seven this morning? Naturally, therefore, I did not see him. The servants, however, noticed nothing unusual. Last night Mr. Chetwode here was with us, and he can tell you what was apparent to all of us. Mr. Weatherley seemed then in excellent health and spirits."

Mr. Jarvis had the air of a man hopelessly bewildered. Excellent servant though he was, Nature had not bestowed upon him those gifts that enable a man to meet a crisis firmly.

"Can you suggest anything that we ought to do, madam?" he asked Mrs. Weatherley.

"I think," she replied, "that Mr. Chetwode has something to tell you."

Arnold took the key of the safe from his pocket and turned to the cashier.

"A few days ago, Mr. Jarvis," he said slowly, "Mr. Weatherley placed certain documents in that safe and gave me the key. My instructions from him were to open and examine them with you if he should be for any unexplained cause absent from business."

Mr. Jarvis looked blankly incredulous.

"Goodness gracious!" he murmured weakly. "Why, that looks almost as though he expected something of the sort to happen."

"I think," Arnold continued, "that as it is now past three o'clock and Mr. Weatherley is still absent, we had better open the safe."

He crossed the room as he spoke, fitted the key in the lock and swung the door open. Mrs. Weatherley and the cashier looked over his shoulder. There were only the two letters there. One was addressed to Messrs. Turnbull & James, solicitors; the other jointly to Mr. Jarvis and Mr. Arnold Chetwode.

"There is nothing there for me?" Mrs. Weatherley asked incredulously.

"There is nothing at all," Arnold replied, "unless there may be an inclosure. Mr. Jarvis, will you open this envelope?"

Mr. Jarvis took it to the desk and broke the seal with trembling fingers. He smoothed out the letter, switched on the electric reading light and they all read it at the same time. It was written in Mr. Weatherley's familiar hand, every letter of which was perfectly distinct and legible:

To Jarvis and Chetwode: This is a record of certain instructions that I wish carried out in the event of my unexplained absence from business at any time.

Firstly—The business is to continue exactly as usual and my absence to be alluded to as little as possible. It can be understood that I am away on the Continent or elsewhere on a business voyage.

Secondly—I have deposited a power of attorney at my solicitors, made out in the joint names of Henry Jarvis and Arnold Chetwode. This will enable you both to make and receive contracts on behalf of the firm. As regards financial affairs, Messrs. Neville, the accountants, have already the authority to sign checks, and a representative from their firm will be in attendance each day, or according to your request. My letter to Messrs. Turnbull & James empowers them to make such payments as are necessary, on the joint application of you two, Henry Jarvis and Arnold Chetwode, to whom I address this letter.

Thirdly—I have the most implicit confidence in Henry Jarvis, who has been in my employ for so many years, and I beg him to understand that I associate with him one so much his junior for certain reasons into which I beg that he will not inquire.

Fourthly—I repeat that I desire as little publicity as possible to be given to my absence, and that no money be spent on advertisements or any other form of search. If within two years from the date of the opening of this letter I have not been heard from further, I desire that the usual steps be taken to presume my decease. My will and all further particulars are with Messrs. Turnbull & James.

Fifthly—I desire you to pay to my wife the sum of five hundred pounds monthly. All other matters concerning my private estate, etc., are embodied in the letter to Messrs. Turnbull & James.

They all finished reading the letter about the same time. Mr. Jarvis' bewilderment grew deeper and deeper.

"This is the most extraordinary document I ever read in my life!" he exclaimed. "Why, it seems as though he had gone away somewhere on his own accord. After all it can't be an accident or anything of that sort."

Neither Arnold nor Mrs. Weatherley made any immediate reply. She pointed to the letter.

"When did he write this?" she asked.

"Last Thursday," Arnold answered—"less than a week ago."

She sighed softly.

"Really it is most mysterious," she said. "I wonder whether he can have gone out of his mind suddenly or anything of that sort."

"I have never," Mr. Jarvis declared, "known Mr. Weatherley to display so much acumen and zest in business as during the last few days. Some of his transactions have been most profitable. Every one in the place has remarked upon it."

Mrs. Weatherley took up her lace parasol.

"It is all most bewildering," she pronounced. "I think that it is no use my staying here any longer. I will leave you two to talk of it together. You have doubtless much business to arrange."

"Are you going back to Bourne End or to Hampstead?" Arnold asked.

Mrs. Weatherley hesitated.

"Really I am not quite sure," she replied, meeting his gaze without flinching. "I am beginning to find the heat in town insufferable. I think, perhaps, that I shall go to Bourne End."

"In that case," Arnold said, "will you allow me to see you there tonight?"

"Tonight?" she repeated as though in surprise.

"Without a doubt."

She did not answer him for a moment. Meanwhile the telephone rang, and Mr. Jarvis was presently engrossed in a business conversation with a firm of customers. Arnold lowered his voice a little.

"Our discussion at luncheon was only postponed," he reminded her. "We have seen these documents. We know now that Mr. Weatherley had some reason to fear an interruption to his everyday life. Directly or indirectly that interruption is connected with certain things of which you and I have spoken together. Therefore I am going to ask you to keep your promise. I am going to ask you to tell me everything that you know."

"Are you not afraid," she asked, "that I shall consider you a very inquisitive young man?"

"I am afraid of nothing of the sort," Arnold replied. "Mr. Weatherley's disappearance is too serious a matter for me to take such trifles into account."

She pointed to the letter that still lay upon the table.

"Is it not his expressed wish that you should make no effort toward solving the reasons for his disappearance?"

"There is no reason," Arnold answered doggedly, "why one should not attempt to understand them."

Mr. Jarvis had finished his telephoning. Fenella went to him with outstretched hand.

"Mr. Jarvis," she said, "there is nothing more I can do here. I am very much upset. Will you take me out to my car, please? I know that you will do the very best you can without Mr. Weatherley, and I am glad that you have Mr. Chetwode to help you. I would come down myself sometimes," she added, "but I am sure that I should only be in the way. Good afternoon, Mr. Chetwode!"

"You have not answered my question," he persisted.

She looked at him as a great lady would look at a presuming servant.

"I see no necessity," she replied. "I am too much upset to receive visitors today. If you are ready, Mr. Jarvis."

She left the room without even a backward glance, closely followed by the cashier. Arnold stood looking after the retreating figures for a moment, then he turned away with a hard little laugh. Once more he read and reread Mr. Weatherley's letter. Before he had finished Mr. Jarvis came bustling back into the room.

"Well!" he exclaimed dramatically. "Well!"

Arnold looked across at him.

"It's a queer business, isn't it?" he remarked.

"Queer business, indeed!" Mr. Jarvis repeated, sitting down and wiping his forehead. "It's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of in my life. One doesn't read about such things even in books. Mrs. Weatherley seems to take it quite calmly, but the more I think of it the more confused I become. What are we to do? Shall we go to the police or write to the newspapers? Can't you suggest something?"

Arnold finally laid down the letter, which he now knew pretty well by heart.

"It seems to me, Mr. Jarvis," he said, "that the thing for us to do is to obey orders. Mr. Weatherley expressly writes that he wishes us to take his absence, so far as possible, as a matter of course, and to look after the business. The very fact that he puts it like that makes it quite clear to me that he intends to return. My idea is that we should follow the lines of his letter strictly."

"You are quite right, Chetwode," Mr. Jarvis decided. "I feel exactly that way about the matter myself. We'll go right ahead with those orders now, and we can have

a chat about the matter again after business hours if you don't mind. It's hard to reconcile oneself to taking this so easily, but I suppose it's the only thing to do. I'll get out in the warehouse now. You had better send that note round to Turnbull's by express messenger and ring up Yardley's about the American contracts."

Mr. Jarvis bustled away. Arnold himself found plenty to do. The business of Samuel Weatherley & Co. must go on whatever happened. He set himself sedulously to make his mind a complete blank. It was not until the offices were closed and he turned at last westward that he permitted himself even to realize this strange thing that had happened. On that first walk was born an impulse that remained with him for many weeks afterward. He found himself always scanning the faces of the streams of people whom he was continually passing, on foot and in vehicles, half expecting that somewhere among them he would catch a glimpse of the features of the lost man.

XXVIII

IN THE twilight of the long spring evening Ruth sat waiting in the bare room that had been Arnold's habitation during the days of his struggle against poverty. She was sitting on the couch drawn up as usual to the window, her elbows upon her knees, her hands supporting her delicate, thoughtful face. Already the color that the sunshine had brought seemed to have been drained from her cheeks. Her eyes were unnaturally bright, her expression seemed to have borrowed something of that wistful earnestness of one of the earlier Madonnas, seeking with pathetic strenuousness to discover the germs of a truth that was as yet unborn. The clouds that hung low over the other side of the river were tinged with an unusual coloring, smoke-stained as they hovered over the chimneys. They grew clearer and more full of amber color as they floated slowly southward. Through the open window came the ceaseless roar of the city, the undernote of grinding, commonplace life, seeking always to stifle and enchain the thoughts that would escape. Before her was spread out a telegram. She had read it until every word was familiar to her. It was from Arnold, and she had received it several hours ago:

Please be prepared to go out with me directly I return this evening. All well. Love. ARNOLD.

It was past eight o'clock before her vigil was at an end. She listened to his step upon the stairs and as he entered looked at him with all the eagerness of a wistful child tremulously anxious to read his expression. A little wave of tenderness swept in upon him. He forgot in a moment the anxieties and worries of the day and greeted her gayly.

"You got my telegram?"

"You extravagant person!" she answered. "Yes, I have been ready for quite a long time."

He laughed.

"To tell you the truth I didn't even pay for the telegram. As I had to stay late I took the liberty of sending it through the firm's accounts. You see I have become quite an important person in Tooley Street all of a sudden. I'll tell you about it presently. Now hold on tight to your stick. I'm much too impatient to go down the steps one by one. I'm going to carry you all the way."

"But where to?" she asked.

"Leave it to me," he laughed. "There are all sorts of surprises for you. The lady with the wand has been busy."

He carried her downstairs where, to her surprise, she found a taxicab waiting.

"But, Arnold," she exclaimed, "how could you think of such extravagance! You know I can walk quite easily a little distance if I take your arm."

"I'll tell you all about it at dinnertime," he replied.

"Dinnertime?" she cried. "Dinner at this hour?"

"Why not? It's quite the fashionable hour, I can assure you, and to tell you the truth I am half starved."

She resigned herself with a sigh of content. After all it was so delightful to drift like this with some one infinitely stronger to take the responsibility for everything. They drove to a large and popular restaurant close at hand, where Arnold ordered the dinner with frequent corrections from Ruth, who sat with a price-list in her hand. A band was playing the music of the moment. It was all very commonplace, but to Ruth it was like a living chapter out of her book of dreams. Even there, though, the shadow pursued. She could bear the silence no longer. She dropped her voice a little. The place was crowded and there were people at the next table.

"Before I touch anything, Arnold, tell me this: Is there any news of Isaac?"

"None at all," he replied. "It all seemed very alarming to us but it seems to be fizzling out. There is only quite a small paragraph in the evening paper. You can read it."

He drew the paper from his pocket and passed it to her. The paragraph to which he pointed was headed:

ESCAPE OF AN ANARCHIST FROM ADAM STREET

Up to the time of going to press the man Isaac Lalonde, whom the police failed to arrest last night on a charge not at present precisely stated, has not been apprehended. The police are reticent about the matter, but it is believed that the missing man was connected with a dangerous band of anarchists who have lately come to this country.

"Poor Isaac!" she murmured with a little shiver. "Do you know I remember him years ago when he was the kindest-hearted man breathing. He went to Russia to visit some of his mother's relatives and when he came back everything was changed. He saw injustice everywhere and it seemed almost to unbalance his mind. The very sight of the West End, the crowds coming out of the theaters, the shops in Bond Street, seemed to send him half mad. And it all started, Arnold, with real pity for the poor. It isn't a personal matter with him at any time."

Arnold nodded thoughtfully.

"Poor chap!" he remarked. "Just at first I really used to like talking to him. He was so earnest, and so many of his arguments were absolutely sound."

"It is only lately," Ruth said, "that he has changed so much."

"I think it is quite time that you and he were separated," Arnold declared. "It is evident, nowadays, that he isn't responsible for his actions."

"Separated!" she repeated bitterly. "You talk as though I had a choice of homes."

"You have," he assured her. "However, we won't say anything about that just now. I want to talk about myself."

"And I want to listen, dear!" she exclaimed. "You must tell me what has happened, Arnie. Has Mr. Weatherley taken you into partnership, or has some one of your disagreeable relatives found you out and been pouring money into your pockets?"

"Neither," he replied. "As a matter of fact, there is no Mr. Weatherley just at present."

"No Mr. Weatherley?" she repeated wonderingly. "I don't understand."

The slightly worn look came back to Arnold's face. Young and strong though he was, he was beginning to feel the strain of the last few days.

"A most extraordinary thing has happened, Ruth," he declared—"Mr. Weatherley has disappeared."

She looked at him blankly.

"Disappeared? I don't understand."

"He simply didn't turn up at business this morning," Arnold continued. "He left Bourne End about seven and no one has set eyes on him since."

She was bewildered.

"But how is it that that makes such a difference to you?" she asked. "What can have happened to him?"

"No one knows," he explained; "but in a little safe of which he had given me the key he left behind some letters with instructions that during his absence from business Mr. Jarvis and I should jointly take charge. I can't really imagine why I should have been put in such a position, but there it is. The solicitors have been down this afternoon, and I am drawing six pounds a week and a bonus."

She took his hand in hers and patted it gently.

"I am so very glad, Arnold," she said; "so very, very glad that the days of your loneliness are over. Now you will be able to go and take some comfortable rooms somewhere and make the sort of friends you ought to have. Didn't I always foretell it?" she went on. "I used to try to fancy sometimes that the ships we saw were bringing treasure for me, too, but I never really believed that. It wasn't quite likely."

He turned and looked at her. The first flush of excitement had left her cheeks. She was very pale and her soft gray eyes shone like stars. Her mouth was tremulous. It was the passing of a single impulse of self-pity.

"Foolish little girl!" he exclaimed under his breath. "You don't really suppose that the treasure that came for me wasn't yours too? But there, we'll talk about our plans later on. At present what you have to do is to eat and to drink that glass of Burgundy and to listen to me. I want to talk about myself."

It was the subtlest way to distract her thoughts. She listened to him with keen interest while he talked of his day's work. It was not until she mentioned Fenella's name that his face clouded over.

"Curiously enough Mrs. Weatherley is displeased with me. I should have thought it entirely through her influence and suggestions that Mr. Weatherley had been so kind to me, but today I asked her some questions that I felt I had a right to ask, and have been told to mind my own business. She left me at the office without even saying 'Good afternoon!'"

"What sort of questions?"

"I don't know that I can tell you exactly what the questions were," Arnold continued, "because they concerned some matters in which Mrs. Weatherley and her brother were chiefly concerned. To tell you the truth, ever since that night when I went to Hampstead to dine the oddest things seem to have happened to me. I have to pinch myself sometimes to realize that this is London and that I am a clerk in the office of a wholesale provision merchant. When I let myself go I seem to have been living in an unreal world full of strange excitements—a veritable Arabian Nights."

"There was that terrible murder," she murmured. "You saw that, didn't you?"

He nodded.

"Not only saw it," he agreed, "but I seem, somehow, to have been mixed up with people who know a great deal about it. However, I have been told to mind my own business and I am going to. I have plenty to occupy my thoughts in Tooley Street. I am going to close in my little world and live there. The rest I am going to forget."

"You are coming back!" she whispered with a joy in her tone that amazed him.

"I suppose I am," he admitted. "I like and admire Mrs. Weatherley's brother, Count Sabatini, and I have a genuine affection for Mrs. Weatherley, but I don't understand them. I don't understand these mysterious matters in which they seem mixed up."

"I do not believe," she declared, "that Count Sabatini would be mixed up in anything dishonorable. Women so seldom make a mistake, you know," she continued, "and I never met any one in my life who seemed so kind and gentle."

Arnold sighed.

"I wish I could tell you everything," he said; "then I think you would really be as bewildered as I am. Mr. Weatherley's disappearance coming on the top of it all simply makes my brain reel. I can't do anything to help straighten things out. Therefore I am going to do what I am told—I am going to mind my own business."

"To think only of Tooley Street," she murmured.

"I shall find it quite enough," he answered. "I want to understand all the details of the business, and it isn't easy at first. Mr. Jarvis is very sound and good, but he's a very small man moving in a very small way. Even Mr. Weatherley used to laugh at his methods."

She was silent for several moments. He studied her expression curiously.

"You don't believe that I shall be able to immerse myself in business?" he asked.

"It isn't exactly that," she replied. "I believe that you mean to try and I believe that to some extent you will succeed, but I think, Arnold, that before very long you will hear the voices calling again from the world where these strange things happened. You are not made of the clay, dear, that resists forever."

He moved uneasily in his seat. Her words sounded ominous. He was suddenly conscious that his present state of determination was the result of a battle, and that the war was not yet ended.

"She is so beautiful, that Mrs. Weatherley," Ruth continued, clasping her hands together and looking for a moment away from her surroundings. "No one could be blamed for climbing a little way out of the dull world if she held out her hands. I have seen so little of Mrs. Weatherley or Count Sabatini, Arnold, but I do know that they both of them have that curious gift—would you call it charm?—the gift of creating affection. No one has ever spoken to me more kindly and more graciously than Count Sabatini did when he sat by my side on the lawn. What is that gift, Arnold? Do you know that with every word he spoke I felt that he was not in the least a stranger? There was something familiar about his voice, his manner—everything."

"I think that they are both quite wonderful people," Arnold admitted.

"Mrs. Weatherley, too, was kind," Ruth went on, "but I felt that she did not like me very much. She has an interest in you and like all women she was a little jealous—not in the ordinary way, I don't mean," she corrected herself hastily, "but no woman likes any one in whom she takes an interest to be very kind to any one else."

They were drinking their coffee. The band was playing the latest waltz. It was all very commonplace, but they were both young and uncritical. The waltz was one that Fenella had played after dinner at Bourne End while they had sat out in the garden lingering over their dessert. A flood of memories stirred him. The soft sensuousness of that warm spring night, with its perfumed silence, its subtly luxurious setting, stole through his senses like a narcotic. Ruth was right. It was not going to be so easy! He called for his bill and paid it. Ruth laid her fingers upon his arm.

"Arnold," she began timidly, "there is something more. I scarcely know how to say it to you and yet it ought not to be difficult. You talk all the time as though you were my brother or as though it were your duty to help me. It isn't so, dear, really, is it? If you could manage to lend me your room for one week I think that I might be able to help myself a little. There is a place the clergyman told us of who came to see me once ——"

Arnold interrupted her almost roughly. A keen pang of remorse assailed him. He knew very well that if she had not been intuitively conscious of some change in him the thought that prompted her words would never have entered her brain.

"Don't let me hear you mention it!" he exclaimed. "I have made all the arrangements. It wouldn't do for me to live in an attic now that I am holding a responsible position in the city. Come along. Lean on my arm and mind the corner."

They had purposely chosen a table close to the door, so they had only a few steps to take. Arnold called a taxi and handed Ruth in before he told the man the address.

"Now close your eyes," Arnold insisted when they were finally comfortably settled together in the cab.

Ruth did as she was told.

"I feel that it is all wrong," she murmured, leaning back, "but it is like little bits out of a fairy book and tonight I feel so weak and you are so strong. It isn't any use my saying anything, Arnold, is it?"

"Not a bit," he said. "All you have to do is to wait."

In less than ten minutes the cab stopped. He hurried her into the entrance hall of a tall somewhat somber building. A man in uniform rang a bell and the lift came down. They went up, it seemed to Ruth, seven or eight flights. When they stepped out her knees were trembling. He caught her up and carried her down a corridor. Then he fitted a key from his pocket into a lock and threw open the door. There was a little hall inside with three doors. He pushed open the first; it was a small bedroom plainly but not unattractively furnished. He carried her a little way farther down the corridor and threw open another door—a cozy sitting room with a fire burning.

"Our new quarters!" he exclaimed cheerfully. "The room at the other end of the passage is mine. A pound a week and a woman to come in and light the fires! Mr. Jarvis let me have some money and I paid three months' rent in advance. What do you think of them?"

"I can't think," she whispered—"I can't!"

He picked her up and carried her to the window.

"This is my real surprise, dear," he announced in a tone of triumph. "Look!"

The blind flew up at his touch. On the other side of the street was a row of houses over which they looked. Beyond was the river, the dark waters of which were brightly gleaming in the moonlight.

On their left were the Houses of Parliament all illuminated; on their right the long double line of lights shining upon the water at which they had gazed so often.

"The lighted way, dear," he murmured, holding her a little more closely to him. "While I am down in the city you can sit here and watch, and you can see the ships much farther off than you could ever see them from Adam Street. You can see the bend too. It's always easier, isn't it, to fancy that something is coming into sight round the corner?"

She was not looking. Her head was buried upon his shoulder. Arnold was puzzled by her silence.

"Look up, Ruth dear," he begged. "I want you to look now—look along the lighted way and hold my hand very tightly. Don't you think that, after all, one of your ships has come home?"

She lifted her face, wet with tears, and looked in the direction where he pointed. Arnold, who felt nothing himself but a thrill of pleasure at his new quarters, was puzzled at a certain trouble that he seemed to see in her features, a faint hopelessness of expression. She looked where he pointed, but there was none of the eager expectancy of a few weeks ago.

"It is beautiful, Arnold," she murmured, "but I can't talk just now."

"I am going to leave you to get over it," he declared. "I am off now to fetch the luggage. You won't be afraid to be left here?"

She shook her head. A certain look of relief flashed across her face.

"No, I shall not be afraid," she answered.

He wheeled the easy chair up to the window which he had flung wide open. He placed a cushion at the back of her head and left her with a cheerful word. She heard his steps go down the corridor, the rattle of the lift as it descended. Then her lips began to tremble and the sobs to shake her shoulders. She held out her hands toward that line of lights at which he had pointed and her fingers were clenched.

"It is because—I am like this!" she cried half hysterically. "I don't count!"

XXIX

THERE was an air of subdued excitement about the offices of Messrs. Samuel Weatherley & Co. from nine until half-past on the following morning. For so many years his clerks had been accustomed to see Mr. Weatherley stroll in somewhere about that time, his cigar in his mouth, his silk hat always at the same angle, that it seemed hard for them to believe that this morning they would not hear the familiar footstep and greeting. Every time a shadow passed the window heads were eagerly raised. The sound of the bell on the outside door brought every one to their feet. They were all on tiptoe of expectation. The time, however, came and passed. The letters were all opened and Mr. Jarvis and Arnold were occupying the private office. Already invoices were being distributed and orders entered up. The disappearance of Mr. Weatherley was a thing established. Mr. Jarvis was starting the day in a pessimistic frame of mind.

"You may take my word for it, Chetwode," he said solemnly to his companion after he had finished going through the letters, "that we shall never see the governor again."

Arnold was startled.

"Have you heard anything?" he asked.

Mr. Jarvis admitted gloomily that he had heard nothing.

"It's my belief that nothing more will be heard," he added, "until his body's found."

"Rubbish!" Arnold declared. "Mr. Weatherley wasn't the sort of man to commit suicide."

Mr. Jarvis looked around the office as though he almost feared that the ghost of his late employer might be listening.

"It is my belief," he said impressively, "that we none of us knew the sort of man Mr. Weatherley was, or rather the sort of man he has become since his marriage."

"I don't see what his marriage with Mrs. Weatherley could have had to do with his disappearance," Arnold remarked.

Mr. Jarvis looked foolishly wise from behind his gold-rimmed spectacles.

"You haven't had the opportunity of watching the governor as I have since his marriage," he declared. "Take my advice, Chetwode. You are not married, I presume?"

(Continued on Page 41)

"There is Nothing There for Me?" Mrs. Weatherley Asked Incredulously

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 24, 1912

Getting Action on the Tariff

THE House bill on iron and steel is a conservative tariff-reform measure. It takes off the duty of fifteen cents a ton on iron ore and moderately reduces the other duties in the metal schedule. The average of those duties under the Payne-Aldrich Act is thirty-four and a half per cent. Under this bill the average would be twenty-two and a half per cent—a moderate reduction, indeed, in view of conditions that have been proved by abundant evidence.

Standpat Republicans, however, meet this reasonable measure with the same dreary old patter about the pauper labor of Europe, the prostration of American industry, the impoverishment of American workmen. Taking twelve per cent off the Steel Trust's protection is equivalent in their minds to ruining the country.

We suppose our readers are as tired of the tariff as we are. For four years that subject has pretty constantly monopolized politics. In four successive sessions of Congress it has held the center of the stage. It has been endlessly debated from every angle. There is no question whatever that the country wants a reasonable reduction of tariff duties; but, as long as a standpat Republican is left in Washington, all tariff reduction, no matter how moderate, will be resisted to the last ditch. Another election—another and still more decisive defeat of that faction—may be necessary before we can get any downward tariff revision.

Murder and the Courts

THE annual report of New York's police commissioner shows that during 1911 one hundred and forty-eight murders were committed in that city, but only thirteen murderers were convicted—and not one was executed. For the three preceding years the annual average was one hundred and seventeen murders and twenty-five convictions. For the same three years the annual average in the metropolitan police district of London, containing a population of about seven millions, was twenty murders, while fifteen murderers were convicted or committed suicide.

Why does New York, in proportion to population, have nearly eight times as many murders as London? Principally, we believe, because murder involves less risk in New York than in London, where, three times out of four, the murderer suffers death or long imprisonment, and the punishment very swiftly follows the crime.

Responsibility for this scandalous American condition rests, first of all, upon the courts. They, quite as much as the legislatures, have made the administration of justice a protracted game in which any criminal with a capable lawyer stands a fine sporting chance to win. When we can hand even one murderer out of three over to punishment within a year after the commission of the crime our murder rate will begin to fall.

The Boom in Canada

SOME measure of the boom our Canadian neighbors are enjoying may be obtained from the record of building operations in the Dominion. Returns from thirty-five Canadian cities, compared with like returns from two hundred and six cities in the United States, show that, two years ago, Canada invested in new buildings only seven cents to our dollar; whereas last year she spent fourteen cents to our dollar. In two years her building operations have almost doubled.

The boom spirit is evidently in the air across the border. Governmental or government-aided projects are under way, or under discussion, that make our own little venture at Panama look quite modest. The government is building eighteen hundred miles of railroad from Winnipeg to New Brunswick, at a cost likely to reach a hundred and fifty million dollars, and is aiding by guaranty of bonds another line from Winnipeg to the Pacific Coast. It will also probably undertake a road to Hudson Bay, with steamships to Europe, involving fifty million dollars or so. It is proposed to deepen the Welland Canal at a cost of twenty millions; and there is even talk of a Georgian Bay Canal that will take a hundred millions. The government is expected also to aid liberally in improving country roads.

These things help to make booms—which sometimes come to unhappy ends. We hope Canada's boom, like the brook, will go on forever.

Dreadnoughts and Socialism

THE German government fared as badly in the recent general election as the most ardent revolutionist could reasonably have expected. The Socialists more than doubled their strength in the Reichstag and now have a larger number of seats than any other single party, while the Liberals and the Radicals together have nearly as many more. The conservative coalition upon which the government depended to rule the last Reichstag has been reduced to a minority.

Organs of the government recognize the gravity of the situation; but the most influential and "inspired" among them insist that this Socialist-Radical-Liberal Reichstag must adopt certain governmental measures that are vitally necessary to the empire. First among these measures is the "strengthening of the army and navy."

Ever since the general elections of 1907 the government has been engaged, first of all, in strengthening the army and navy, and levying new taxes to foot the bills. Its out-and-out supporters have now lost forty-seven seats to the Socialists, and its occasional supporters have lost ten more. Very likely the government will find means to force increased military appropriation bills through this Reichstag—thereby giving the Socialists another powerful boost at the next general election. Socialism on the Continent and its equivalent in England promise to become the means of stopping this vastly burdensome governmental game of outmatching one another in battalions and dreadnoughts.

Could New York Have Done Worse?

YEARS ago the city of New York built a passenger subway which has been immensely profitable. For a long time there has been agitation for additional subways. The old one is crowded. Sections of the city which it does not reach have become populous and are crying for better transportation. The profits of the present subway would furnish a basis for credit upon which all the capital necessary to build additional subways could be raised; but the city has never received a dollar of those profits. They have all gone to the private corporation that leased the subway.

Even without that basis of credit the city could raise money to build new subways; but to give satisfactory service all the subways, old and new, should be operated as a unit—and the private corporation, under its lease, has control of the old subway for more than half a century to come. The company proposes to coöperate with the city in building additional subways, furnishing seventy-odd million dollars of the necessary capital, while the city furnishes fifty-odd millions—upon the condition, however, that it shall receive eight and three-quarter per cent interest on its total investment for the next fifty years. That is the price it demands for coöperating.

When New York built the original subway people were mightily afraid of "municipal ownership"—or, in this case, municipal operation. They said such a proceeding was sure to be exceedingly extravagant; but we doubt if any extravagance in municipal operation would have cost the city as much as the price it is now required to pay to the leasing company.

Cautious British Radicalism

THE Lloyd George insurance bill is a very radical act. In providing state-aided compulsory insurance for workmen against loss from sickness it drew upon German experience; but in extending such insurance on a large scale to loss of wages through unemployment it entered virtually unbroken ground. The innovation, however, proceeds with characteristic British caution. Insurance against unemployment is limited to a few trades—shipbuilding, housebuilding, engineering, coachbuilding, ironfounding and sawmilling. Each workman in those trades contributes two and a half pence weekly to the fund, his employer also contributes two and a half pence, while the Government contributes whatever amount up to three million pounds a year—may be found to be necessary.

The unemployed workman receives from the fund seven shillings a week for fifteen weeks, if he is out of work that long, provided he has made five contributions to the fund for every weekly allowance paid to him out of it. A workman who has made five hundred weekly contributions is entitled to receive back whatever amount he has paid in excess of the benefits he has received.

The step itself is radical, but in taking it great prudence is exercised, the result being probably a workable scheme which will yield a fund of experience by which future legislation in that line may be guided. England has never hesitated to take radical steps that seemed necessary—up to decapitating a king—but she has always gone about it in the most methodical, businesslike way, with an eye single to the actual conditions in hand and quite untroubled by anybody's general theories.

By creating labor exchanges that are charged with large public powers and responsibilities, this insurance law may lead to an important reorganization of the industrial situation a reorganization that we would call socialistic. But what anybody calls it or theorizes about it will not bother Parliament if the new institutions meet a practical difficulty in a practical way.

Backward Children in School

NOWADAYS much thought is given to the backward child in school. Virtually every public school contains pupils brighter or more diligent than the average, who go ahead of the grades where they would normally be found; also it contains pupils who fall behind their grades. On the face of the returns, the latter greatly predominate. A report from one city shows that the schooltime lost by the backward compares with that gained by the forward as twenty-eight to one; in another city the ratio is one hundred and fifty to one.

A good authority calculates that the backward make up about one-third of the total school membership in the average city, "and are a great, if not the greatest, school problem."

Experts usually consider this subject from the point of view of the backward pupil; but what about the pupils, constituting two-thirds of the whole, who are not backward? How much is their school progress retarded by the less apt or less studious? The tendency must be to fix the grades according to the average progress—an average that is pulled down by the backward pupil, even though he falls below the average and misses his grade.

There may be in a given school twenty-eight pupils who fall behind their grades and only one who goes ahead of his grade; but it is quite safe to assume that others could go ahead of their grades if the work were so cut out as to call forth their best efforts. Slowly the schools are breaking away from the old system of prescribing the same dose for every mind.

The Benefits of Party

WHY, asks the student, should a man be elected mayor of Chicago because he is a Democrat or a Republican? Why should a governor of New York be chosen on national party lines?

The best answer is found in such documents as the report of a gubernatorial commission on the management of state prisons in New York over a ten-year period. That management, the report finds, was a "riot of waste and wrongdoing."

With the free labor of forty-four hundred men and no overhead charges, prison industries produced less than a million dollars a year. The superintendent of industries at Sing Sing "uniformly violated the law by opening bids in private, communicating the contents to favored bidders and relaxing the specifications in their interest. He paid outlawed and unauthorized bills, and repeatedly used prison labor and material for private purposes"—and so on.

The point is that this commission was appointed by a Democratic governor and the management which it investigated was Republican. Usually, when control of a great city or state shifts from one party to the other, the first business of the new incumbents is to investigate and report upon the graft, waste and mismanagement of their predecessors.

Usually, also, they know exactly where to look for it—in the places, that is, which were characterized by graft, mismanagement and waste the last time they were in power.

This is the important benefit of national party control in state and local affairs. Periodically, as control shifts from one party to the other, citizens are officially advised as to how thoroughly they have been "done" by those who previously were supposed to be looking out for the public welfare.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Marcus Aurelius
Senator-Elect From Arizona

Hoke
Senator From Georgia

John W.
Senator From Maryland

Ellison D.
Senator From South Carolina

William A
Senator From Michigan

The Smith Family Congress

WE LIVE in an age of classification. Gathering correlated concomitants into neat little bunches and filing them—the bunches—away is an occupation all and sundry are extremely keen about. Many a rising young business or professional man, enthusiastic about scientific management, has to spend so much time over his card indexes he has no opportunity to attend to the business and persons and what-not on the cards.

Still, we must have classification—we positively must! Where, may I ask, should we be if William James, for example, had not classified philosophy for us? Struggling along, I dare say, not knowing who the empiricists are, or who the positivists—to say nothing of being completely in the dark as to whether Hegel was a bird or a buccaneer, or Comte an actor or an acrobat. A sad state of affairs, I should remark!

Hitherto, it has been somewhat nugatory to classify United States senators, owing to the fact that there are some ninety-odd of them and that this entails some ninety-odd classifications—a labor distinctly not worth its pains. Now, however, has come a time when an apt classification can be made; to which pleasing task I shall address myself.

Proceeding in a broad and virile manner, I arbitrarily separate the United States Senate into two general divisions—Smiths and non-Smiths. Numerically the non-Smiths predominate in the ratio of about eighteen to one. As will be observed, if there were enough Smiths present in the Senate to reduce that ratio to sixteen to one the fact would be significant—provided it had any significance; but, letting it stand at eighteen to one, or thereabout, for the purposes of this discussion it will be timely to consider the Smiths first, to classify the Smiths, leaving the remainder of non-essential non-Smiths for future consideration.

There are at present four Smiths in the United States Senate, and another Smith presently will be wished on that deliberative, deliberate and desultory body. Thus, for all purposes, there are five senatorial Smiths—to wit: William Alden, of Michigan; John Walter, of Maryland; Ellison DuRant, of South Carolina; Hoke, of Georgia; and Marcus Aurelius, of Arizona. It will be observed instantly that, though the North has but one Smith, the South has three and the Southwest one. Hence it must be clear that in the production of statesmen named Smith, and smithistically, the South is much more fertile than the North, which is very important and is respectfully referred to the Bureau of Ethnology.

How to Know the Smiths

THIS point clearly determined, naught remains but the proper and judicious classification of the Smiths, the questions involved being entirely judicable and also justiciable, as Mr. Taft has frequently said in referring to the efforts of Mr. Andrew Carnegie to obtain international arbitration and keep his name in the papers at one and the same time. The statement cannot be controverted successfully that the mere fact that a man is named Smith confers on him no distinction over a man named Schnitzel; but—and here is the nubbin of the contention—the fact that a senator is named Smith does confer on him a certain prominence that demands and shall have investigation.

What, then, are the points of divergence from other Smiths that occur to the classifier when examining the senatorial Smiths, and what are the characteristics that are in common possessed? And how do these Smiths differ one from another? And what is the predominating characteristic of each? Volumes might be written in answer to these—apparently—simple questions; but it is snowing, and a single illuminating flash on each Smith must suffice, especially as the immutable identity of the ego is freely determined by the ultimate coördination of the inner consciousness with the outer circumstances, as somebody said just before they put him in a padded cell.

Bearing this in mind, we have five Smiths—five senatorial, significant Smiths—each of whom is preëminent in his own peculiar way and who may be thus differentiated:

Saccharous or Sugary Smith;
Silent Smith;
Sensitive Smith;
Slick Smith;
Sedulous Smith.

Sugary Smith is William A., of Michigan, than whom, I make bold to say, there is no greater living exponent of the glad hand in politics in a nation that has progressed for years—politically—through the salvey medium of shaking hands. A soft answer, with William Alden, may be collateral for a vote at some future time; and a warm handclasp may be remembered on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in some bleak but decisive November. When William Alden grabs your hand it is to have and to hold until he has given you seventeen lumps of conversational sugar, has dripped a round dozen of melting smiles on you, has affectionately clapped you on the shoulder and told you how highly he approves of you and your family and all your voting acquaintances—the warmth of his greeting is only excelled by the fervor of his parting.

Silent Smith is John Walter, of Maryland, who rarely speaks unless to deprecate the Russian position as regards passports for American citizens, there being a large Hebrew population in Baltimore. He is a handsome man and of great power in Democratic politics in his state; also, not without reward for his activity—for we find he has been successively in the Maryland state senate, in Congress, governor, and now is senator, which is progression if not progressiveness, and brings to mind the old saying that silence is golden—though, for the matter of that, they usually pay in checks for statesmen's services performed; but it is all one when it comes to being on the payroll of an appreciative state or nation. John Walter is a lumberman in a business way and knows how to roll logs, to hew to the line, to build foursquare and to collect his bills.

Sensitive Smith is Ellison DuRant, of South Carolina. And what makes him so sensitive? asks the curious party on my left. The woes of the common people, dear sir—the woes of the common people. Possessed of a tender and sympathetic spirit, it causes him great pain to observe the velvet-shod feet of the criminal rich treading on the bleeding hearts of the prostrate poor, as he once observed; though it is quite apparent the criminal rich would have achieved greater results had they worn hobnailed shoes. Still, the criminal rich down in South Carolina probably wear velvet on their aristocratic feet. Ellison DuRant weeps bitterly every time he thinks of the price of cotton and is esteemed an orator in his section of the country. Probably there is no more sensitive man in public life than Ellison DuRant—certainly no more sensitive Smith. He quivers like an aspen at the mere mention of any atrocity on the dear people that may be perpetrated anywhere—and especially in the cotton belt. His soul revolts. And when his soul revolts his vocabulary revolves.

Then there is Slick Smith—Hoke. The efforts of many Georgians for many years have been devoted to putting Hoke in a hole and filling the hole. The net result, at this writing, is that Hoke is a United States senator from Georgia and likely to be for some time to come. It has always so happened that, when the hole was ready for Hoke, Hoke was unready for the hole. The hole and Hoke were not in conjunction, so to speak. There never has been a minute, for years and years and years, when Hoke has not had accurate and exhaustive information as to his number; and every time they have had him pinned to the mat he has wriggled out. Slick Smith describes Hoke; for when you come to consider the intricacies of Georgia politics the man who can last as long as Hoke has—and get as much—certainly is slick, smooth, polished, and even glossy.

Which brings us to the Sedulous Smith—Mark, of Arizona. A true Smith is Mark. For twenty-five years he has had but one ambition, desire, preference—the same being to get into the United States Senate. Hence he is in the United States Senate—or will be; which may not mean that all sedulous Smiths can be senators, but does mean that one sedulous Smith can be—which is the proposition that most intimately concerns Mark.

Judicial Credit

ONCE when Chief Justice Waite, of the United States Supreme Court, was presiding, he received an urgent call to Baltimore. It was imperative that he should go at once.

He left the bench and hurried to the old Baltimore and Ohio station, then not far from the Capitol. As he stepped up to the ticket window he found he had no money with him.

"My friend," said the Chief Justice, "it is imperative that I shall go to Baltimore at once. I have no money with me. I am the Chief Justice. Will you kindly let me have a return ticket and I will reimburse you tomorrow?"

The ticket agent laughed. "You'll have to come stronger than that, old chap," he said. "Almost every day some chief justice or other tries to beat me out of a ticket."

The Chief Justice turned away. He approached several prosperous appearing persons in the waiting room and each time was scornfully refused a loan. He hurried across the street to a hotel and entered the barroom. "My dear sir," he said to the bartender, "do you know me?"

"Nope."

"I am Chief Justice Waite of the United States Supreme Court."

"What do you want—a drink?"

"No, sir, I want you to let me have twenty dollars. I have suddenly been called to Baltimore, a train leaves in a few minutes, and I discover I have no means on my person. Will you do it?"

"Sure!" said the bartender, and he took twenty dollars out of the drawer and handed it to the Chief Justice.

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STRAIGHT to the hungry spot that outdoors gives you, goes the taste of Underwood Deviled Ham—straighter than any other taste you know.

That's why kids can't get enough of fresh white bread sandwiches spread with Underwood Deviled Ham. Try it—

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And *why* does it reach the hungry spot? Listen. Because—it's good old-fashioned ham, salted, sugared, hickory smoked, boiled *en casserole*, ground fine, and mixed with a bland dressing of 42 spices. That's why!

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Just get out your grocery list and write down Underwood Deviled Ham to order *today*.

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UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

GOVERNMENT AND BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 10)

or more consists of foodstuffs—in which the Beef Trust plays no inconsiderable part. Analyze the remainder—consisting of "manufactures for further use in manufacturing" and "manufactures ready for use"—and you will find either a trust or some very powerful business concerns behind nearly every large item.

First, there are iron and steel manufactures, other than machinery, amounting to over a hundred million dollars. It is well known that the Steel Trust, though doing rather less than half of the total domestic business, does over three-fourths of the total export business. Only a little smaller are the exports of petroleum products, in which we recognize our old friend the Oil Trust. Copper that has passed through some stage of manufacture accounts for over ninety million dollars—and copper is hardly a small man's game. Exports of machinery and electrical apparatus come to about a hundred million dollars and are handled largely by concerns of trust size. Agricultural implements, railroad cars and carriages are exported in the main by the Harvester Trust and other concerns possessing capital that runs far into the millions. So you can go through the list and realize that our exporting, aside from raw materials, where we have a natural advantage, is done by Big Business.

Competitive exporting nowadays demands a big, expensive organization. In England and Belgium, to some extent in France and Italy, but especially in Germany, the Government itself supplies this organization, or at least a very important part of it. Quite recently our Government has begun to do something in that line; but as yet it is only a beginning. The Bureau of Manufactures—for which a more correct name would probably be the Bureau of Commerce—is the organ of our Government charged particularly with this work. A report by the Department of Commerce and Labor in 1907 contains the following:

"The office of the American consul-general at Berlin and that of the German consul-general at New York may be considered of equal importance to their respective countries. The staff of our consulate-general at Berlin consists of the consul-general, the deputy consul-general, drawing a salary of a thousand dollars a year—he being the acting consul-general in the absence of his chief and being charged with responsible work all the time—and three clerks drawing still smaller salaries; in all a staff of five persons."

The Fruits of Organization

"The staff of the German consulate-general at New York consists of the consul-general, one consul, three vice-consuls, one commercial attaché, and a force of translators and clerks, making a total staff of about thirty persons—or more than that of our Bureau of Manufactures, which is charged with the promotion of the commerce of this country with the entire world.

"As a result of such equipment our consuls have not sufficient time for study and investigation, as most of their time is taken up with routine work; while the Foreign Office and the Department of Commerce in Germany are promptly supplied with up-to-date information on any matter which may have the remotest bearing upon German interests in the United States, or upon German-American relations anywhere in the world, because they have men with expert knowledge and free from routine work stationed in the principal centers of the world for that purpose."

We are doing a little better than that now; but the total appropriation for our Bureau of Manufactures last year was eighty-five thousand and one hundred dollars. Probably the Steel Trust alone spends as much for the purpose of keeping in touch with steel-trade conditions throughout the world. This comprehensive organization is necessary if one is to do a competitive export business nowadays. Our big exporters, of course, have such organizations, keeping them in intimate touch with trade conditions and changes. The difference is that the information and the promoting work done by the German Government are free to everybody; while the Steel Trust and Oil Trust naturally are not handing out their information to a would-be rival or advising him of such new openings for foreign trade as may turn up.

The industrial rise of Germany is the most remarkable business story of modern times—much more remarkable, in fact, than the coincidental rise of the United States. Rather less than two generations ago, Germany was in the rear of the procession industrially. From a business point of view she resembled the Middle Ages rather than modern Europe. She was an old country, of course, and had no such vast stores of untapped natural resources as the United States. At present her foreign trade about equals our own. The chief cause of this rise, no doubt, is found in comprehensive and efficient organization with the Government leading.

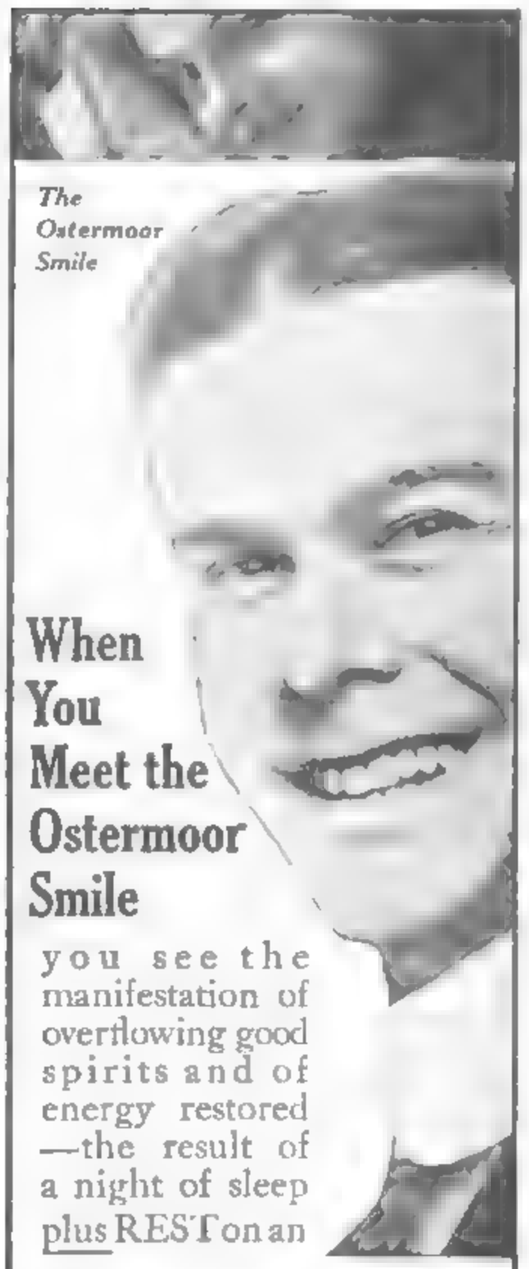
How the Germans Watch Trade

The empire now is divided into about one hundred and forty chamber-of-commerce districts, and the chambers of commerce are so intimately linked with the Government that they may be considered fairly a part of it. By undisputed practice the Minister of Commerce exercises a large measure of control over them, directing the establishment of a new chamber wherever one seems needed, and ordering the consolidation or even dissolution of old ones when that seems expedient. The secretary of each chamber of commerce is virtually a Government official, and other members are given the courtesies due Government officials. The chambers are required to make annual reports to the Government, dealing exhaustively with trade, labor and industrial conditions in their districts. The Government calls upon them at other times for reports and opinions. The chambers in certain cases appoint expert investigators. Incidentally they have certain powers to prevent business frauds, for they can stop the payment of postal-money orders to a questionable concern, or veto the organization of a new company that appears to be of the get-rich-quick order.

These semiofficial chambers of commerce are the primary means of communication between the Government and business of all sorts all over the empire. For example, any disadvantage that a German exporter encounters or any influence that works anywhere against him in foreign trade is at once brought to the notice of his chamber of commerce, which looks over the case and quickly gets the ear of the Government if the obstacle is of a sort that governmental action of any kind might remove. All sorts of trade questions go to the Government through the chamber of commerce in the district where they arise. On the other hand the Government works through the chambers of commerce in distributing information, and so on. The chambers of commerce also take a hand in promoting and supporting commercial schools, lectures on foreign trade, and the like. The chambers of commerce, in fact, supply the groundwork of a comprehensive organization that keeps the Government immediately in touch with trade. All this, you will say, sounds very "paternalistic." Probably it does; but it brings results, as any one can see by glancing at the imposing figures of German commerce.

Some time ago a convention was held in Prague for the purpose of considering the foreign trade of the dual empire. An imperial councilor pointed out that in twenty-five years exports from Germany had increased two hundred and twenty per cent, while exports from Austria-Hungary had increased only seventy per cent; and during the same period the annual emigration from Germany had declined from two hundred and ten thousand to thirty-one thousand, though emigration from Austria-Hungary had increased from seventy-four thousand to two hundred and sixty-two thousand. Austria-Hungary is larger than the German Empire, not much less populous and probably little inferior in natural resources; but its foreign trade is much less than one-third that of Germany, and in ten years more than two millions of its subjects have emigrated to the United States. The imperial councilor was of opinion that teamwork in promoting Austria-Hungary's trade would be beneficial.

For a long while business in this country has been hampered by conflicting state laws. For example, business is largely carried on by means of negotiable instruments, such as drafts and notes, and negotiable instruments used in business are



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—thin bits of corn, first cooked, then toasted to a golden brown.

Usually the liking extends to the whole family.

The housewife likes this food, not only for its appetizing goodness, but because of its convenience. It requires no cooking—ready to serve instantly from the package with cream.

For breakfast; for lunch when the hungry little folks come from school; or for supper when something particularly dainty is wanted.

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constantly crossing state lines; but each state has its own laws governing negotiable instruments and the laws of nearly every state differed at some point or other from the laws of nearly every other state. Almost thirty years ago a movement was started to remedy the useless and vexatious conflict in state laws concerning certain subjects where uniformity would benefit everybody and injure no one. In 1889 the American Bar Association appointed a committee, consisting of one representative from each state, to deal with the subject. Following that, various states, by legislation or act of the governor, appointed commissioners "for the promotion of uniformity of legislation in the United States," and the commissioners began holding annual conventions.

Getting commissioners appointed was far easier than getting their recommendations acted upon however. Fifteen years ago, after long deliberation in which legal talent representing nearly all the states took part, a uniform negotiable-instrument act was drawn up. In 1898 New York, Connecticut, Colorado and Florida adopted this uniform act. One by one other states fell into line, until in 1910, as a result of nearly fifteen years' work, thirty-six states had adopted it.

There was really no valid objection to this uniform act. It simply removed from the path of business certain obstructions from which nobody derived any honest benefit. The slowness with which the legislatures on the whole, responded suggests that politics in this country takes comparatively little interest in business—by which I mean business in the mass and not certain particular businesses that make a business of taking an interest in politics.

The Privilege of Scrambling

We are doing decidedly better now, thanks to fifteen years of effort and agitation. Thus, in 1910, twenty states adopted the uniform warehouse-receipts act which was brought forward less than five years before; but it took a long, hard pull to get legislatures really interested in this subject of removing the obstacles to business that arise from senseless conflict between the laws of different states.

It is, of course, undeniable that politics and Government have very often been tenderly responsive to the wants of certain particular businesses—which could make it worth while. Perhaps that is one reason why there is in many quarters a superstitious dread of advocating anything that might be beneficial to business in its bigger forms. I am not speaking, however, of special favors to special businesses, but of the general attitude of the Government toward business as a whole. We are said to be the most commercial and businesslike of people, but it seems fair to say we have about the least commercial and businesslike of Governments. There is still, for one thing, too much hankering to pose as St. George slaying the dragon.

The old theory was that the Government should stand aside, leave a clear field and let everybody scramble for himself. That theory obviously is passing away. Some of us scrambled far too successfully. Along with the newer, restrictive policy, there should be a more intelligent and open-minded constructive policy.

A Professional Gossip

THERE is an elderly yet still active spinster in an Eastern city who long has supported herself by manicuring the city's highborn at their homes.

In addition, she has developed recently still another way of adding to her income—a fact, however, that is not generally known to her patrons.

One of these ladies, a well-known society woman, began a short time ago to be mystified and at the same time a good deal put out by the appearance in print of several extremely intimate happenings in her household. While she was still puzzling over the matter the elderly manicure arrived, and in a pause during the finger-trimming séance blandly inquired: "Say, you don't know any gossip, do you—any real live items?"

"Items?" gasped the astonished lady, with a sudden strong suspicion. "By any chance do you mean items for the newspapers?"

"Why, yes'm," the manicure mildly answered. "I get fifty cents apiece for plain items and a dollar if they're scandals."

"Yes. Now-a-days housekeeping means home-keeping."

"BUT doesn't it mean a lot of drudgery just the same—specially in the culinary department?"

"No, not if you manage right. I have all the handy contrivances that save more than they cost. And we never make our own soup. I use

Campbell's SOUPS

So do thousands of careful and capable housewives who are abreast of modern ideas. They find in Campbell's wholesome 21 kinds a refreshing variety for the daily menu, and a constant relief from one of its most troublesome items. Why wouldn't these perfect soups be of equal help and value to *you?* Try one *today* and see.

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Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
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BUY IT
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Chew it after smoking. It cleanses and pur
breath. Or chew it before eating—it sharpens a
feelings and aids digestion. This refreshing mint
enjoyably. And it's a goody that's good for you

d Other Breath Odors
e Fresh Mint Leaves

Look for the Spear!

The Flavor Lasts!

ifies your mouth and throat, and perfumes your
ppetite. Or after dining—it removes over-eaten
leaf confection preserves teeth and passes time
r little ones.

INSTINCTIVE PLAYING Delightful Because Natural

WHEN YOU LISTEN to a player piano in the next room—or the next house—you can usually tell that mechanism, and not human fingers, is playing the keys. Isn't that so?

For years, manufacturers of player pianos have been trying to overcome this tendency toward lack of expression. It can now be practically eliminated, in two ways: By interpreting devices, or by *Instinctive Control*.

To get the greater pleasure of Instinctive Playing—the same pleasure that hand playing gives—a new invention in player pianos was necessary.

The Virtuolo gives you an instrument which you can play Instinctively with beautiful expression—which is *your own* expression. In other words, the Virtuolo enables you to bring out the music that lies hidden within you, like a crystal spring, waiting to be tapped—to bring it forth naturally, without effort.

Four sensitive buttons, which you find you press *Instinctively*, make the Virtuolo respond to every impulse for expression that you feel while playing.

The Virtuolo inspires you to express yourself Instinctively. Instead of having to use *Reason*—to make a mental and physical *effort*—you find you only have to follow your Instinct to put beauty into your playing.

In an advertisement we can't explain how the Virtuolo *coordinates* with the Instinct of the person whose fingers rest upon these buttons.

We want you *to play* the Virtuolo and know that Instinctive playing is a fact, a success so far as you are concerned. Most people find it m[illegible] and satisfactory to first inspect and play the Virtuolo at their dealer's. Then, if Instinct wins them to this new type of player piano, they have it sent home.

VIRTUOLO

THE NEW INSTINCTIVE PLAYER PIANO

PRICES AND TERMS
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The Virtuolo in Hallet & Davis Piano, [illegible] complete $[illegible] In Horizontal [illegible] Art and [illegible] $775 In [illegible] [illegible] $575 [illegible] $450 $485 In [illegible] [illegible] payments. Pianos and ordinary player pianos taken in exchange at fair valuation.

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THE BOX-OFFICE VALUE OF TEARS

Concluded from Page 15

A great change has taken place in audiences as to the rapidity with which they can pass from a comedy scene to a strong emotional scene. Formerly they seem to have been almost acrobatic in their mental and emotional nimbleness. Reading over some of the plays of thirty or forty years ago, the modern actor is surprised to see how quickly the moods must have changed. It is different now. The playwright must prepare for a weepy scene. Abrupt transition is almost always fatal to the effect. A bit of comedy in the middle of a serious scene excites only nervous laughter. Ibsen can bring the grimmest humor into the most terrible scene, but only the elect seem to be conscious of it. And if one yields to the temptation to laugh aloud, instead of being secretly relieved of the tension, the look of startled surprise on the face of the average auditor will be a great lesson to him.

Never have I heard a laugh from an audience at Ibsen's grim humor, although many of course have a perfectly clear sense of the dilemma; but there was too much power in the scene to allow of the relief of the tension.

The same rule holds good with tears as with laughter—the actress must not pity herself too much in emotional situations or she loses the best effects. She had better let the audience pity her while she simply gives those touches sufficient to excite in them feelings that will bring tears. She herself must not weep all over the place, or the audience will simply be fascinated watching her antics. This constitutes the great difference in the skill of emotional actresses and can be observed all the way from Sarah Bernhardt down to the merest novice. Speaking of Bernhardt—she absolutely made Sardou as a playwright through her successes in his plays at a time when the weepy drama was in fashion. The whole vogue of his plays and those of his imitators is flippantly referred to now as "Sardoudledum."

The Effect of Satire

There is great confusion in most minds as to whether a play is emotional drama or tragedy. Some think that any drama that ends unhappily is tragic. Many sad plays have not one tragic touch in them. The numerous weepy plays that any theatergoer can name will excite susceptible people to tears for the moment, but will have no lasting effect at all. A tragedy, however, rouses feelings of pity and fear in the very soul of the spectator, lingering on in the memory. Emotional drama, as we use the term, would have been classed under comedy in the days of the Greek drama. Tragedy includes all emotion as the whole includes the sum of its parts. We pity only when we fear the thing may happen to ourselves. When the fear of its happening grows to terror our pity deepens and broadens; but the process somehow dries our tears. That is why persons seldom weep at tragedies.

That is why the wonderful tragedies of Shakspere hold an audience through an entire evening without a tear. The one scene in Hamlet that can bring tears, though tragic in its import, has the susceptible element predominating in the fact that the beautiful young woman, having lost her reason, still joys in the flowers she is strewing about her. Even the moments when she becomes dimly conscious of the death of her father are rendered sweet and pathetic by her digging an imaginary grave and scattering upon it the beautiful wild flowers.

Many notions in regard to emotions in the theater are wrong. I should say that people do not suffer at representations of an emotional drama—unless they are bored by it. Except in a few cases, they do not suffer even in the contemplation of tragedy. For the emotion of deep pity is stimulating, uplifting and therefore beneficial. The only thing approaching suffering in any true sense in the theater is the effect produced by a strong, satirical comedy, such as Molière and Sheridan wrote in the past and George Bernard Shaw puts into dramatic form today.

Satirical dramas that lash audiences, and show them up to themselves as the bunglers or indifferent beings they are, really do more good in the long run than the much-lauded plays that drain the tearducts dry.

Gee! Tom, look at this

"You know I skun my shin like sixty when we banged into that bob last night. I just rubbed on a little "Vaseline" when I went to bed, and now it's all as clean and slick as ever. I'd hardly know I'd got a scratch."

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"Vaseline" is to the skin just what a good lubricant is to an automobile engine. It keeps the pores working smoothly; it softens roughnesses; it relieves irritations.

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The Senator's Secretary

THIS is the open season for the Reflected Glory Boys. You can flush a covey of them almost anywhere, and particularly in any hotel lobby or headquarters where the political reporters are likely to congregate. They have shown already by the dozen and they will continue to show by the hundred. The opportunity to get into the edge of the limelight was never so good, and they have emerged from the high grass in all parts of the country and are making the most of it.

The Reflected Glory Boys have been out of it for a long time. There has been nothing in the situation that gave them a chance to march to the front and air their opinions in the hope of getting a little space for themselves in the papers. Now it so happens we are in the midst of a particularly silly silly-season in politics, and the editors, in the patter of the business, are "eating up" all the political stuff handed in. This makes the Reflected Glory Boys of some passing importance. It gives them a chance to stand round and beat their chests and exude opinions. Also it gives them a chance to tack themselves on to various prominent personages in the political news, and they are not only tacking themselves on, but they are gluing themselves on and riveting themselves on and using every other known method of attachment.

Their methods are always the same. When a Reflected Glory Boy sees a chance to get himself into the papers he immediately prepares a typewritten statement telling why, in his opinion—a very important opinion—it is impossible to elect Mr. Taft, and why the nomination of Colonel Roosevelt is the salvation of the Republican party, the country, the hemisphere and the Milky Way. They have typewritten statements in each hand, in every pocket, in their hats, shoes, hair, and they leave trails of these convincing and stirring documents behind them wherever they go. They will sit for hours on the doorstep of any man with even the remotest connection with any medium of publicity, in the hope that they may induce the publicist they are haunting to put a little of their impassioned recipe for the regeneration of the nation in the paper—combined, of course, with their boost for The Colonel, or for whomsoever they have picked out as the purveyor of the limelight in the edge of which they aspire to stand.

The Tactics of the Glory Boys

They are marching and have marched to the front everywhere, from California to Maine. Some of them have had political jobs and have been thrown out of them. Some of them had hoped to have political jobs and didn't get them. Some of them plan to get political jobs if their man shall land. Some of them have no hopes at all save the hope of deriving a little temporary notoriety and self-advertisement by hitching on behind. The real motive of all of them is self-advertising. They couldn't get into the papers in a thousand years on their own merits, so they tack on to some man prominent in the current political situation and get in that way. They are all as bogus as toupees.

They operate in the same manner, by and large, although some of them are important enough to get a first-hand crack at it, while others must be content with being away off on the edge. Still any notice at all is better than no notice, and they avidly impress their opinions on all comers. It is the simplest thing in the world. A governor, for example, or an ex-governor, or somebody who has had some political prominence, hikes to the nearest center of population where there are daily papers. If he has enough money he goes to Washington or New York. If he hasn't enough money for that the state capital or the nearest big city will do.

A position is taken in the lobby of the leading hotel. If the visitor's name carries any weight the various city editors are called on the telephone and told that the Honorable So-and-So is in the city and has an important political communication to make. The reporters come round. Then the Reflected Glory Boy delivers himself of his statement. He shows how all the people in his part of the country are howling for Roosevelt, or Wilson, or whomsoever the Reflected Glory Boy has tacked on to, and he gives elaborate reasons for his faith. Politics is boiling. It is the mission of all editors and all political reporters to make trouble. They all hate peace. Thus the situation, not the personality of the statement-maker, gives the statement-maker a little importance, and he gets his little advertisement in the paper. His name appears. Maybe a line or two of what he says is telegraphed to other papers. In some instances his name may get into the Associated Press report. He is a figure in the news, not because he is a figure in the news really, but because he has grabbed a big man's name and crept along under the influence of that.

Sometimes they work it a little harder. Many of them, by hook or by crook, get to Oyster Bay, or to Trenton, or to Washington, and break in on the meditations of the great men who are meditating at those points. This, if it can be done, means more space and more advertisement, and it is always resorted to in case there is any possible way of raising the railroad fare and enough to pay a hotel bill. Hence we have this long procession of inconsequential nobodies who are venting opinions as to the political situation by the yard, getting them printed by the inch and feeling extremely happy over the outcome.

Nor are all of the Reflected Glory Boys nobodies. Some of them have names of sufficient size to give weight to what they say, but that makes no difference in the general scheme. The mere fact that a man is well known does not make him averse to further advertisement. Indeed it makes him greedy for more advertisement. And the more familiar his name the greater the publicity he can get, which is a well-known truth in many parts of this country. So by hitching his name to a name that is even better known he constructs a combination sure to work.

Publicity as a Fad

The smartest publicity men in the world are supposed to live and operate in this country; but all of them, smart or not, overlooked a big bet a time ago. A certain distinguished but now retired captain of finance, who has a few tons of money and an itch to see his name in the paper in connection with large undertakings, and is willing to spend freely of his money to attain that end, suddenly bloomed forth in connection with a plausible and interesting political situation. His former connections and his medium for his particular kind of reflected glory made the story big, and it was played up for many days in the papers. This retired captain of finance, as soon as he discovered what was going on, had the shrewdness to push the game along. He pushed it hard. He maintained a mysterious attitude—a guarded attitude—and let the others do the guessing. Then at the proper time he landed heavily with a "typewritten statement," and stirred it all up again. He got a lot of notice and he enjoyed it, inasmuch as various other efforts of his along that line had not been entirely successful.

Now the point is this: That retired captain of finance is living nowadays, with his tons of money, for the exact purpose of getting recognition as an important person along lines he has chosen for personal exploitation. Like every other retired captain of finance he desires publicity. If any of our smart publicity men had had the smartness to think of this particular plan for getting the name of the retired captain of finance into the papers so prominently and in such an important association, the retired captain of finance would have paid liberally for the idea. And it was a cinch. All that was necessary was to meet a few political reporters and tell the story, and there it was. The editors grabbed it like hot cakes. So, as no smart publicity man had the smartness to think of it, a much smarter political reporter did think of it, and the retired captain of finance got his pleasant publicity for nothing—which probably made a hit with him—and the reporter got regular space rates for the story. As has been truly said: Of all sad words of tongue or pen, none are so sad as those that tell of an opportunity overlooked to milk a retired captain of finance who wants to see his name in the papers.

There have been dozens of them—dozens of the Reflected Glory Boys—who have emerged from obscurity hanging to the coattails of Colonel Roosevelt. The

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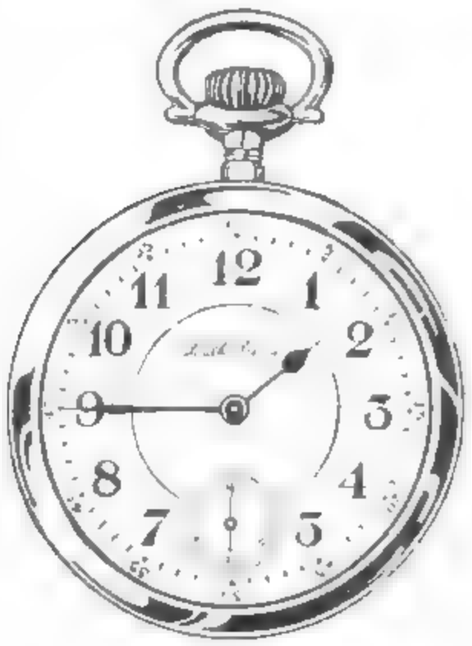

THE South Bend Watch is unique in America in the fact that it is sold only through retail jewelers. We will not allow these famous watches to be sold in any other way, for every *watch* needs the *jeweler's service—regulation to the buyer's personality.*

When you buy a *South Bend* Watch you get with it this perfect regulation which makes the watch keep accurate time for you. And because it is a *perfectly-made* watch it will then *continue* to be accurate as long as you or your children wear it.

No one but an expert watch man or jeweler can give a watch this service. That's why we see to it that the sale of the South Bend Watch is restricted to retail jewelers only. There are more than 15,000 such jewelers who sell the South Bend. One of these is probably your own jeweler. Ask him about the South Bend Watch—that famous watch which keeps perfect time even when frozen in a cake of ice, and which you can buy for as little as $7.50, or—in a solid gold case—up to $75.

"The South Bend" Watch

Here is a watch that is often a year in the course of construction—a watch that gets 411 inspections and must run seven hundred hours accurately before it is *ready* for the jeweler's regulation. You ought to know all about it. All is told in a free book which we will send you, called "How Good Watches Are Made." Write for it.

The South Bend Watch Company

2 State Street
South Bend, Ind.

Colonel seems to have more glory to reflect than any of the others and he has a bigger following. They have been hurrying into Washington and to New York for the past six weeks, these moribund statesmen, and seeking to revivify themselves by telling the gaping world how strong The Colonel is and why he must be nominated. Governors and ex-governors and exes and has-beens and never-wases in one long string have taken positions within easy hearing distance for the political reporters, and have yowled their yowls about the pressing necessity for the nomination of Roosevelt. If it so happens that Mr. Roosevelt is nominated he will have to contend with the greatest aggregation of Original Proposers the world has ever known. Most of them cannot get in anywhere else.

Presently—likely as not before this is printed—the tide will turn to some extent, and the Reflected Glory Boys will see that the crowd round the Roosevelt band-wagon is getting too thick. Then we shall observe the inspiring spectacle of some of the boys marching out in front and declaring for Taft. Indeed, if they have any sense of publicity some of them will do that immediately. It certainly would be worth a paragraph in any paper to have anybody declare for Taft nowadays. And, when you get it down to bedrock, the reason for all this hullabaloo on the part of the Reflected Glory Boys is not the salvation of the nation, or the salvage of the Republican party, but the paragraphs in the papers containing the names of the boys themselves.

The Honorable Woodrow Wilson undoubtedly realizes by this time that competing candidates love a shining mark. Having attained the proud position in the Democratic race of leading all other aspirants, he is discovering that all aspirants are tomahawking him while dwelling in peace and amity with one another. Scarcely a day passes that some opposition editor does not hand out a public utterance attributed to the Honorable Woodrow that alleges some pet and established institution of ours is no better than it should be. And we had a lovely time when Marse Henry Watterson blew into Washington and revealed, with tears in his dictation but not many in his eyes, the baseness of Mr. Wilson's ingratitude on that celebrated occasion when he told George Harvey to take back his support and cultivate the habit of silence, as far as the Wilson presidential boom was concerned.

During the course of this diversion it came about that Marse Henry and Senator Ben Tillman had an interchange of thoughts on the subject. In one of Marse Henry's letters he said that his friend Swagar Sherley would wait on the Senator, and we all yelled "A duel! A duel!" and yearned for it. However, the excitement soon died away, for when we came to put the acid test of logic on the situation it turned a bright green.

You see it would be very difficult to arrange a duel between Marse Henry and Senator Ben, unless they consented to fight with toothpicks or custard pies at half a pace.

The Little White Outlaw

By James Oliver Curwood

THEY say the beaver was a great maker of history; that it was he, as much as man, who had to do with the opening up of the Great West. One historian says that the Oregon Trail was paved with beaver pelts, and that if it had not been for the beaver and pursuing man the unknown West would have remained an unknown West for half a century longer. The beaver, in his days of extinction, is written down; but there is a smaller brother in the Far North that the Crees know as "the little white outlaw of the snows," who has never come into his own and possibly never will. For this little white brother, so small that you could hide him in the hollow of your two hands, did more than open a west—he opened a new world; he was the reason for the beginning of the earliest and the oldest industry on the American continent. It was because of him that there came into existence the world's oldest and for centuries its most powerful trust—the Hudson's Bay Company—which not so very long ago owned a quarter of all Canada.

Today, when this little outlaw's brother invades a henhouse down in civilization he is spoken of quite contemptuously as a weasel; but six hundred miles north, where his pelt grows as silky as a woman's hair and as white as driven snow, in a temperature of from forty to sixty degrees below zero, he is still known as the royal and ancient friend of kings and empresses—the ermine—"the savagest of all living creatures and the bravest," says Lord Strathcona who, in the days when he was plain Donald Smith, was one of the greatest hunters and trappers in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company. Fur-buyers from Montreal, Ottawa and Winnipeg will now penetrate fur into the forests and pay from one to two dollars for this pelt; but in those days, more than two and a half centuries ago, when Prince Rupert formed his "company of gentlemen adventurers" and secured a charter that he might "hunt the ermine in the wilds of the New World," thus founding what became the Hudson's Bay Company, the ermine was actually worth more than his weight in gold.

At that time the price of his little pelt went as high as one hundred dollars, and it is known that the Chevalier Grosselier, who came over with a number of other French gentlemen adventurers to get ermine, did "barter one black fox for the skins of twelve ermine," something over two and a quarter centuries ago.

Once I came upon the trail of a big northern rabbit and I knew by the trail that an ermine was fastened to the rabbit's throat. I found the dead animal—fifteen or twenty times the weight of its assailant—a rifle-shot distant, with its brains eaten out. At another time I came upon a spot in a balsam shelter where the little pirate of the snows had tackled a frigate too powerful for him. He had attacked a huge white snow owl—and lay mangled and dead on the scene of battle.

Last year, as nearly as can be estimated, about a hundred thousand ermine were caught in Canada, going mostly to London and Paris; and this is considered a big catch, in spite of the fact that one can travel scarcely a quarter of a mile over the snow without encountering fresh trails of the tiny animals. No other animal approaches them—unless it is the fox or the wolf—in the cleverness with which they evade the tricks and traps of the most artful fur-gatherer. In the snow their movements are so quick and elusive that it is impossible for human eyes to keep track of them for twenty consecutive seconds when they are in motion. I have fired at one of them, and from thirty or forty feet away he has been laughing at me, so to speak, by the time the shot reached the point where he was. He is the only animal in the North that is quicker than the jaws of a steel trap. Two years ago I had a twenty-mile trapline running through a deep swamp near Nipigon House, and on one of my rounds I came up quietly to find an ermine investigating the trap house. From behind a log I watched him. In a few moments he stepped on the pan of the trap; and simultaneously with the "give" of the pan he rose into the air like a flash, so that when the jaws came together he was safe—a foot above them. I reset the trap and he came back to the bait immediately. Three times he sprung the trap. It was with some regret that I shot him while he was nosing about the house, but it was an act necessitated by the fact that he would have spoiled my chances of getting the fisher cat I was after.

Of the same family, the mink and the ermine are the deadliest of enemies. The ermine is quicker and, were it not for his foolish courage, could always evade his more powerful foe. As it is, he often dies in the unequal fight; and after he is dead the mink tears his hide from his body and leaves him on the snow. Whenever one finds the other in a trap it means a profitless catch for the trapper, for the one that is free seldom leaves the other until he is torn and mangled. There is something of truth in the words of the factor at Nipigon House, who said to me: "The great Hudson's Bay Company may die, but the little devil who started it—the ermine—will go on living forever." He will.

Your Little Baby

DOES it smile and crow and clap its chubby hands, or does it gaze at you out of dull eyes? Health is baby's birthright, and your baby can have health if it is fed right. Cow's milk, usually thirty hours old and full of sickness, is not a baby's natural food and you can't make it so.

Cow's milk varies. It is rich this day and thin the next. You can't know if your baby is being overfed or starved on it. It may carry to your baby scarlet fever or some other dread disease.

All this is overcome in

Nestlé's Food

which is made with the knowledge that nature intended its young for a milk diet.

NESTLÉ'S FOOD is the best cow's milk from our own sanitary dairies, purified and modified until it is the nearest thing there is to mother's milk. That is why it suits the baby stomach so well.

A baby's stomach was made to digest its mother's milk, and any substitute for that mother's milk must be so like it that the baby won't notice the difference.

You can feed NESTLÉ'S while nursing and prepare your baby for weaning so that weaning time will be safe for baby and easy for you.

If you write us today we will send you a large sample can of NESTLÉ'S enough for twelve feedings, together with our mother's book—"Infant Feeding and Hygiene," which every mother ought to have.

HENRI NESTLÉ
99 Chambers Street
New York

GAYNORIZING THE FINEST

(Continued from Page 9)

just as wisely have demanded that every dweller on Rivington Street—the most congested in the world—maintain in front of each tenement an acre of land devoted exclusively to the culture of orchids. As a matter of fact, on a busy day or night, the pushcarts are so close together on the average East Side street that an impoverished razorback couldn't run between them without scraping.

Have you ever watched a big policeman shooing pedlers off a block and wondered why? If you are a New Yorker maybe you haven't noticed it; but if you are an occasional visitor surely you have. It appears like persecution to the casual observer, but the cop is merely carrying out another one of those regulations—to wit, no pedler is allowed to remain on a block more than thirty minutes at a time. The police make them live up to this rule so far as is consistent; but another regulation, which provides that no merchant of the cart may be interrupted while he is in the act of making a sale, injects into the situation a nice problem which, if settled justly each time, would require every policeman to carry a stop watch.

Moral again: Wink and Gaynorize.

Aside from the pushcart conundrum, policing the East Side has other phases worthy of a brass-buttoned Solomon's attention. However, Casey—not Solomon—is the man for the job. The old saying about the prophet and his own land holds true in police circles—the Jewish cop is not most successful among his own kind. They expect too much of him. This is so, to a less marked degree, as concerns the Italian cop among his people. The Italian detective is well suited to worry the criminals of his race, but as a diplomatist he is not so good. In this rôle, among the foreign element, the Irishman beats them all.

Just now the district is under the shield of a thirty-six-year-old Irishman who has charge, as inspector, of a wedge of Manhattan lying east of the Bowery and extending from the Brooklyn Bridge to Fourteenth Street. Roughly speaking there are eight hundred and fifty thousand souls in the district—Jews and Italians mostly, but with a plentiful sprinkling of Hungarians and the peoples that you think of when some one mentions Ellis Island.

Riots are frequent and tactics to quell them must be varied to suit the nationality of the participants. Italians, for instance, dive indoors when there is trouble in the air; Jews usually congregate in the streets and huddle helplessly together. If there is a shooting affray on Hester Street you would expect all normal-minded citizens, following a good old American custom, to break for cover or dodge behind some convenient barrier. This is just what the East Side Jew does not do. Though he is no fighter he will swarm into the already congested streets at the first sign of trouble and will keep coming, as the tenements vomit their thousands, until the thoroughfare is jammed to the danger point. Then it is up to the police to herd them back indoors to avoid sacrifice of life and limb more serious than was threatened by the shooting which called them forth.

The Crusade Against Clubs

This brings me naturally to Gaynor's anticlub crusade which, as his hobby of hobbies as boss of the "Finest," deserves treatment by itself. Almost immediately after he assumed the mayoralty he issued a series of blunt, steel-riveted orders, framed in a few monosyllabic sentences for which he is famous, indicating that the clubbing of citizens of the five boroughs, as practiced among the police, would thereafter be considered *passé*. Any cop who evinced tendencies to the contrary was to be tried forthwith and—if the charges were sustained—was to be drawn and quartered, boiled in oil, or—if there were mitigating circumstances—dismissed summarily or banished to the wilds of Queens or among the proverbial goats of Harlem.

Various and varied accounts of the mayor's attitude were printed in the New York papers and throughout the country; and the burden of most of these accounts, including those published in New York, was that the New York policeman was to be deprived of his club. Some accounts went so far as to say the abolishing of pistols would likely follow. In other words, Casey on Broadway was to be as defenseless as a London Bobby who, I understand, in handling a Cockney ruffian, must depend on his wits and his fists.

It has been nearly two years now since the mayor took his stand, and the public is puzzled about it yet. The idea of a clubless New York cop, or—what is the same thing—a cop forbidden to use his club, prevails pretty generally today among the unobserving in the city. And there are lots of unobserving in the city. This notion is all nonsense. No order abolishing clubs was ever issued. What the mayor did put his foot down on was needless and brutal use of the club, with instructions that all cases of clubbing, brutal or otherwise, be reported to headquarters at once.

This created a great deal of confusion for a time soon after the mayor took office and many of us were afraid to use our clubs. Until it percolated under the helmet of the thick-skulled and the man-afraid-of-his-job that no cop was barred from defending himself with his club when his heart told him it was right to swing it, there was a spasm of uncertainty and demoralization and a period of bliss for the gangs. Many a poor cop, uncertain of the mayor's meaning, allowed himself to be unmercifully beaten; and the gangsters grew in boldness until last summer's strong-arm squad, making a specialty of subway rowdies and window-jumpers on Coney Island cars, put a crimp in this Manhattan Apacheism and broke it up. Hundreds of arrests were made, and the magistrates helped along the good work by sending most of the offenders to the Island for terms that jarred them.

Handling the Hoodlum

It was hard on the cop while it lasted, for many who escaped physical injury by the gangs were put to considerable expense buying new equipment. Their helmets had been smashed or their uniforms ruined in a scuffle with these rowdies who, if unable to break a cop's face, found great joy in spoiling his clothes, which they know he buys himself. Every man on the force today has a club and he knows that he can use it when justified in so doing, without fear of censure from any one, except perhaps the unruly gent upon whom it is descending. And, conceding that many of us were goats before we realized that we were not to be attacked without coming back at a mucker, I think that every one on the force feels that this first taste of Gaynorism was wholesome.

Seldom now does a husky bluecoat with a temper hit an argumentative citizen over the head just because he talks back; nor is there any of the old rough stuff in handling drunken men. Even fanning the feet of sleeping derelicts is taboo. Time was when many a policeman took keen pleasure in thwacking the thin soles of some shabby bum slumbering on a park bench.

Nowhere on the force do you find men more intelligent and more in sympathy with their work than the traffic-squad officers. From a spectacular standpoint at least, they are the finest of the "Finest"—and a dashing figure they cut, standing in the heart of the girl-violet and bulldog region on upper Fifth Avenue, raising a big arm now and then and twisting a tourniquet on the great artery of traffic that pulsates down from Central Park. Next time you walk down the avenue from the Plaza to the Flatiron Building, stop at the corners and watch them do it. Like a wader in a stream which his breast divides, the traffic cop regulates with a precision that is almost automatic the most famous daily procession of vehicles in the world.

To do this with consistent regularity, fair alike to the shabby open carriage of an old family gone to seed and to the thundering, high-powered motor car whose gritty shriek of warning shutters the air like a rock smashing on a cliff, requires that a man have his wits about him every moment he is on the job. And if you think there is any partiality shown to the rich and the fashionable you are mistaken. A month or so ago a traffic man handed a summons to a chauffeur whose automobile was smoking, contrary to a city ordinance. The chauffeur grew abusive and he was bundled off to court. The occupant of the machine was a relative of Rhinelander Waldo, Commissioner of Police. She took another vehicle to her destination.

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offers you a new and improved liquid cement

QUIXO

Mends to stay

Air tight screw top easily opened

It will save you many a dollar

Easy to apply, does not stick to the fingers. Not a fish or animal glue. No odor to it.

With QUIXO you can stick wood to metal, metal to glass or steel to silver—stick any material to any material of the same or different kind, except celluloid, rubber and black lead. Sets like rock—mends to *stay mended.*

Always have QUIXO in the house. Economy, neatness and comfort demand its almost daily use for one or more of these purposes:

China, bowls, vases, cut glass, other glassware, and bric-à-brac.
Furniture, picture frames, letter files.
Marble table tops, mantels, tiles, refrigerator linings, umbrella stands
Loose handles, backs of silver toilet sets, setting stones in jewelry
Leaky gas pipes, sealing wines and spirits, sticking labels on bottles or jars.
And scores of others.

A glue, gum, cement, solder, liquid porcelain all in one.

Comes in air-tight bottle with screw top. Easily opened. Always ready to use.

It costs money to replace things—some things never can be replaced—a bottle of QUIXO will save them.

25c. at all stores. If your dealer hasn't it, send his name and 25c. for full size bottle—postage prepaid—to WALTER JANVIER,
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Sole Agent for
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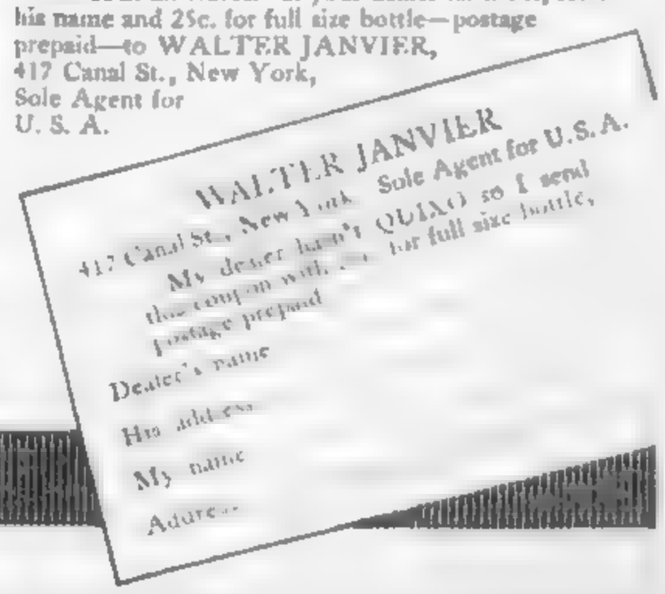

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The selection of paint is a mighty important matter. Poor paint is dear at any price—neither looks right nor wears well. You can count on uniformly good results by giving preference to

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Paints, Enamels, Stains and Varnishes

They are easily applied and look the best. There is economy in their use, because they cover the maximum amount of surface and wear longest. Remember the name, Acme Quality. Insist upon having it. The outcome will more than repay you.

Acme Quality Furniture Varnish

Makes [illegible] and [illegible] and operates to exclude the [illegible]

Acme Quality Interior Enamel

[illegible] a beautiful, lasting [illegible] snow white, delicate tints or exquisite colors.

Acme Quality Floor Varnish

Remains hard and glossy, [illegible] subjected to rough usage, [illegible] because it is properly applied.

The Acme Quality Painting Guide Book

should be in the hands of everyone who has any sort of painting to do. It gives every detail worth knowing about the application of surface finishes. Contains handsome illustrations, in colors. Glad to mail you a copy free, on request. Send for yours today.

First-class dealers everywhere sell Acme Quality Paints, Enamels, Stains, Varnishes and Finishes. If yours cannot supply you, write to

ACME WHITE LEAD and COLOR WORKS
Dept. Q
Detroit, Mich.

All rules are made to be broken, however, and no one realizes this more than the policeman. Where he can't break them, he will try bending; for, though strict adherence to the regulations may be necessary as a general thing, every good cop, as I have said before, is at heart a diplomatist, who knows when to ease up the screws.

One of the most successful traffic men on the force—a handsome young daredevil now occupying a higher position in the department—used to stretch rules daily to fit the exigencies of the case. For several years he was stationed at various posts in the heavy wholesale trucking district from the Battery to Twenty-third Street.

"I learned to know the drivers," says this chap, "and they learned to know me. Of course I had runs-in with the scrappers, but with most of them I got to be friends. I learned to know that the big redheaded driver, for instance, had to make a train with a shipment of goods three times a week. And when he would drive up I made it a point to see that he got through on time, even if I had to hold up a big racing car to do it. I never held a man up needlessly; and, though I was firm with the kickers and the soreheads, I never bullied anybody just because I was a cop.

"As long as I have been on the force, I never had anybody attempt to bribe me or slip me a piece of change for putting him ahead. Once, though, I got a Christmas present of a crisp five-dollar note. I was standing on lower Broadway, thinking about nothing in particular, except that it was Christmas Day and I wished I was home with the wife, when a big automobile stopped right in front of me and a hand reached out of the window. In the hand was a five-buck note. The hand beckoned and waved, and I stepped up and took the bill. 'Merry Christmas!' says a voice inside. Then I looked in and saw the man's face. It was John D. Rockefeller. On the floor of the car in front of him was a valise chock-full of bills, and he gave one to every cop he met, all the way up to the park."

Social Assignments Not Coveted

Mr. Rockefeller has made this a Christmas custom for several years. Either he or John D., Jr., distributes the money. It is against the rules of the department for an officer to accept gratuities of any sort, but there has never been a kick against Mr. Rockefeller's Christmas presents. However, this rule bars a general distribution of tips to policemen on duty at New York's fashionable weddings; and the father of the bride, if he would show his thanks, has to do so in the form of a donation to some police benevolent association. George Gould did so after his daughters were married.

These social assignments, by the way, are not coveted by the policeman as you might be led to believe. It is hard, exacting work, keeping a typical wedding-mad New York crowd from rushing the church, sweeping the bride off her feet and making the groom look like a "white hope" after a try-out with John Arthur Johnson; and the average cop considers it a bore. If there is any quiet handing out of appreciations for duty well done it is apt to go to the plain-clothes men inside or to some lieutenant in charge. I have been in many a wedding scrimmage myself and I have never been offered by the folks concerned a drop or a cent.

Notwithstanding their contact with crime and the sordid side of life, the policemen are not so cynical or so flint-hearted as many citizens engaged in gentler work. Instances of their spontaneous sympathy and generosity are frequent and recurring. Many a collection is taken up in the station house for an emaciated mother and children sheltered there pending removal to an institution, and many a foundling baby is supplied with clothes by a cop who is also a family man, with a kid about the same age as the little unfortunate. One old policeman, now retired, had no children of his own and he adopted half a dozen or so homeless, nameless youngsters, picked up on doorsteps or found abandoned in tenements. He was a traffic man; and when he left the department a few years ago he bought his faithful horse that had done duty with him. Today he lives quietly on a pretty little farm not far from New York, his declining years made happier by the children. And as he looks from his farmhouse window on a summer day he can see his old bay grazing in a near-by meadow. This may have the ring of sentimental

If your car skids on wet or greasy pavements with a set of VACUUM CUP TIRES we will bear the full expense of your tire equipment.

BUY a pair of VACUUM CUP TIRES for the rear wheels of your car from any of our branches or agents, and if, after a reasonable trial, the tires do not fulfill every claim we make regarding their anti-skid qualities, return them and receive back the full price you paid.

The above out-and-out guarantee against skidding is in addition to our exceptional guarantee of 4,000 miles *actual* service.

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cannot skid, because the cup-shaped rubber knobs moulded into the tread grip the road with a suction hold. The rolling of the wheel automatically releases each cup by raising one side first, so no power is lost. Safer going makes faster going. Vacuum Cup Tires insure longer service, too, than any others on the market. Even when the rubber cups wear down, the tread, which is of regular thickness, comes into use with its full service still in reserve.

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An increase exceeding 100% in sales for 1911 and the consequent extension of our manufacturing facilities enables us to announce *A Reduction in Prices of Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires. Vacuum Cup Tires*, assuring 4,000 miles service, will now be supplied at practically the same prices asked for less effective non-skid tires of other makes, offered under a less liberal guarantee. Our new Catalog and Price Lists will be mailed promptly upon application.

NON SKID
TRADE MARK

The Hands That Prepare Your Food Should Certainly Be Clean

But can they be when a roller towel hangs in the kitchen and is used by everyone? Even if used by one person it is not possible to eliminate entirely the danger of wiping on the freshly washed hand the dirt that had formerly been wiped on to the towel.

ScotTissue Towels

"Use like a blotter"

insure *perfect* cleanliness, because they are used but once by each person, then thrown away. Then, too, they are made of clean white absorbent paper. No more laundering of the roller towel—absolute cleanliness for the hands that prepare your food and with the dozen other uses of the ScotTissue Towel in the household, is it wise to delay longer the installation of this new idea in housekeeping?

Notice the delightfully soft condition of the skin after drying with ScotTissue Towels—this is due to the fact that there is no irritation by rubbing as with the fabric towel.

Notice the unusual brightness of the cut glass after polishing with ScotTissue Towels—this is due to the perfect absorbent quality, which leaves no dampness to collect particles of dust

Notice, after shaving, that the skin requires no talcum powder when dried with ScotTissue Towels—this is due to the perfect absorbent quality together with lack of irritation by rubbing which is necessary with the fabric towel

Notice that innumerable other uses can be found for the ScotTissue Towel—such as absorbing moisture from photographic prints, removing the surplus fat from foods cooked in grease, etc.,—this is due to the absorbent qualities, the absolutely hygienic qualities, and its low cost.

ScotTissue Towels are snow white—made from clean wood-pulp, the manufacture is guarded with the greatest care, gloved hands handling them at each operation, and each roll of 150 Towels is packed in a carton keeping it free from dust until placed in the fixture for use

150 Towels in Roll 35c

(West of the Mississippi, 50c)

Fixtures 25c to $1.00

At all progressive dealers ask them for free copy of Novelette "Mrs. Marvin's Motto."

SCOTT PAPER CO.

664 Glenwood Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

ScotTissue Towels for school

Makers of Balsamized "Sani Tissue" Toilet Paper, "Sani Kombs" and other hygienic paper specialties.

fiction; but if you are doubtful go down to headquarters and they will tell you his name.

Requests for money from a policeman seldom come from the poor, never from the beggar, but often from the rich or well-to-do. The explanation is easy. Your professional panhandler, male or female, fearing arrest, gives the policeman a wide berth; and the worthy poor seek guidance to a charitable institution rather than immediate financial aid; but a respectable or well-to-do person, finding himself touched by a pickpocket, or, because of carelessness, bereft of funds in the heart of the city, turns, as a matter of course, for relief to the public servant—the police officer. Many a man and woman I have helped this way. Most of the times the money is returned, but sometimes I am stung. Once I loaned a well-dressed woman a dollar to enable her, she said, to get from the cleaners a dress that had been renovated. She had not correctly reckoned the amount due, had spent more than she calculated in shopping and found herself a little shy.

A dollar looked pretty big to me, but the woman was apparently a swell, and I handed her a bill. She insisted that I take her card, which I did. I have the card yet. If she reads this maybe I will get the dollar.

When You Get Your Money Back

Several years ago a friend of mine, then on night duty on the Bowery, was approached by what I would describe as a gentleman sport, much the worse for a spree. He walked up to the cop without fear or embarrassment and asked for a loan—not of a dime or a quarter—but of five dollars. My friend looked at him, standing there under those bleary Bowery lights, sized him up from muddy patent leathers to mussy tophat, and then said:

"What do you want the five for?"

"For a drink or two and a Turkish bath," said the sport.

The cop half-closed his eyes for a moment, as a man does when picking a bet; then, without another word, he handed him a five-dollar bill. He had decided to take a sporting chance.

The man bowed his thanks, took the bill first, then my friend's name and station, and beat it unsteadily up the Bowery.

Two days later there came in the mail addressed to this policeman a plain envelope inside of which was a money order for fifty dollars and two tickets to the baseball game at the Polo Grounds!

New policemen are the brunt of many jokes by the veterans. One favorite trick is to send a green man out from the station with a stray dog, with instructions to find the owner. Another bit of kidding involves stationing a youngster on the station-house roof with an old telescope, with orders to scan the rooftops as far as he can see and report instantly any fires he discovers. Still another trick is to leave a box, loaded with scrap-iron, outside of a store that has been closed for the night. The greenhorn, making his rounds, stumbles across the box and, not knowing what to do, he asks a brother officer for advice. This advice invariably is that he had better carry the box to the station house, as it has probably been dropped by burglars who have looted the store. The old hand, grinning to himself, volunteers to inspect the premises while the victim grunts off stationward with his load of scrap-iron.

Down at headquarters they have daily jokes—some of them pathetic, for they concern the cranks and near maniacs who pester the commissioner and his assistants with all sorts of complaints and queries. For several months past, one man has reported twice a week to one of the commissioner's aides what he has eaten since his last visit.

"Tell the commissioner I had for breakfast this morning," says the caller, "my usual two eggs, pancakes and a cup of coffee."

"Very well, sir, I will make the report instantly," says the aide with a twinkle in his Irish blue eyes. "Good day." And the man whose menu is on his mind departs contentedly.

"I have come," said a recent mysterious woman visitor, "to have the police commissioner disconnect the electric wires which are charging my body."

"Sorry, madam," said the aide with quick wit; "but I'll have to refer you to the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity." With serious face he directed her to the department; and she left, beaming with satisfaction.

"Full-flavored, yet mild"

We pledge our honor to the truth of this

The "MARINER" Actual Size — The "BROKER" Actual Size — The "FOUNDER" Actual Size

10 cents each

DID you suppose a cigar could be "full-flavored yet mild"? Doubtless you think a full-flavored cigar must be strong—and that a mild cigar cannot be wholly satisfying.

Here is a cigar which is rich and aromatic. It is made in all shades from *Claro* to *Maduro,* yet in every color it has a distinct mellow mildness which appeals to the most delicate taste and is "easy on nerves."

Such is the remarkable combination of qualities in the

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It contains nothing but pure tobacco (no artificial flavor). The filler is entirely Cuban grown Havana leaf. By our old-fashioned method of slow natural seasoning all the fine flavor is retained; but there is no trace of over-strength. There is no hasty, artificial "sweating."

And our own special method of blending insures extraordinary quality and uniformity.

The Girard Cigar will appeal to your palate and to your physician.

The Girard Cigar is sold by dealers almost everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply the shape you want, fill out the coupon. We do not sell cigars by mail, but we want you to try the Girard and will send you direct the first box if necessary. This sample box contains 10 cigars and the price is $1. Please specify shape and color desired. Write a letter if you prefer instead of sending the coupon.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf

Established 1871 Philadelphia

This coupon is merely for your convenience. Cut it out and mail it with your letter

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
317 N. Seventh Street
Philadelphia

I enclose one dollar, for which please send me, charges prepaid, one box of 10 Cigars

Shape

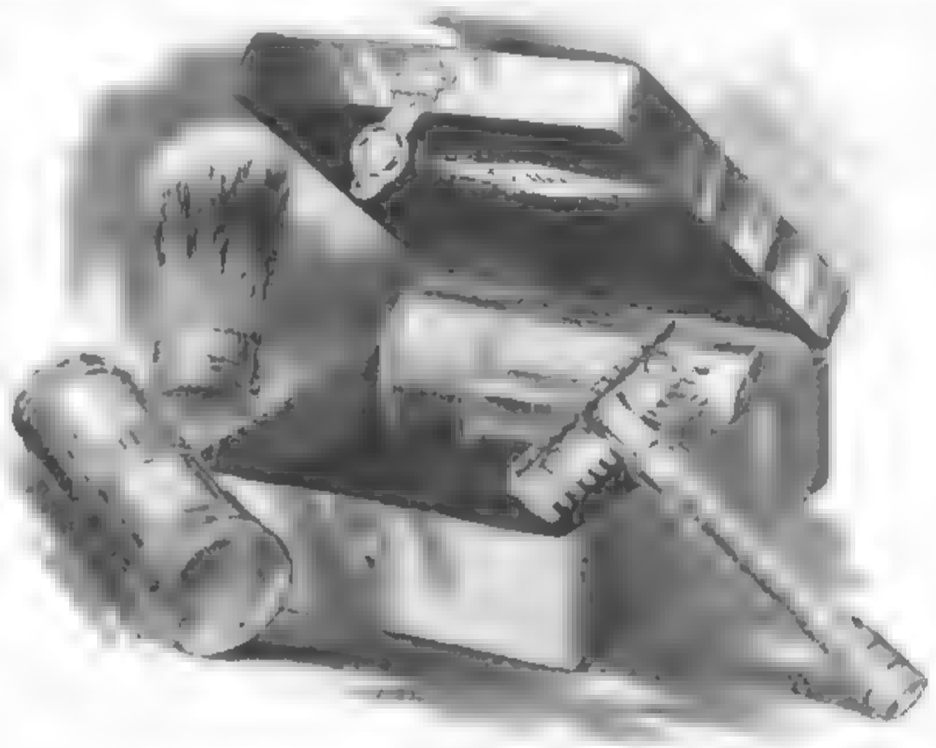
Color

My dealer's name is

Address

My name is

Address



Soap in Triple Silver Plated Holder, Velvet lined, Nickel Plated Case, $6.50

A Simple Thing To Mean So Much

A man went around the world with this little case tucked in the side of his grip. It insured him a clean velvet shave every day wherever he happened to be.

No trouble to pack up. No stropping, no honing. No waiting and no tips.

Selling by thousands to travelers, motorists, sportsmen and businessmen. Worth while if you make only one short trip a year and at home it affords all the shaving necessities reduced to simplest form. Ready to hand, easy to care for. Sanitary metal case, damp proof and rust proof. **$6.50**

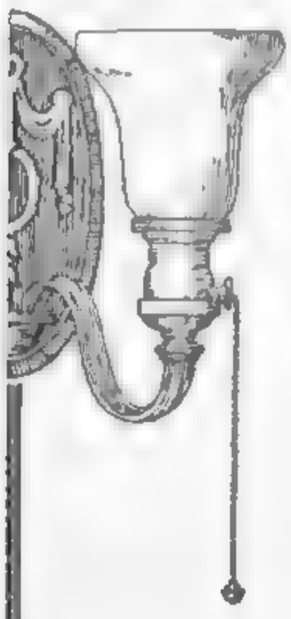
Gillette
Safety Razor

For sale in forty thousand retail stores in every part of the hab table globe

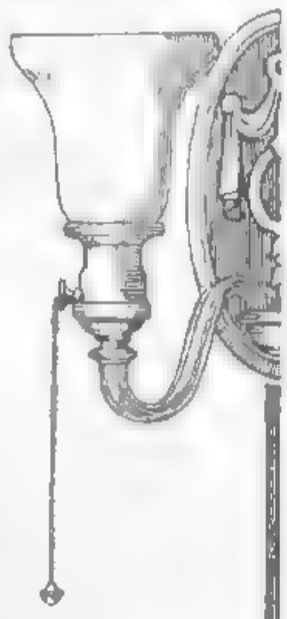
No Stropping — KNOWN THE Gillette WORLD OVER — No Honing

King C. Gillette

Gillette Safety Razor Company, 22 West Second Street, Boston



BRYANT
Pull Sockets Complete The Electric Light Fixture



HOUSE builders and all house owners should make themselves familiar with the Bryant New Wrinkle Pull Socket and the full line of Bryant wiring devices.

The Bryant Pull Socket is the most convenient and the best devised arrangement for local control of electric lamps yet invented. One pull turns light on—another turns it off. *Have your architect specify* the *Bryant* Pull Socket and the *Perkins* wall push and you have the best in wiring equipment for this particular purpose that money can buy.

Remember the name and send for this Pull Socket book.

Bryant Electric Company
1425 State St., Bridgeport, Conn.
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

THE GRIP OF THE LAW

(Continued from Page 7)

Jenkins Plumtaster for you, Slattery,' says I. 'Plumtaster is the best man you can get. He'll take the case to a court of record for you half a dozen times from the bottom up.' And, I tell you, Slattery showed his true colors all right. He went in regardless of expense. Plumtaster's fees amounted to nearly four thousand dollars."

"What did the lawsuit cost—us?" asked Paymaster, wiping his perspiring face with a handkerchief.

Mr. Joy swept his hand through the air as if to capture this question on the wing. He shut his little fist over it, squeezed it in his hand and tossed it lifeless into the air. Then he tapped Paymaster mysteriously on the knee.

"My good man," he said in the hoarse and impressive whisper of an orator, "we have made a new point of law in this case. A new precedent for future generations has been established. It is the sort of thing which makes a man feel the solemnity, the dignity, the terrible responsibility of his profession."

His voice faded away in his throat. Paymaster, in the awful contrast of silence, could hear the clock ticking mournfully in the outer office. Suddenly the clickety-clackety of a typewriter began and through the stuffy air of the office a whiff of bay rum reached his nose.

Mr. Joy spoke at last, casting his beady eyes toward the smoky ceiling.

"As a last straw," he whined, "the man I engaged for assistant counsel, old Henry Swett, has placed with me a very unreasonable bill for services. It has been referred to the probate officer for adjustment and award. Now there is an outrage! Swett ought to be ashamed—the old hamstringing coyote! A man like that would steal sheep—would steal sheep!"

"Sure thing!" exclaimed Paymaster fervently.

"I'll telephone him and stir him up on this!" roared the attorney.

Joy called his number.

"Hello! This you, Hen?" he said into the instrument. "This is Amos. You old scout! How's your daughter? Yes; my wife said so. By the way, you're getting over the time of life when you can sit up so late. It was a good game, though, wasn't it? Great run of luck we had toward the last!—Oh, great! Seemed as if we had just the right cards to spoil Joe's and Zach's game. Tell your wife to come to the church supper, sure.—No; I'm not going. I've got a little real-estate deal. Well, goodby—No! Hold on! Hello! Wait a minute! Say, what about that probate? What! You don't say! Well, goodby."

He turned toward Paymaster.

"He says that Judge Twitchell set the fee at seven hundred dollars. The judge is my wife's cousin. So he favored us—that is, judicially—with proper regard for his high office, of course. He cut the claim all the way down from seven hundred and fifty. Then there was an allowance for the three appraisers—Joe Ball, Zach Eaton and Bill Zimmerman. Nice fellows."

"Lawyers?" asked Paymaster anxiously.

"No," replied Mr. Joy, holding up file six. "But they're good men to have friendly. Two of 'em are tax assessors and the third is county chairman. I throw little things like this their way."

Paymaster had opened his mouth to inquire what service this genial triumvirate could render the Abbott-Ewan interest when the door opened suddenly and Timmy, the secretary, entered.

"Gene Willey is here. He wants to buy life insurance," he chanted.

The effect was astonishing. Little Joy jumped up as if springs had propelled him.

"Bless my soul!" he said, grabbing Paymaster's limp hand. "Well, well. Let's see—tomorrow is Thursday. Can't see you tomorrow. Got a big mining case. Come in Saturday at five minutes past ten. I'm delighted you are satisfied with the conduct of the estate and sorry I had to question you so closely about your identity. Safeguarding your interests! Goodby. Don't forget—ten-five!"

Paymaster found himself, after the confusion was over, in the outer office alone with Timmy, with the ticking of the clock, with the smell of bay rum, and with the taste of dust in his mouth. After a moment of hesitation he walked out of the office.

"No News is Good News"
Kellogg's
is just the same good original Corn Flakes. That's "no news" to those who eat it—but it's Good News for everybody
If you have never tried it get a package to-day
Kellogg's TOASTED CORN FLAKES
Look for This
W. K. Kellogg

How to Prove That a Fountain Pen *Won't Leak*

UNSCREW the pen before you buy it. Look at the feed tube. Examine it to see if it is straight. If it is crooked, like the Parker Lucky Curve Feed Tube, the pen will *not* leak. This is why:

In an ordinary fountain pen, with straight feed tube, ink always *stays in the feed tube*, even when pen is point up. It doesn't like to run down.

When the body heat—98 degrees—gets to heating the pen in the vest pocket, the air in the pen expands like heated gas, and forces up through the inky feed tube. It forces the ink there out under the pen point, splattering the writing end of pen, and smearing your fingers when you remove cap.

Now the Parker Lucky Curve Feed Tube touches the barrel, inside. That touch causes Capillary Attraction, which *sucks the ink down* before the expanding air goes up. Capillary Attraction, by the way, is that queer trait in Physics which makes lamp wicks suck oil, etc.

If, before you buy a pen, you always look for the Lucky Curve, you will *never have a finger-smearing pen.*

14k gold pens, with points of polished Iridium, make Parker Pens write smooth and easy.

Parker Spear Head Ink Controller keeps the ink flowing evenly, without blot or skip.

Standard style Parker Lucky Curve Pens $1.50 to $250.00, according to size and ornamentation.

New Parker Jack Knife Safety Pen

You can carry it *inside down*, if you wish, without scratching. Nice pen, fine size for ladies. Prices $2.50 up.

New Parker Disappearing Clip

holds on to your pocket like a snapping turtle, and disappears into its shell when you want to write.

Money refunded if any Parker Pen doesn't please. We protect dealer. If your dealer doesn't keep Parkers, send us his name. We'll send you catalog and sell to you direct.

Get a leakless Parker Pen into your pocket before tonight.

Make this "touch" test yourself, and prove it won't leak.

Parker Pen Company
90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.
New York Retail Store
11 Park Row, Opposite Post Office

Thursday and Friday were the longest days the adventurer had ever spent in his life.

Saturday, Paymaster, having smoked the last of his English cigarettes, appeared again in his counselor's office.

"Well, well!" said Mr. Joy. "We have file three now and everything in shape."

Paymaster leveled all four fingers of his right hand at the little man.

"File three to blazes!" he shouted. "When do we settle up? How much of the estate is left?"

"Left?" said the attorney. "Why, there's thirty dollars left and and of course—the personal effects. I say thirty dollars, because I speak hastily. Now wait. You are a layman. You do not understand the intricacies of the law. I said thirty dollars; but I had forgotten our conference on Wednesday, my dear fellow. Timmy, how long was Mr. Ewan here on Wednesday?"

A whisper came from the outer office.

"Fifty five minutes."

"There! You see?" said Joy, opening his tight little fists in a gesture of weariness. "I can't just say offhand, but my charge for that conference will be in the neighborhood of ten dollars. Then the inheritance tax of some fifty dollars on the property outside the state is still unpaid. Perhaps you had better go over the whole account."

Paymaster went to the window and for several minutes looked down the street to the railroad station and the smelter beyond. The wind was blowing the dry snow across the open sweeps of country in trailing veils of winter. The train came in; the engine stopped, panting like a beast. Two discharged passengers walked up the street arm in arm. One was a man in a checked ulster; the other a dainty little creature, who might have been sixteen or who might have been forty, but whose hair shone golden in the sunlight.

Paymaster, always captain of his own body, made no start, uttered no ejaculation. He looked upward, as was his custom, and softly whistled. Then he returned across the room to the attorney.

"Don't mistake me in what I say now, Mr. Joy," he cautioned. "There ain't any sarcasm in this. I mean it. I want to tell you that you are all-ll-ll right!—Catch the sound?—All-ll-ll right! Have you one of your cards—one of your business cards? Thanks! I may see you later in the day."

With these words and a parting affectionate glance at the huge Insignificance in the outer office, Paymaster went down the stairs and across the street to the hotel.

The clerk had taken Mr. Rutherford Abbott-Ewan upstairs to show him accommodations; Natalie was alone in the office. She looked very pretty, and when she saw Paymaster she turned very red, which made her even more attractive.

"Well," said Paymaster, "here we are!"

The girl turned on him like a little tigress.

"You got the money?"

Paymaster shook his head.

"No," said he. "Would I be likely to come and speak to you—who gave me the double cross—if I had? Oh, no. I couldn't find it in my heart to take it."

She wilted immediately.

"Oh, Paymaster," she cried. "I hardly know how to tell you. I had a feeling I'd get into trouble. I was so lonesome! I never meant to have harm come to you. But when you know Ruthy—he's so different! He isn't what I thought. He's so much better than any man I ever knew! And he certainly had such a way with him! And of course the money's his really. We was married the evening we left New York."

Feet sounded on the stairs above. The girl's face lit up with recognition. Paymaster in that second sensed the true meaning of the little parting of Natalie's lips and the look of joy in her blue eyes.

"Good for you!" he said under his breath. "I'm glad you done it."

"Wait!" she begged.

He shook his head.

"Out of town on the next train," he whispered. "Goodby. Here—take this! That's the name of the lawyer."

"On the level?" asked Natalie, with a flick of doubt showing in the little scowl on her white forehead.

"On the level!" said Paymaster.

An hour later the adventurer was bound for New York again. He lit a cigarette as he peered through the frosted pane to catch a last look at the town of Whiffletree.

"Why didn't I study law?" he mused. "That's what gets my goat!"

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National Advertising

The Wholesaler's Opportunity

TO MANY wholesalers the increase of national advertising looks more like a menace than an opportunity.

There has been among advertising men too much ill-considered talk of "doing away with the jobber." The phrase has so plausible, so mouth-filling a sound and has been so jauntily bandied about, that there is small wonder that many wholesalers have the impression that advertising is inimical to their prosperity and even to their very existence.

That impression is wrong. More than that, it is the opposite of the truth. Only two things can ever eliminate the wholesaler: (a) A natural evolution of business. (b) The wholesaler himself.

A Useful Service

A large proportion of the goods which the public buys goes first to the wholesaler, who distributes them to multitudes of retail merchants. The wholesaler renders as true a service as the raiser of crops or the weaver of cloth. He does necessary work and does it generally in the cheapest way. He is a helpful and necessary part in the machinery of business.

Nevertheless, in certain lines of trade, and in relation to certain large manufacturers, the wholesaler is obviously holding a less and less important place. This partial elimination of the wholesaler, however, has been due to causes quite apart from advertising—usually to a lack of appreciation of real conditions or to personal misunderstandings.

Earn or Quit

Of course, in the last analysis, the existence of the jobber depends, as it does with all others, upon his proving himself worthy of his hire. In business no men or methods can survive in a struggle with other men and other methods that do the work more cheaply and efficiently.

We believe, however, that the enormous increase in the importance of advertising as a sales-making method promises to wholesalers, who will take a rational view of the new developments, an opportunity for greatly increasing their prosperity. We believe that the consideration of a few typical instances will help to bring the truth to light.

As long as a territory is sparsely settled its business does not justify manufacturers in sending out their own salesmen. The trade is handled by wholesalers. As soon as the territory becomes populous and prosperous, the manufacturer naturally begins to consider whether or not it is more to his advantage to deal direct with the retailer or through the medium of a jobber. This sort of situation is continually recurring, and the manufacturer's decision is made in terms of *cheapness* and *efficiency* of *service*, whether he advertises or not. In a situation like this, if the wholesaler cannot prove himself worthy of his hire, he loses his customers.

The Quick Temper Waste

On the other hand, wholesalers sometimes eliminate themselves by refusing to work in harmony with the manufacturers' settled business policies. Usually the split is not unavoidable, and is often a loss to both parties. Neither shows a reasonable willingness to accept the other's viewpoint. Perhaps a letter is written, which the writer intended to be a bluff, but worded a trifle too strongly. It is accepted at face value and answered as such. Then personal pride steps in, and a mutually advantageous trade relation is needlessly severed.

We do not deny that the manufacturer himself is often at fault; but it is equally true that wholesalers have in many instances worked to their own loss. Their conflicts, it should be noted, have been quite as often with non-advertisers as with advertisers.

Imaginary Oppositions

There are two most fruitful causes of friction in the attitude of the wholesaler toward advertising and advertised goods. He commonly sets too high a mark on the value to him of selling goods under his own brand, or otherwise, as he puts it, "owning his own trade." Unless his private brands are of good quality and well advertised they are seldom as profitable to him as the well advertised manufacturers' brands. They are harder for him to sell to the retailer, because the retailer's customers want the brands that are convincingly advertised. Many a wholesaler has forced manufacturers to eliminate him solely because he obstinately refused to do justice to the demand in his territory for standardized goods. No matter how hard the wholesaler fights, the brands that eventually will

dominate his territory are chosen by the demand of the consumer. If he doesn't distribute them efficiently someone else will, and he is the sole loser.

Again, many wholesalers not only will not coöperate with, but actually hamper, the execution of a national and aggressive advertising campaign which offers them splendid opportunities of profit. They jealously withhold from the advertiser names of their customers or of prospective customers to whom the manufacturer would gladly present his arguments and selling points. They accept large shipments of booklets, circulars, showcards, etc., and keep them unopened in a damp cellar. They neglect inquiries from interested dealers which the manufacturer forwards to them. They instruct salesmen to favor the private brand at the cost of the advertiser's brand.

Where Two Just Men Think Each Other Unjust

While such opposition as this is naturally intolerable to the aggressive and ambitious advertiser, yet, on the other hand, it is due to no hostility on the part of the wholesaler. It arises rather from a mistaken notion on the part of the wholesaler as to where his profit really lies. Both he and the manufacturer have suspicions of the other's intention. The advertiser looks upon the wholesaler who adopts such a course as an obstacle to progress, whereas the wholesaler looks upon the advertiser as an interloper who would take away his birthright. Both opinions are generally wrong. Each of the two parties is honestly seeking to work out his own business welfare. Nevertheless, because so many wholesalers fail to see the opportunity that national advertising brings them, there is frequent clashing and friction.

Occasionally, there may be a real conflict of interest between the manufacturer and the wholesaler; but we believe that the "elimination of the jobber" is as far away as the millennium, if he will recognize the modern business trend toward advertising and put himself in line with it and profit by it.

Catching Tartars

The manufacturer who wants to do away with the wholesaler has a man's job in front of him. Suppose, for example, he decides to do away with jobbers in the Middle West. The first thing that he can count on is a loss of anywhere from 10% to 50% of the trade—no very alluring prospect. Next, he must take upon himself the expense of a big selling force, of a vastly complicated shipping problem, of new storage warehouse facilities, of much increased bookkeeping and credit departments, and he must accept in the place of three or four large ledger accounts, which are as good as gold, several thousand petty accounts in which the risk of loss is problematical. Furthermore, he must induce the retailers to accept all the troublesome complications which come from buying from many concerns instead of from one.

Few manufacturers are willing, with their eyes open, to assume such an increase of the expense and trouble of doing business, and practically none would willingly displace a jobber that is doing fairly adequate justice to the probable demand from his territory. If, to all these advantages, the wholesaler will add a willingness to coöperate with the aggressive manufacturer's efforts to help him build sales by advertising, and to stop deceiving himself as to the comparative value of handling small quantities of hard-selling private brands as against large and easy sales of standardized brands, he can gain, what is really his due, the impregnable monopoly of specialized experience and equipment.

Read This Slowly

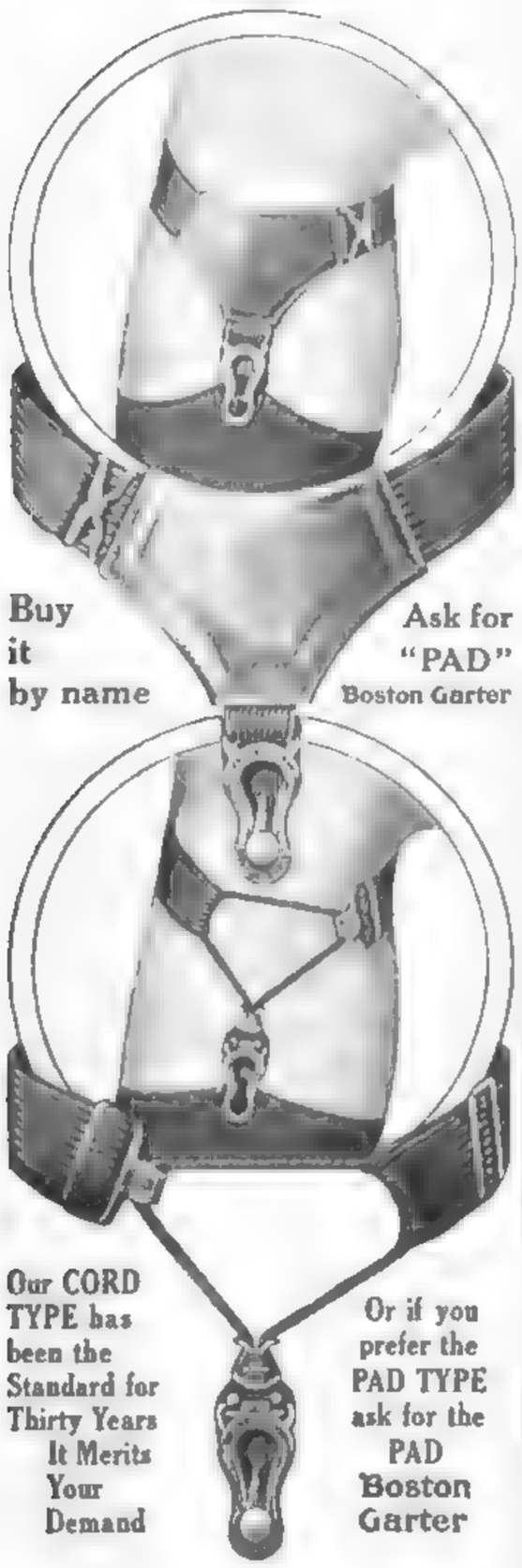
It is time for wholesalers and manufacturers to stop their unnecessary and costly squabbles and to recognize that each is an advantage to the other. By just as much as the manufacturer is cumbered with the details of distribution, by just so much is he less efficient as a manufacturer and a merchandiser. By just as much as the wholesaler assumes the position of the manufacturer, by just so much is he less efficient in his proper sphere of improving the quality and economy of distribution; and by just as much as he studies the questions "What does the public want?" and "Why do they want it?" by just so much is he approaching the door of opportunity and expansion.

Our new 40-page booklet on Modern Merchandising is worth any jobber's and retailer's reading. It is sent free on request.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Present circulation 1,753,000
The SATURDAY EVENING POST Present circulation 1,932,000
The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN Present circulation 66,000
Philadelphia Boston New York Chicago

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip



Buy it by name

Ask for "PAD" Boston Garter

Our CORD TYPE has been the Standard for Thirty Years It Merits Your Demand

Or if you prefer the PAD TYPE ask for the PAD Boston Garter

Sample pair postpaid on receipt of price

PAD Lisle 25c Silk 50c CORD

GEORGE FROST CO., *Makers*, Boston

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I TEACH BY MAIL

WRITE FOR MY FREE BOOK "How to Become a Good Penman"

F. W. TAMBLYN, 417 Meyer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

THREE YEARS OF PROGRESS

(Continued from Page 5)

This creation of a public-utility commission was an issue in Iowa, Missouri, Colorado, Wyoming, Minnesota and Montana, and will be prominently before the legislatures of these states in 1912 and 1913; for the rights of the states to control purely local utilities will hardly be denied by the courts. And as civilization broadens these utilities will touch more and more intimately the lives of all the people. The sale of these commodities does not require great skill in trading; their management calls for no more extraordinary talent than is developed by a colonel in a regular army regiment. It is not fair that great profits should be taken by capitalists and promoters in conducting these enterprises. What is more to the point, the people, through their cities and states, are beginning to take the matter in hand; and, unless the tendencies that have begun within the three years last past and have overspread a dozen of the great American commonwealths are checked, within half a decade exorbitant profits on watered stock in local public utilities will begin to see their declining days.

Of course control by the state or nation in the realm of public utilities is no new thing. For nearly a generation public control of railroads has been common, and the extension of control to other utilities is merely broadening the application of an old idea; but the introduction of workingmen's compensation laws and the removal from the shoulders of labor of liability for accidents and disease arising in a trade, and putting that liability upon capital—these are new things in our politics.

Fairer Liability Laws

Until within the last half-decade labor bore the burden of the wear and tear of men; capital bore the burden of the wear and tear of machinery. In Europe for a generation capital has borne both burdens; but here in America the employer of labor was allowed to defend himself against the claim of his employee by claiming contributory negligence or the negligence of a fellow servant, or by setting up the claim that when the laborer went to work in the factory or upon the railroad or in the mine, or what-not, he knew the risks of the employment and took them with his eyes open and could not claim damages for accidents occurring in the ordinary run of the business. Today sentiment in America is changing rapidly upon the question of the assumed risk, and it is changing also as to the broader question of the responsibility of capital for the wear and tear of men in any trade, whether the wear and tear comes from accidents peculiar to the trade or from diseases peculiar to the trade.

This change of sentiment is evidenced by enactment in ten states widely separated as to conditions and sectional viewpoint. These states have recently secured laws providing for definite compensations for different accidents to workingmen. At the same time, these states have removed the defenses that capital heretofore has set up that have made it difficult for employees to recover damages for the common run of accidents in any trade. These states are California, Kansas, Washington, New Jersey, Massachusetts; Ohio—where an insurance fund is provided; New York—where the state court of appeals set aside the workingmen's compensation law as unconstitutional; New Hampshire; Oregon—where the people initiated the law after the legislature refused to pass it; and Illinois. Nebraska and Iowa have appointed commissions to draw up laws conforming to their constitutions and submit them to the next session of their respective legislatures. In addition to this, Indiana, Maine, Montana and South Dakota have removed the old defenses that placed the liability for accidents upon labor and have left to juries the amount of damages to be assessed.

Here are sixteen states wherein, during three years, public sentiment has expressed itself definitely in legislation against the barbarous doctrine of the assumed risk. The sentiment is too widely diffused among the people to be a mere local cataclysm of sentiment. When, for instance, Ohio, Indiana and Wisconsin think alike upon a subject there is no reason to believe that their neighbors, Minnesota, Michigan and West Virginia, will lag far behind their sister states in expressing in laws the same sentiment. And it is highly grotesque for wise gentlemen with mechanical views of the law to sit in judgment upon the matter and say that the Constitution will check the legalization of this sentiment. The Constitution is a good and great document, but when public sentiment in this country has become thoroughly set the Constitution never affords a serious impediment to the legal expression of this sentiment; or when majorities are for a proposition courts may always be depended upon to find excellent law to support the majorities in interpreting the Constitution. The Constitution is merely a coffer-dam to prevent the legalization of temporary clamor.

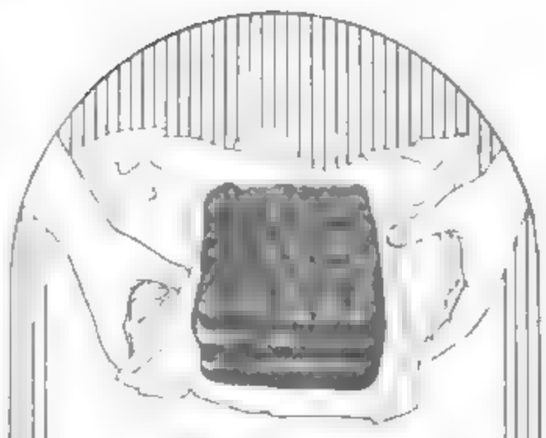
In the case of the liability of capital for the accidents of the trades public sentiment in this country is becoming fairly well crystallized.

In the matter of the conditions of labor public sentiment is changing rapidly all over the country. A dozen states made laws last winter limiting the hours of service of women and children. These states are Illinois, Indiana, California, Michigan, New Hampshire, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New York, Ohio, Wisconsin and Washington. Oregon, the first state to secure a law that passed muster in the United States Supreme Court, got her law by the initiative and has materially strengthened it since. Laws regulating the hours of service in certain trades—as for instance railroading—are so common that the fact that seven states have recently come up with the majority in enacting such laws is worth scarcely a comment. These states are Kansas, Indiana, Iowa, Montana, Nebraska, Ohio and North Carolina. Massachusetts—which is the most progressive of American commonwealths in the matter of economic legislation and is moving forward in the matter of political and institutional development—has supplemented her savings-bank substitute for old-age pensions by a law providing for a retirement allowance for employees. This law provides for a fund to which both employer and employee contribute. It is invested under control and supervision of the state and it becomes a pension for the employee after a certain number of years of service, when he is ready to retire.

Kansas Pension Acts

Kansas passed two laws providing for pensioning citizens: the first, providing that school-teachers, under a mutually collected fund in first-class cities, may be pensioned; and the second, providing that the county commissioners may pension indigent persons instead of sending them to the poorhouse. Legislation of this kind, though at present sporadic, is occurring too frequently in different sections of the country for the entire comfort of those persons who believe that the wave of reform has spent itself, and that soon we shall go back to the good old days when labor was a commodity like hoop-poles, and every man had a right to do as he pleased with his own money, his own employees and his own business. Public control of capital invested in necessary industries is slowly but steadily extending. And, with the fundamental institutional changes that are remaking the states—the primary, direct legislation, the recall, the direct election of senators and the direct nomination of presidents, all hedged about by rigid corrupt-practices acts—the power of capital in American political affairs is not likely to enjoy a renaissance for a long and possibly a weary time.

Of course the political and economic activities hereinbefore enumerated are not the only national movements evidenced by state legislation. The establishment of a state tax commission, with powers to demand a full valuation of all property, is one of the important tendencies of the time. Two states, Missouri and Oregon, will vote for the adoption of what is known as the single tax. The enactment in a dozen states of laws putting many state employees upon the merit system, and putting all state institutions—except the educational and penal—under one board, is characteristic of the political spirit of the times. As the convention system is abolished, the need for political jobs for political camp-followers falls off; and the ideal state government, wherein every man pays his equitable share of the taxes and every dollar's worth of taxes brings a dollar's worth



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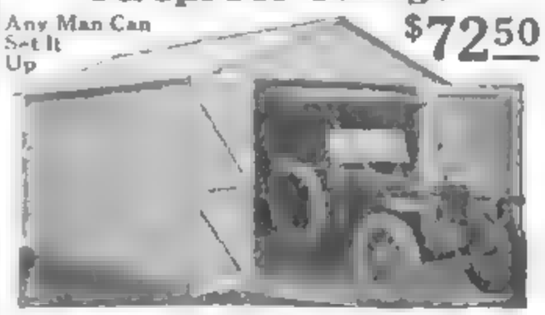

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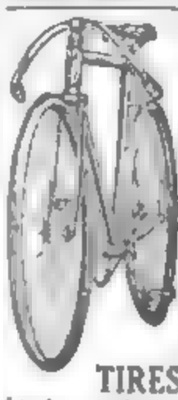

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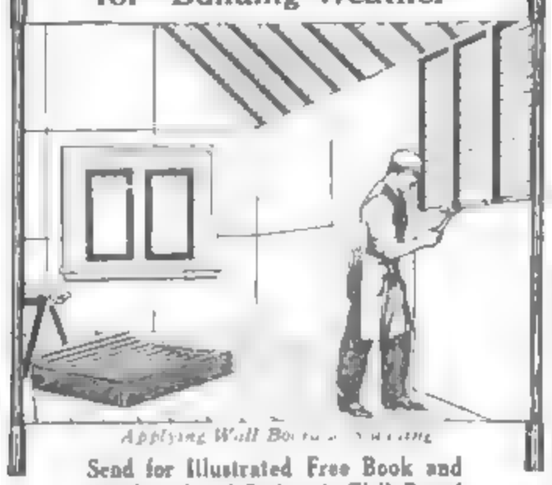

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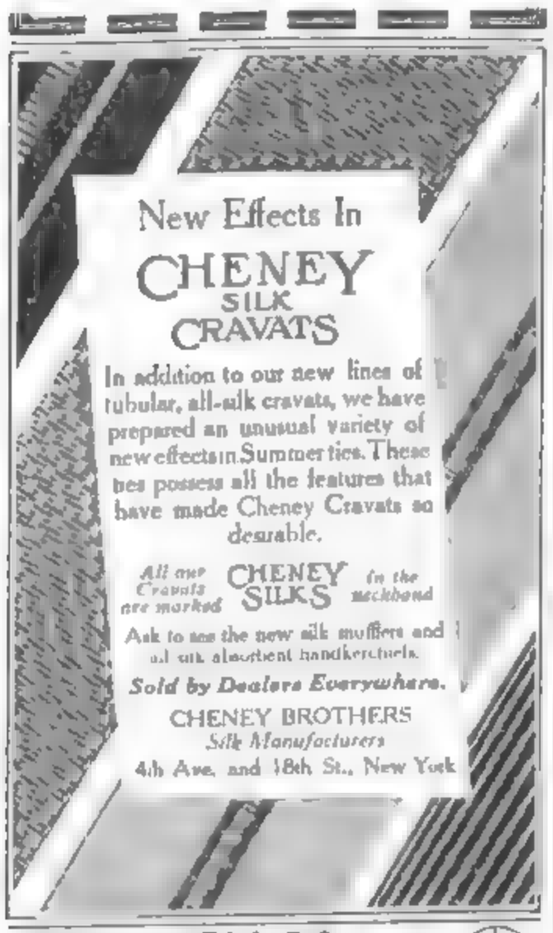

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of service, is more and more nearly approached as the professional politician is further and further eliminated in state affairs.

The tax commission and the central bipartisan board of control of state institutions are putting state affairs nearer to a scientific standard of management than they ever were; and it is a significant fact that these institutions have made most effective headway in the primary states; for the primary brings state officers and members of the legislature into office without entangling trades and promises—to be paid for out of the public treasury by supernumerary officers. Whatever else may be charged to the new movement in politics, as far as it touches state affairs, it has not been convicted of loading the tax rolls with useless offices; for under the new rule the public officials are responsible not to the politicians but directly to the voters and taxpayers. When a new office is created it must be such an office as the people approve, even if the politicians sniff at it.

The rise in importance of the state university and agricultural college in a state runs parallel with its advance in those political and economic changes that are remaking our American state institutions. The leading commonwealths in the progressive movement are Wisconsin, California, Oregon, Nebraska, Kansas, Washington, Illinois, Ohio, Iowa, New Jersey, Minnesota, the two Dakotas, Michigan, Maine, Massachusetts and New Hampshire. With the exception of Massachusetts, New Jersey and New Hampshire, each of these states spends more money for higher education than for any other single item in its state budget. And the influence of Harvard upon Massachusetts and of Princeton upon New Jersey, of course, must not be discounted.

The rule seems to work well backward; and one may account for the conservatism of the South, which today is the most reactionary section of the country, by the fact that during the past generation the South had other problems and could not afford to spend lavish sums for higher education. The hope of the South is in the fact that during the last decade the Southern state universities and industrial schools have been striding into their proper places in the social schemes of their respective states.

The Overthrow of Cannon

So much for the work of the states as states. The work of the states as the United States is worthy of consideration. In the main the Federal activities of the people are along lines exactly parallel to their activities in the states; and the three years' progress they have made in the Federal Government is just as satisfactory, when one remembers the size of the political body that is to be moved, as the progress in the several commonwealths. In the Federal Government, as in the states, we find the activities of the people both political and economic. The overthrow of Cannon and Cannonism, which made the House of Representatives more truly representative, was purely political—in the sense that its economic significance was negligible, except indirectly; but the greater freedom with which the House has moved since the changed rules have broken the autocratic power of the Committee on Rules, and since the power of the Speaker to name house committees has been taken from him, has justified the bitterness of that contest.

In the Senate the chief contest upon the purely political side of the activities of progress was in the two affirmative votes taken for the direct election of United States senators. The second important political contest in the Senate was the prolonged struggle to unseat Senator Lorimer. A third political contest of importance was developed in the refusal of the Senate to elect any president pro tem. rather than to elect a pronounced reactionary who would direct the course of the Senate, as far as he was able, along reactionary lines. The victory of the Progressives in these three contests is the direct result of the primaries in the states. The Republican senators who accomplished these three results, with but one exception, came from primary states. That one exception, Dixon, of Montana, came from a state that requires a direct advisory vote on senators. In the fight in the House of Representatives on Cannonism the Insurgents, with few exceptions, also came from districts which nominated their candidates for Congress by a direct vote; and

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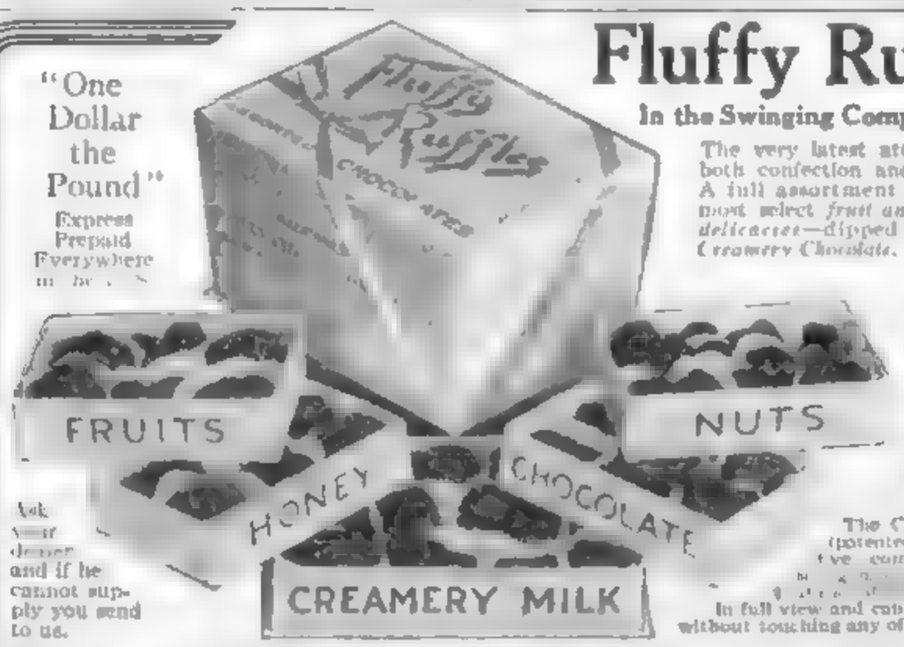

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Ford Distributors and Branches in all the principal cities and towns in this country are at your very elbow to give you the service we maintain.

Ford Model T Touring Car, 4 cylinders, 5 passengers, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit	$690
Ford Model T Torpedo, 4 cylinders, 2 passengers, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit	$590
Ford Model T Commercial Roadster, 4 cylinders, 3 passengers, removable rumble seat, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit	$590
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The one chassis with different bodies.

Write for booklet, "The A B C of Ford Model T," and learn in detail the superior merits in design and construction of Ford Model T. Address Dept. P.

Ford Motor Company
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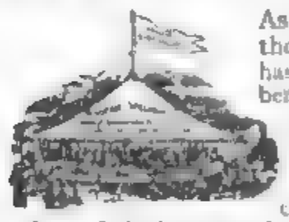
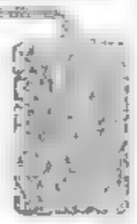


As high as eight to ten thousand dollars yearly has been made by a number of purchasers of our Merry-Go-Rounds. It is a big-paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work, or is not fit for heavy work and has some money to invest in a money-maker. We make everything in the Riding-Gallery line from a hand-power Merry-Go-Round to the highest grade Carousels. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. Write to-day for catalogue and particulars.

HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.
Park Amusement Outfitters
192 Sweeney St., North Tonawanda, N. Y

Better Than Any Hot Water Bottle



H & M Electric Heating Pad $3.50

Has all the merits of a hot-water bottle, and more, with none of its drawbacks. Automatically regulated to keep [illegible] Will last a lifetime. Guaranteed for 10 years. Can be used on any house current. Sent prepaid on receipt of price. Write for it today under our guarantee of money refunded without question if unsatisfactory

Liberal terms to Dealers

HUNT & McCREE
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My Factory Price Madame saves 1/3 to 1/2 your money

Just now I am making a special price on 10,000 Cookers. At this inside factory price, *every woman* should now own a RAPID and know the tremendous saving in work, worry, fuel bills *and food.* Everything cooked more deliciously than in any other way—all the natural flavors and juices kept in—no heat or odors in the kitchen. *My*

Rapid Fireless Cooker

roasts, bakes, steams, stews, boils and fries—all inside the cooker. The latest model, most saving cooker made. RAPID radiators are the most scientific sold and last forever. You couldn't buy at any price a better built cooker. Splendid outfit of highest grade Aluminum Cooking Utensils with every RAPID. I will put my RAPID in your *kitchen* for a whole month's test—if you don't want to keep it I will gladly take it back. You [illegible] penny.

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125 Tested Recipes

[illegible] grocery and meat bills and have [illegible] more thoroughly cooked food. Send for my Book—Write today

The William Campbell Co.
Dept. 214, Detroit, Michigan

the indorsement of those congressmen by the primary and the defeat of a score of their reactionary colleagues at the primaries seems to give direct evidence of the political power of the movement that has grown for the past ten years.

In thirty-six states congressmen are now nominated by a direct primary vote, and the last Congress has convened that will deliberately defy the people as the members of the Sixtieth Congress defied it. Within three years the United States has seen the entire spirit of Congress change; the control upon big basic matters has passed from the great property interests to the people. It is true that Mr. Roosevelt time and again compe led Congress to stand for human rights against the unfair demands of property; but then Congress moved under the lash and grudgingly. Now, with no great leader, but under the force of sheer public sentiment unmistakably expressed in the primaries, Congress takes its stand without a whimper. The gain is evolutional; the contrast is revolutionary!

New Fields of Federal Activity

The passage of the railroad law broadening the powers of the Government in the control of the railroads, along the lines of control that the most progressive states have adopted with respect to their local utilities, marks the most important step taken by the Government for a generation. The bill is not all that its best friends hope for, but it is far in advance of the Hepburn law and points a way to the control of other interstate corporations—the so-called trusts—that may prove a solution of our greatest economic problem. That solution would seem to be the conservation of the benefits of monopoly, by regulation and control, under the strictest Federal supervision. The postal savings-bank law—another compromise—is an entering wedge, and probably marks the beginning of a number of lines of Federal activity, for banking leads to insurance; and it must not be forgotten that Wisconsin has established a state insurance company and now furnishes life insurance at cost to the people of Wisconsin.

Now all this progress is the result of a healthy, insistent demonstration of sane, unselfish public sentiment. In the states and in the nation, through the legislatures and through Congress, and through the courts, the people of the United States have demonstrated that they not only know what they desire but they can make their wants felt calmly and without clamor, yet with great force and emphasis. What the people seriously desire and ask for, this they get; and courts are as ready as legislatures to follow public sentiment—across the Constitution, if necessary. It is only raw clamor that goes to pot in this country. Wise progress never before has had such a successful triennium in America as has just passed. The Taft Administration has been anything but a period of waiting. It has been a period of effective action; and the action has been promoted by the rank and file of citizenship. Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. La Follette, Mr. Taft, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Harmon, and a score of colonels, captains, sergeants and privates, have done their part—not all an equal part, but their part as they saw it. Either or all of the officers might have died or deserted and still the fight would have been waged without abatement and with success—for it has been a fight of the folks. The faith is amply justified of those who believed that the people would stand up and fight their own battles, even without the leader who roused them. Those who believed the country had been fattening on spoon-fed reform must see their folly. Those who have been predicting that the wave of agitation would recede may as well come aboard the ark. The American mind is beginning to apply itself to problems of concrete justice. It is an active mind—that American mind; and what it has done in a material way during the last century will be paralleled in a spiritual way in this century. We have come far in ten years. Those who think they can lock the spokes of progress by defeating this or the other radical leader should realize that radical leaders do not make a radical people. Radicalism in the people develops radical leaders. This is the one big fact that the departure of Mr. Roosevelt from the White House, the eclipse of President Taft, and the rise of La Follette, Wilson, and the Progressive Insurgent group in Congress, prove beyond any reasonable doubt.

The man with a few tools

should be careful to get a *good* sharpening stone—one that cuts fast and gives a smooth, keen edge, yet does not groove or glaze.

PIKE SHARPENING STONES

The only line that includes every sharpening substance—natural or artificial—each the best for some sharpening purpose.

A sharpening stone that should be in every home as well as in every shop, is the PIKE INDIA Oil Stone—the only stone in the world that rapidly cuts the hardest tool steel, yet *holds its shape* almost indefinitely *without grooving* or wearing down, and that when [illegible] oiled, positively [illegible]

Made of [illegible] abrasive, [illegible] the [illegible] Pike India Automobile Stone

[illegible] Pike India [illegible] Postal, one side coarse, the [illegible]

"How to Sharpen"—A Free Book

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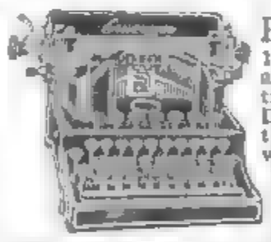

First Payment.
10 CENTS-A-DAY thereafter, until paid for. A fraction of what others charge. Don't Even Pay $20 for any typewriter made or sold after we send you the EMERSON for your thorough trial.

Many of our customers pronounce the EMERSON by far the best typewriter made—wholly visible; universal key board, tabulator, back spacer, two-color ribbon, rapid, strong, lightest touch.

YOU CAN EARN ONE, for a light service, without paying us one cent. We will [illegible] to persons in your town or state who have recently earned EMERSONS without cost—you [illegible] your old typewriter or make a sample MAKE BIG MONEY representing us. Liberal reward for your spare time. References—Mt. Hope C. State Bank, Woodstock. For all our offers, on a postal card or in a letter to us, say: "Mail me your offers."

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$1 English Knock-about Hat

A stylish, serviceable hat. Genuine Felt. Folds into compact roll without damaging. Can be shaped into Alpine or Telescope. Silk trimmings. Colors: Black, Steel Gray, Brown. Actual value $2.00. Sent postpaid promptly on receipt of $1.00. State size and color wanted. Money refunded if not satisfactory

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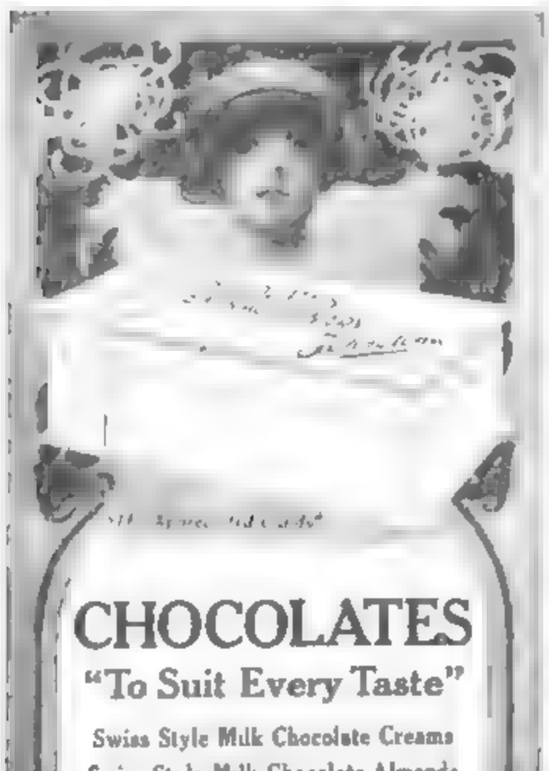

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If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send any of the above 80c or $1.00 packages, express prepaid, upon receipt of stamps or money order.

The better dealers everywhere sell Johnston's.

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For five 2-cent stamps to pay postage and packing, we will send to your address a generous free sample box of any of the Johnston favorites.

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Think of the Advantage of Having an extra pair of cuffs right on the shirt, out of sight yet always ready without the bother of attaching or detaching. Simply a turn gives you

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MOVING WEST?

Ship them at Reduced Rates

TRANSCONTINENTAL FREIGHT COMPANY
505 Bedford Bldg., Chicago 29 Broadway, New York

THE LIGHTED WAY

(Continued from Page 21)

"I am not," Arnold assured him.

"Nor thinking of it?"

"Nor thinking of it," Arnold repeated.

"When the time comes," Mr. Jarvis said, "don't you go poking about in any foreign islands or places. If only the governor had left those smelly European cheeses to take care of themselves he'd be sitting here in his chair at this moment, smoking a cigar and handing me out the orders. You and I are, so to speak, in a confidential position now, Chetwode, and I am able to say things to you that I might have hesitated to say before. Do you know how much the governor has spent during the last year?"

"No idea," Arnold replied. "Does it matter?"

"He has spent," the cashier solemnly announced, "close upon ten thousand pounds."

"It sounds a good deal," Arnold admitted, "but I expect he had saved it."

"Of course he had saved it," Mr. Jarvis replied, "but what has that to do with it? One doesn't save money for the pleasure of spending it. Never since my connection with the firm has Mr. Weatherley attempted to spend anything like one half of his income."

"Then I should think it was quite time he began," Arnold declared. "You are not going to suggest, I suppose, that financial embarrassments had anything to do with Mr. Weatherley's disappearance?"

Mr. Jarvis started. To him the suggestion sounded sacrilegious.

"My dear Chetwode," he said, "you must indeed be ignorant of the resources of the firm when you make such a suggestion! I simply wished to point out that after his marriage Mr. Weatherley completely changed all his habits. It is not well for a man of his age to change his habits—God bless my soul, here is an automobile stopping outside! If it should be Mr. Weatherley come back!"

They both hurried eagerly to the window. The automobile, however, that had drawn up outside was larger and more luxurious than Mr. Weatherley's. Count Subatini, folding up his newspaper, made a leisurely descent. The cashier looked at him curiously.

"Wonder who it is," he remarked. "Looks like some sort of a foreigner."

"It is Mrs. Weatherley's brother," Arnold told him.

Mr. Jarvis was deeply interested. A moment later a card was brought in.

"Gentleman wishes to see Mr. Chetwode."

"You can show him in," Arnold directed.

Subatini was already upon the threshold. He carried his gray Homburg hat in his hand; he seemed to bring with him a subtle atmosphere of refinement. The perfection of his clothes, the faint perfume from his handkerchief, his unusual yet unnoticeable tie—these things were peculiar to himself. The little array of clerks through whose ranks he had passed stared after him in wonder.

"How are you, my young friend?" he asked, smiling at Arnold. "Immersed in business, I suppose?"

"Naturally we are very busy," Arnold answered. "Please come in and sit down."

Subatini laid his hat and stick upon the table and commenced leisurely to draw off his gloves.

"This is Mr. Jarvis, who has been Mr. Weatherley's right-hand man for a great many years," Arnold said, introducing him—"Count Subatini, Mr. Weatherley's brother-in-law."

Mr. Jarvis shook hands solemnly.

"I am glad to know you, sir," he declared. "I have not had the pleasure of seeing much of Mrs. Weatherley, but my connection with the firm is a very old one."

"Is there any news," Subatini asked, "of our esteemed friend?"

Mr. Jarvis shook his head mournfully.

"There is no news," he announced. "I am afraid, sir," he continued, "that it will be a long time before we do hear any news. If your business is with Mr. Chetwode, Count Subatini," he added, "I will ask you to excuse me. I have plenty to do in the warehouse. If there is any information I can give you on behalf of your sister or yourself I shall be very happy to come back if you will send for me."

He bustled out, closing the door after him. Subatini looked round with a faint smile, as though his surroundings amused

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The fabric of Welsbach mantles is woven in our own factory—and is purified in three separate chemical baths. Finally it is rinsed in a bath of distilled water. Ten thousand gallons of distilled water are used in this process each day, and when it is finished the mantle webbing is purer than the absorbent cotton used by surgeons.

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When life hangs on its instantaneous response—it is for that balanced instant that you buy a revolver. Will a dollar saved seem worth while then, if a spring fails; if bad alignment clips the bullet and poor rifling twists it far from the mark?

The Iver Johnson barrel and cylinder are held in positive alignment. It is the only revolver with a full equipment of permanent tension, unbreakable springs; it shoots true and hard; above all it is made absolutely safe from accidental discharge by the famous Hammer the Hammer safety firing device.

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Dampness from within or without is absorbed by the Piano-Hammer Felt Insole of the DR. SAWYER CUSHION SOLE

WHITE HOUSE SHOE

This felt is so very good that it does not pack, nor bunch, nor crawl, but remains in place. The "cold-footed," the "tender-footed," the "sweaty-footed," find this shoe dry, warm—with that velvety feel.

No. B278½. All Sizes. Price $5.00.

We illustrate our Men's Dr. Sawyer Cushion Sole Kangaroo Blucher, made over our famous [illegible] Last. Note the genteel lines of the [illegible]. The uppers are of selected glazed kangaroo, the most serviceable of all dressy leathers. Get the genuine Dr. Sawyer Cushion Sole White House Shoe, which is patented by The Brown Shoe Co. under registry number 85B308. This is a superior shoe in every respect. See trade-mark and take no other.

If local dealers can not supply you, send $5.00, with size and width worn, and we will send, express PREPAID. Address, Department G,

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OLD COINS $7.75 paid for rare date 1853 Quarters, $20 for 1838-O. Keep all money coined before 1884, and send 10c at once for New Illustrated Coin Value book, 4x7. It may mean your fortune. CLARKE & CO., Coin Dealers, Box 44, Le Roy, N. Y.

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40 Horse Power

Fourth Successful Year

BACKED BY 39 YEARS' MANUFACTURING EXPERIENCE

Guaranteed for one year. Self-Starter, 120-inch Wheel Base, Unit Power Plant, [illegible] Suspension, Bosch Magneto, Demountable Rims, 36 x 4-inch Tires, Inside Control Levers, Electric Side and Tail Lamps. List price Model H, $2,000, fully equipped, Mohair Top, Windshield, Speedometer, Prest-O-Lite Tank, etc.

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him. He then carefully deposited his gloves with his hat, selected the most comfortable chair and seated himself.

"So this is where the money is coined, eh?" he remarked. "It is fortunate that I have discovered the place, for I need some."

Arnold smiled.

"We haven't had time to do much coining yet."

"Supposing I want five hundred pounds, could I have it?" Sabatini asked.

Arnold shook his head.

"Certainly not," he replied, "unless you had cheeses to sell us for it, or bacon. Samuel Weatherley & Co. are provision merchants, not money-lenders."

"You have the control of the finances, haven't you?"

"To a certain extent I have," Arnold admitted.

"Now how much is there in that safe, I wonder?" Sabatini asked.

"About thirteen hundred pounds—perhaps even more than that," Arnold told him.

Sabatini withdrew the hand that had been fumbling in his pocket. Arnold looked suddenly into the muzzle of a small shining revolver.

"It was very foolish of you to give me that information," Sabatini said. "You have not forgotten our long conversation, I trust? I expounded to you most carefully the creed of my life. Five hundred pounds, if you please," he added politely.

"Not one ha'penny," Arnold answered, seating himself upon the table and folding his arms.

"I'll give you until I count three," Sabatini announced in a still, cold voice.

"You can give me as long as you like," Arnold retorted pleasantly.

Sabatini very deliberately counted three and pulled the trigger of his revolver. There was a slight click. He looked down the muzzle of the weapon and, with a little sigh, thrust it back into his pocket.

"This appears to be one of my failures," he declared. "Lend me five shillings then," he added. "I really came out without any silver and I must keep up my reputation. I positively cannot leave this office without loot of some sort."

Arnold handed his visitor two half-crowns, which the latter put gravely into his pocket.

"Come and lunch with me today at my rooms," he invited. "Lady Blennington and Fenella will be there. If you bring with you a sufficient appetite you may get value for your five shillings. It is the only way you will ever get it back."

"Then I must resign myself to being robbed," Arnold answered. "We haven't time nowadays for luncheon parties. On the whole I think I should be justified in putting the amount down to petty cash. I might even debit Mrs. Weatherley's account with it."

Sabatini took out his cigarette case.

"You will forgive me?" he said. "In your offices, I believe, it is not the custom, but I must confess that I find your atmosphere abominable. Last night I saw Fenella. She told me of your disagreement with her and of your baseless suspicions. Really, Chetwode, I am surprised at you."

"'Suspicions' seems scarcely the word," Arnold murmured.

Sabatini sighed.

"You are such a hideously matter-of-fact person," he declared. "Fenella should have seen your attitude from the humorous point of view. It would have appealed to me very much indeed."

"I am sorry if your sister misunderstood anything that I said," Arnold remarked a little awkwardly.

"My dear fellow," Sabatini continued, "there seems to have been very little ground for misunderstanding. Fenella was positively hurt. She says that you seem to look upon us as a sort of adventurer and adventuress—people who live by their wits, you understand, from hour to hour, without character or reputation. She is quite sure in her own mind that you believe Mr. Weatherley's absence to be due to our secret and criminal machinations."

"I am sorry," Arnold replied, "if anything I said to your sister has given her that impression. The fact remains, however, that Mrs. Weatherley has declined to give me any explanation of various incidents that were certainly more than bewildering. One cannot help feeling," he went on after a moment's hesitation, "that if my friendship were of any account to your sister—which, of course, it isn't—she would look at the matter differently."

My best customers are those who originally doubted my claims.

Nowadays magazine readers are well aware that the publishers of the paper take care to protect them from advertisers who claim too much.

They accept my statements about my cigars because they know that if they were not true I could not get them published month after month.

But ten years ago, about the time I started the mail order cigar business, things were a bit different.

I had to *prove* my claims about my cigars and then guarantee them.

Thus I showed that by importing my Havana tobacco from Cuba and making the cigars in my Philadelphia factory and then selling direct to the smoker, I was able to offer for $5.00 per 100 the cigar that is the regular 10c goods of the trade.

In addition to my arguments I made my unique offer. Here it is. I will, upon request, send 50 Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked, if he is not pleased with them. If he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

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In nearly ten years I have seen no reason for changing the terms of this offer. I sell cigars by [illegible] now I want you to believe I am telling the truth I ask you to accept it. If you doubt me I challenge you to accept it. Rather would I have you become one of my [illegible] customers. I know that you will, because I make no [illegible] initial orders. It is [illegible] that I depend on [illegible].

The panatela shown here is a genuine Cuban grown Havana filler and [illegible] imported Sumatra wrapper. It is hand made by adult cigarmakers, and is the cigar referred to in my offer above.

In ordering state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars and inclose business card or give reference.

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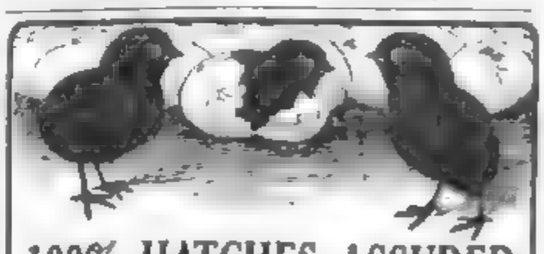

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"My dear Chetwode," declared the Count, "my sympathies are entirely with you. The trouble of it is, of course, that the explorations that you demand will probably leave you only the more bewildered."

"You talk to me always in parables," Arnold protested. "How am I to understand what you mean?"

"You have reason, my young friend," Sabatini admitted. "Ask your questions."

"First of all, then, You know where Mr. Weatherley is?"

Sabatini made a wry face.

"Let us leave this respectable Weatherley out of the case for a moment," he said. "To tell you the truth I am weary of him. I would speak of ourselves—of my sister and myself and those others. You cannot deny that, however wicked you may think us, we are at least interesting."

"Have you come here to make fun of me?" Arnold asked quietly.

"Not in the least," Sabatini assured him. "On the contrary, I have come to make friends. My sister is penitent. We have decided to take your discretion for granted. I am here to explain. You want to understand all these things that seem to you so mysterious. Well, ask your questions. What is it that you wish to know?"

"Nothing," Arnold replied. "I have come to the conclusion that I was wrong to speak to your sister as I did. I have a great responsibility here that will occupy all my thoughts. I am going to devote myself to work. The other things do not interest me."

Sabatini smiled.

"My young friend," he murmured, "you may say that to yourself, but it is not true. It is not life for you to buy these articles of food at one price and sell them for another; to hold the profit in your hand and smile. That is what life means in Tooley Street. You could do it for a little time, perhaps, but not for very long."

"It may seem absurd to you," Arnold protested, "but it's my duty for the present anyhow, and I am going to do it. I shall have to work ten hours a day, and I shall have no time for dreams. I am going to stay in the atmosphere I have to live in."

Sabatini shook his head.

"You must have relaxation."

"I can find it," Arnold replied. "I can find it without going so far afield."

Sabatini was silent for a moment. He was a man of few expressions, but he seemed a little disappointed.

"Will you do your duty any the less zealously, do you think," he asked, "because you have friends who take an interest in you?"

Arnold was suddenly conscious of the ungraciousness of his attitude.

"You don't understand!" he exclaimed a little desperately. "Your world wasn't made for me. I haven't any place in it. My work is here. I can't allow myself always to be distracted. Your sister is the most wonderful person I ever met and it is one of the greatest pleasures I have ever known to talk to her, even for a few minutes, but I am more at peace with myself and with the world when I am away from her."

There was a gleam of approval in Sabatini's dark eyes. He nodded thoughtfully.

"It is well spoken. My sister chose to marry Samuel Weatherley, and the women of our race have been famous throughout history for their constancy. Must you, my dear young friend, go and hide your head in the sand because a woman is beautiful and chooses to be kind to you? Fenella values your friendship. You have done her a service and you have done me a service. A few nights ago it amused me to feed your suspicions. This morning I feel otherwise. We do not choose, either of us, that you should think of us quite in the way you are thinking now."

Arnold hesitated no longer.

"Since you insist, then," he declared, "I will ask you the questions that I should have asked your sister. That is what you desire?"

"Assuredly," Sabatini assented.

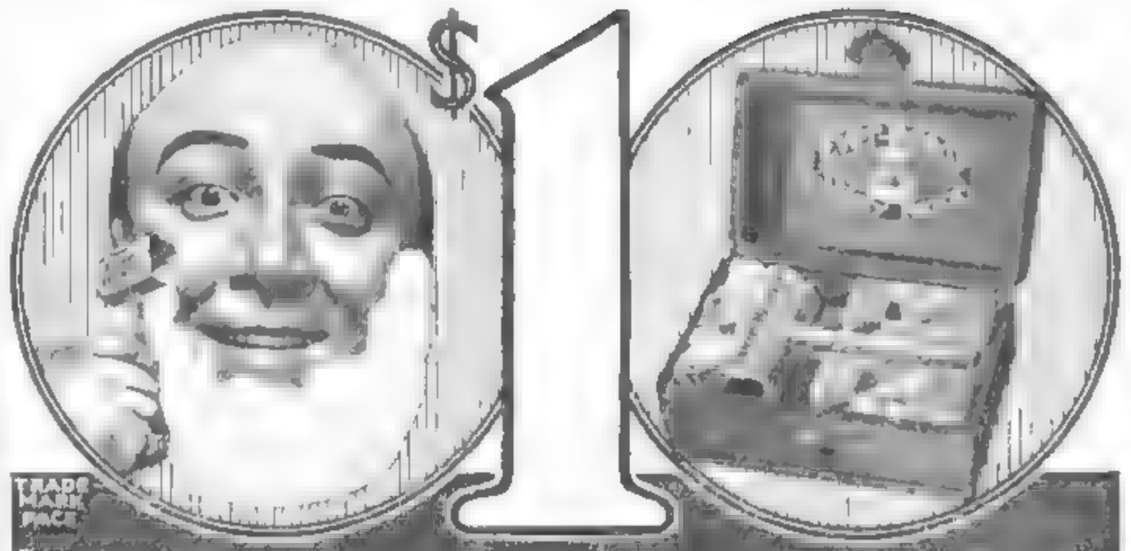
"First, then, Who killed Rosario?"

"There is a certain directness about your methods," Sabatini said suavely, "that commends itself to me. No one could mistake you for anything but an Englishman."

"Tell me, Who killed Rosario?" Arnold repeated.

"As you will," Sabatini replied. "Rosario was murdered by a Portuguese Jew—a man of the name of Isaac Lalonde."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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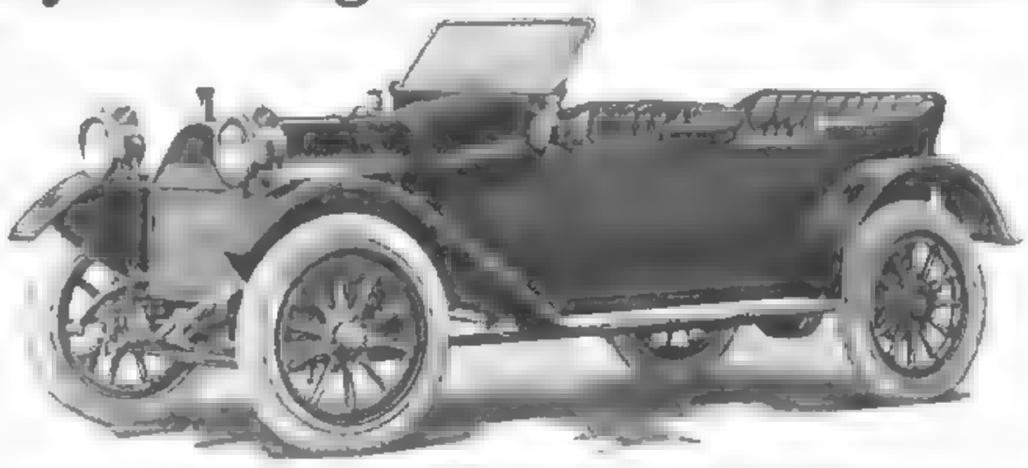
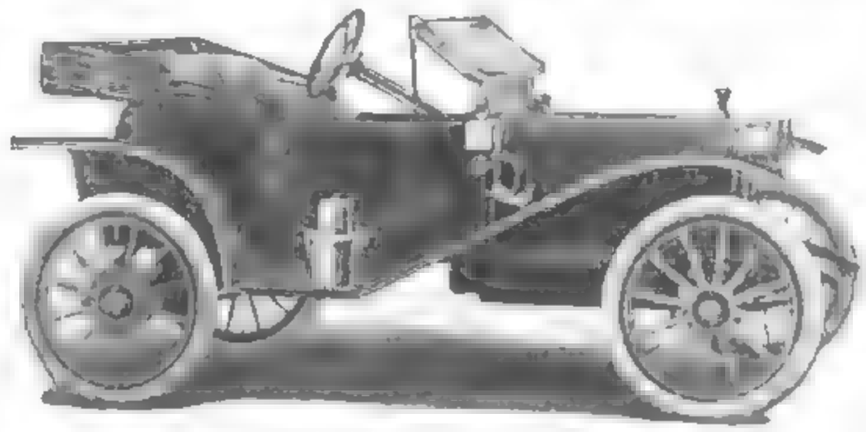


Hupmobile Long-Stroke "32" Five-Passenger Touring Car, $900

F. O. B. Detroit, with [illegible] windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three-speed [illegible]. Four cylinder motor, 3¼ inch bore x 5½ inch stroke. Bosch magneto. 106 inch wheel base. 34x4 inch tires. Color [illegible]. Roadster $900.



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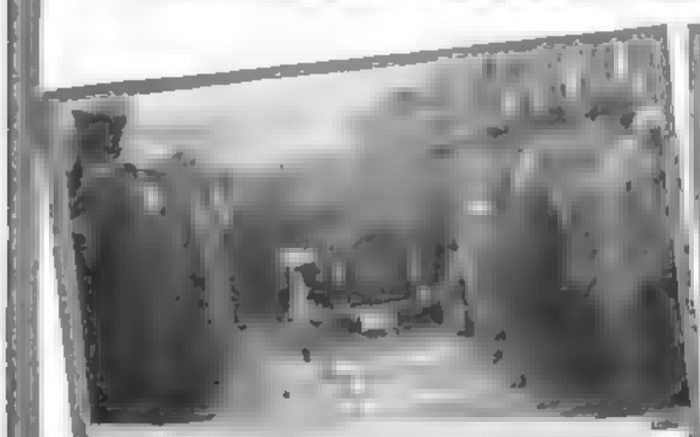
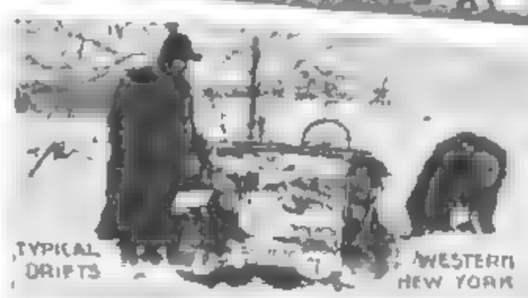
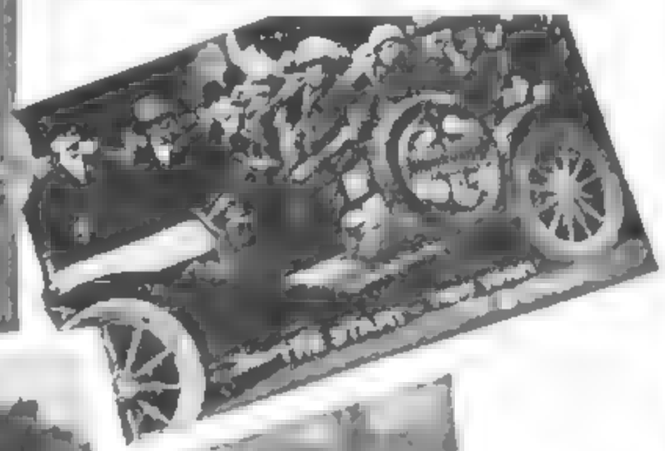
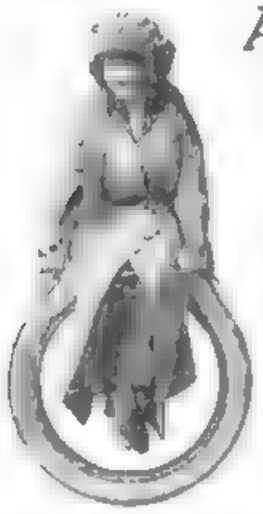
The accompanying views are reproduced from photographs taken during the Hupmobile's world-tour.







Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires



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Telephone Expert	Window Trimming
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Electrical Engineer	Bookkeeper
Electric Lighting Supt.	Poultry Farming

Name _____
Present Occupation _____
Street and No. _____
City _____

INSIDE BALL IN THE CHURCH LEAGUE

(Continued from Page 15)

"Sure, we will," said Carroll cheerfully, "if you'll play it out without these apochryphal pewfillers here!"

"What's that?" yelled the shortstop, rushing up. "Say, you " And then he went out of the park too.

That made four—and the world got a million candlepower brighter for us; but it wasn't enough by five! Franklin and Shucks, the battery, were still in the game and so were most of the infield. More profanity was needed and needed desperately. I don't know when in the world's history there was another band of tolerably good and reputable young men to whom profanity would have been such sweet music! As for the audience, it was one big crater all except the little band of Congregationalist men, who were too shocked and otherwise affected by the blasphemous events to do anything but grin. We resumed the game and Alexander of the regulars came up and knocked the ball one-quarter mile. We conversed with him busily as he raced round the bases, but he was going too fast to be affected. A real Baptist came next and we curled him up at the plate. Then Shucks, the catcher, tore off a two-bagger, and scored when Franklin poked one over short. Franklin stole second and third, and we had some hopes—for we were relying on Pang's companionship; but some timberhead threw the ball to third while Franklin was sliding, and it almost hit Pang. He managed to dodge, highly indignant, and Franklin trotted in.

That was two runs. We went out on six strikes and a dribble to short, while in the Baptists' half of the second two more regulars fell on the ball and spurned it to the tall grass for another run.

Things looked black. We couldn't get the real ballplayers to stand still on bases long enough to talk to them. When we began on one he promptly started off for the next base, and he generally got two in the confusion that followed. However, in the fifth, after we had been blanked again, Liever, the shortstop, landed on third, and James, after transfixing him to the bag with a malevolent glare, began to rub the ball in the dirt and make unusually long preparations for a masterly pitch.

"So you're one of those thirty-day Baptists I've heard about, are you?" Pang Byers inquired. "Say, I'd just like to see you in a church pew. I'll bet you look like a horned toad in a feather bed!"

"Shut up!" said Liever, who had been instructed not to talk.

"I'm glad you're agetting along in the baseball profession," said Byers, smiling beatifically. "You're in good fast company now, Liever. This church league is no slouch. You stick with it and you'll not only get some of the soot soaked out of your soul, but you'll learn to play the game. Why, the team we've had to own up to for the Homeburg regulars has been a disgrace!"

"Shut up!" said Liever menacingly.

"How a gang of human clotheshorses who have to chloroform a ball before they can hold it could get up the nerve to strut out on a baseball field and call themselves the Homeburg regulars is more than I can see!" said Pang, rambling on relentlessly. "Why, that team of yours would make an ordinary baseball die of loneliness. You never got near enough to the ball to talk to it. I saw your last game—and, honest, I thought you long-eared frauds were chasing butterflies——"

That got Liever—and while he was about it he made a good job of it. He smashed the rule and then he jumped on the fragments—after which he offered to lick Pang and the whole Congregational team. He was still frothing when he was led away—and quite a number of the audience went too. They wanted to see the game; but, their ears being a little out of practice and not hardened up, the conversation was proving too hot to handle.

Five! We counted 'em grimly, like the old women counting at the guillotine; and when Randall three-baggered and landed at Byers' corner Pang talked to him so feelingly about the time he played "Button-button, who's got the button?" with the ball during a critical stage in one of the regular games and let two runs go over the plate, that Randall exploded violently and was hurled forth. That made six—and only three were left; but, pshaw! we weren't

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"A woman's only a woman but a good cigar's a smoke."

We say, "A woman's only a woman but **Queen Quality's** *the* smoke."

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It's *granulated* tobacco—the kind good old Sir Walter Raleigh smoked, and it tasted so good to him that he took it back to Europe. We can't tell you in words how good it tastes, you'll have to try it to find out.

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Send 25 cents, and a tracing of your heel for a sample pair by return mail. At $2 the dozen pair (in U. S.) they're even cheaper.

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Gold Edges - Air-Cushion or Ivory Finish

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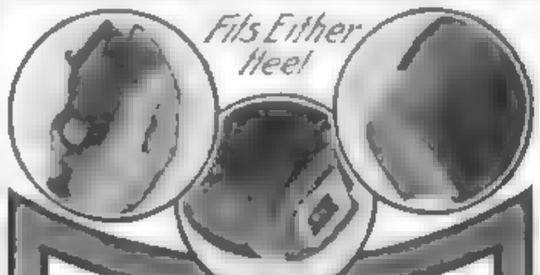
Heimbach's Double-Wear Rubber Heel



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Because wearer can change heel from shoe to shoe in an instant. Thus wears [illegible] level. No running over, hence no slipping.

No nails to scratch floors. Absolutely sanitary. No countersinks to carry snow and dirt. Solid rubber—perfect cushion.

Any shoemaker can set the fasteners. Send us 50c.; outline of heel with your [illegible] good for the [illegible] both FREE.

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876 Superior St., Duluth, Minn.

Heimbach's Double-Wear Rubber Heel 50c A Pair

any better off than before—for two of the three were Franklin and Shucks! The Baptists had seven runs and we had five beautiful, symmetrical goose eggs. We simply had to get Shucks or Franklin.

Fat chance we had! Franklin was about the only man of the regulars who didn't cuss chronically and automatically, while Shucks was a phlegmatic German who caught an idea after the other fellow had forgotten what he said, but who caught any ball that happened to be passing through that part of the township. We worried and sputtered and took long-distance jabs at both of them without the slightest success, and at the end of the seventh inning we had two more large, oval goose eggs—almost enough for a setting—with Franklin working even better and more good-naturedly.

Even Achilles had his vulnerable spot, however, and Shucks was no exception. He was keeping steady company with a German girl who composed the pastry at the Homeburg House; and when Carroll noticed her sitting in the front seat of the grandstand, with an apparently endless smile on her face, he turned to Shucks as he came to bat in the eighth.

"Your girl's up there in the grandstand laughing at you, Shucks," he said pleasantly.

"Aw, shut up!" said Shucks, getting red, but scooping in the first strike without even looking at it.

"They say you look so funny from behind when you're catching that even a stone dog would laugh."

"You better not get gay!" said Shucks, beginning to bubble and fizz in a dozen places.

"Is it true she says she picked you out because you're too homely to get jealous of?" persisted Carroll.

"Say!" roared Shucks, straightening up just as Franklin unfolded himself. Carroll pecked at the ball and ran. He ran partly because it was the third strike and partly because Shucks was reaching for him instead of the ball. He stopped at second, and when Sim Bone came to bat Shucks was leaking rage at every pore.

"Teasing you, was he, Shucky?" grinned Bone, wagging feebly at a horsehide meteor. "You ought not to tease so easily. You're blushing just like a girl! Everybody knows about that little affair of yours; and you had better watch out too—Carroll is jealous of you! He said yesterday you were a superimposed —— Huh?"

Bone stopped to smite at a place where he roughly calculated an inshoot might be. It was an out and Shucks dropped it while Carrol went to third.

"What's that he said?" frothed Shucks.

"He said" the ball was coming—"he said you were a superimposed parallelepiped!" said Bone, turning squarely round to Shucks.

"Three strikes!" said the umpire. The ball hit Shucks on the chest mattress and bounded away. Bone scooted for first, and the crowd, waiting to see him thrown out, were amazed to see Shucks dancing up and down and beckoning Carroll in from third.

"Come on, you—you—you polecat!" he yelled at Carroll. "I'll show you how to put me out! I'll fix you, you ——"

The authorities intervened, however, and in the midst of a mob that smothered the whole diamond they led Shucks outside of the park for disturbing the peace, attempting assault, threatening arson and breaking Rule One in fourteen places.

I thought we should never get the field cleared; but finally the game started again, with Franklin still pitching and an amiable young martyr named Lansing behind the bat. Lansing, who was president of the Young People's League, had never caught a ball behind the plate and he didn't mar his record that afternoon. In the next two innings he had twenty-one passed balls, and in the ninth he got excited and threw to first in an attempt to catch James trotting home with the winning run. After that the crowd went home in knots of nine and fifteen, talking with hands, feet and mouths all the way.

We Congregational players slipped away quietly and went home by going round the town and entering from the east, thereby grieving the ex-Baptists deeply. They were waiting for us at the gate. We made up with them singly and with difficulty in the following week; and after we had flown the pennant once from the church spire at the risk of our necks we rolled it up and put it away. We were satisfied—more than satisfied! We were satiated! As I said before, I get as much fun reading the baseball scores as I do from playing, and it really isn't half so hard on the constitution.

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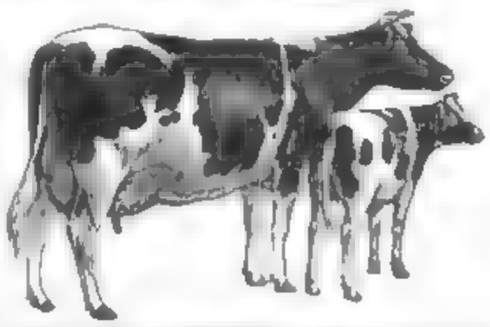

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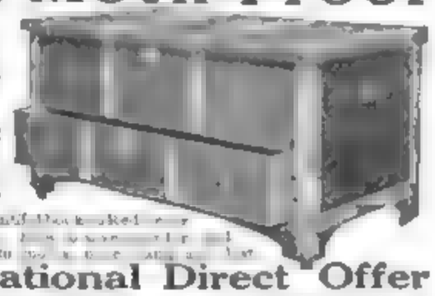

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Your Dog—Has He a Sixth Sense?

IF WE are to believe the records of the Pyramids the ancient Egyptians were accustomed to use cats rather than dogs as retrievers when they went hunting. The Egyptians always were rather odd. Most people have preferred dogs. Indeed, without the dog more than half of the sport which men find in the pursuit of birds or animals might as well be wiped off the chart. We could not get along without the dog, whether as assistant, friend or associate. He is the one known creature that will love you, no matter what you do; and he will work all his life for his board and not even ask for clothes, let alone a salary or pin-money.

The hunting dog has been the right hand of man's attempt to assume dominion over all the creatures of the earth. It is generally understood that the pointing dog's rigid attitude when pointing game is simply the arrested spring of the wolf, indefinitely developed. In the dog's mind there is some surviving tradition of an instant of pause just before jumping upon the prey. After a time the dog learned that his friend, man, armed with a gun capable of reaching game which the dog could not reach, is safer to bring meat into camp than the dog is alone. Hence, as all the dog gets for his work is what he can eat, he throws in his lot with his master; and he contributes his speed, cunning, intelligence, power of scent and many other things in a partnership which pays him only board—and sometimes not that.

We value the dog in the hunting field more especially by reason of his power of scent; but, as to that power, faculty or sense of the dog, it is quite possible that we call it by the wrong name—and certainly we do not fully understand it. There are some few savage races, like the blacks of Australia, who retain a certain keenness of scent; but the human understanding of that sense does not tally with the results it brings to our canine friend. We ought to call it the sense of scent plus something else—something mysterious, which we do not understand. We call it scent because we do not know any better name for it, but we do not understand it much better than we do the fourth dimension.

If you will notice a dog at his work in the field you will observe easily enough that the scent or odor which he follows does not lie in a definite plane, but seems to be irregularly diffused in the air. I have sometimes noticed a dog in the late evening, when the air was moist and the scenting good, eagerly working up on a dead bird that he had been ordered to find. He would work in a definite direction toward the bird, but his progress would be like a rail fence—a clearly defined zigzag—now in and now out of the zone of scent. You could see nothing and the dog could see nothing; but the positiveness of his actions along that zigzag course was the result of an emotion or conclusion which no odor, no matter how strong, can produce in a human being. There was something there we cannot see and cannot understand—some sort of picture which comes into a dog's mind, but not into a man's.

His Sense of Scent

Connected with this mental impression, the dog seems to have some sort of reasoning power. Often you have seen your dog, when birds are running ahead of him or when they are feeding, scattered, make a wide circle and come in ahead to cut the trail or to get the body scent direct. His excited and positive actions show impressions unknown to our mind. He believes he knows where the birds are and we believe he knows and we let it go at that.

A dog has been known to follow the trail of his master to a point where his master took a street car, and then to follow the car without ever being at a loss to know in which direction it went. When his master's boots went up on the platform of the car all the trail was removed from the ground. He was then one of many other passengers on the car. How did the dog know which way his master went? It is stated that this experiment did not fail and that the dog, in determining the direction, was not following an earlier experience or habit.

Dogs associating much with human beings attain an astonishing insight as to human words and human intentions. They certainly seem to reason at times. A setter in my home—where an honored hunting dog was always made a member of the family—was allowed to lie on the floor until the family chose to retire. Just before the lights were turned out for the night the dog was taken out into the kitchen and given a drink of water in a basin, a tincup which hung on a certain nail on the wall being used to dip the water from a pail into the pan. This was one of the fixed habits of the dog and part of the simple family routine; and it existed for a long time. One night, for some reason or other, everybody started to leave without giving the dog his regular drink. He had no notion of being put out-of-doors thirsty, and therefore gravely walked out into the kitchen, reached up on the wall, took down the tincup, returned to the living room and stood gravely and with dignity wagging his tail, the tincup in his mouth—indicating that somebody had forgotten something. This incident happened once and only once, and the account of it is absolutely true, though it sounds like drawing the long bow. Any man can multiply instances in which intelligent dogs have seemed almost to understand human speech, even when it is pronounced without certain customary inflections; though of course there must be some habit associated with the proceeding.

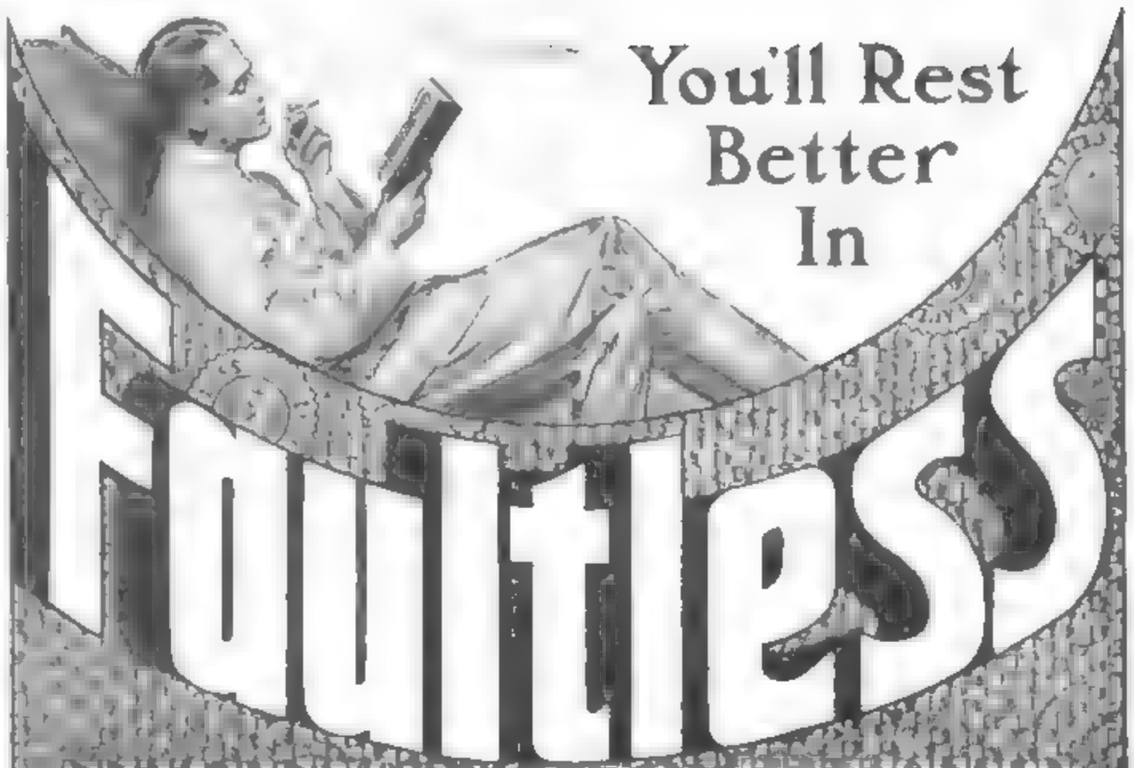
Bird Dogs at Work

The truth is that the average man is not a close observer of anything outside of his own immediate necessities. If you take a dog into your confidence, as well as into your company, you will find him not only an interesting companion but an interesting study—but with this qualification, that the more you study him the less you will know about him. I remember to have seen in print some time ago an account of some experiments made by an English sportsman as to the scenting power of a dog. He went about the matter in a methodical manner. His record of the experiments was about the best and most luminous study of this fifth—or sixth—sense of the dog I remember ever to have seen.

This gentleman experimented really with two dogs, the first one being a terrier of good nose. If you are familiar with Regent's Park, London, you will know that the sidewalks there are usually quite crowded. The master purposely zigzagged from one side to the other among the crowd at a time when the dog was not watching him. He then sat down on a park seat and waited to see what the dog would do, the walk at that time not being crowded, though it had been trodden recently by thousands of feet. The terrier ran his zigzag trail unfalteringly and at once came up to his master as he sat on the bench.

You yourself may have seen your bird dog, if he is much attached to you personally, taking your trail in much the same way, running it eagerly and refusing to speak to anybody until he has found you. He did not confuse your trail with that of anybody else. Your dog no doubt has shown you that he can run even the trail of your horse and not confuse it with those of other horses. Does the mere sense of scent, as we understand it, account for this uncanny ability? Does it account for the manner in which the cold-nosed foxhound will follow the faint trail of an animal hours after it has been made? To this English sportsman a deeper answer than the usual one seemed desirable, and he went into the matter yet more thoroughly, making in all perhaps a couple of dozen different experiments. He tried out the nose of the dog at following the trail when the master was wearing his ordinary shooting boots, new boots, no boots at all, or merely stockings.

The first experiment was on an ordinary meadow, the gentleman wearing the ordinary boots he used in his shooting trips. He started out ahead, the dog being kept back of him and not being released until some place was agreed upon, always to the leeward of the animal. The dog followed the trail from the starting point at full speed and ran up to its master without hesitating.



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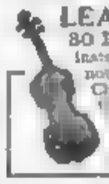

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The same experiment was tried with a stranger, but the dog would not run the trail at all, though it was in the same country where he had run the master's trail—the two coinciding pretty well.

The master next showed the dog preparations for shooting and then had the animal removed to a different room while the master started into yet another room. Then, by arrangement, the gamekeeper was sent out of the house unseen by the dog and ordered to walk in a certain direction, toward some partridge country where the dog was used to hunting. When released the dog ran the gamekeeper's trail for a little way, but, missing that of his master, came back to the house after hunting thoroughly to find the trail of its master.

The gentleman then got together from his household a party of twelve; and, taking the head of the procession, he requested them to walk in Indian file, each man putting his feet into the footprints of the man ahead of him. After going some distance in this way, the master turned to the right, his footprints being covered by those of five men following him. The two divided parties now continued in divergent directions for quite a while. The dog was then put on the original trail and ran it without hesitation. When the dog came to the fork of the trail he overran, but only for a short time; then he came back and without hesitation followed to the right—and found his master. Yet there had been thirteen pairs of feet part of the way and six pairs the rest of the way—and all the time the gamekeeper, with whose scent the dog was familiar, was the last man in the party and so not of the party that had turned off with the master to the right. The dog made no mistake as to any of these matters. Very likely your own dog would do as well if you took pains to make such thorough experiments.

A Setter's Power of Perception

The master now gave his shooting boots to a stranger and asked him to walk out into the country. The dog followed the trail of the boots as eagerly as though the master had worn them. The master wore the stranger's boots instead, but the dog would not follow that trail; nor would he follow the trail of the stranger when he walked with feet bare. This would seem to indicate that the scent of the boots was what the dog noted.

To test this out, the master now walked out into the open with feet bare. The dog was put on this trail—understand this was only a setter, not a foxhound. It followed the trail, but not so eagerly as usual, and seemed uncertain whether it was made by its master. And when the master put on a brand-new pair of shooting boots, that had never been worn at all, the dog refused altogether to follow the trail.

As another experiment, the master glued a layer of brown paper to the soles and sides of his old boots. The dog would not pay any attention to this trail until it got to a point where they later found that the leather had worn off a small piece of the brown paper at the heel. Then the trail was recognized and run eagerly without hesitation, though the amount of leather touching the ground was "not much more than a few millimeters."

The master now tried walking in cotton stockings and then in woolen stockings; but in neither case did the dog trail very eagerly. Then he wore his boots for a little distance, took them off and carried them with him and walked three hundred yards in his stockings; then took off his stockings and walked three hundred yards with his feet bare. In this case the dog ran the entire trail without any hesitation or slacking of speed. The dog had figured out that the trail started right and must have been made by the same man. Did the animal remember the faint trail of stockinged feet and bare feet, and at last relate these to the familiar scent of the old shooting boots? This experiment was made yet harder by the master, who got into a carriage and was driven quite a distance from the house; whereupon he alighted in his shooting boots, walked for fifty yards and again entered the carriage. This did not deceive the dog in the least.

The master then tried to see whether there was such a thing as a personal aura or odor which the dog recognized—and not merely the scent of the footwear. In this case he walked across a field where his men were digging potatoes, following a bare strip of ground for a quarter-mile, where many feet had been trampling. Zigzagging across this to the end of the field, the trail left the field and ran up the other side of the stone wall, which was about breast-high and a hundred yards to windward of the trail down the field. The dog was put on the trail at the top of the potato field, ran the zigzag promptly until he got opposite the place where the master was hid, with just his eyes showing over the wall. Then the dog threw up his head and went straight to his master. This showed an ability to distinguish the master at two hundred yards, when only the top of his head was exposed and when the dog was among a number of laborers. At another time the master hid in a ditch; but at two hundred yards the dog took the body scent and ran to him at once. It was evident that in calm weather the odor was diffused generally, but could be discerned at a distance of two hundred yards.

These experiments satisfied the maker of them that his dog preferred to run his foot-trail in its most familiar form. He was sure that if he had been accustomed to shooting in his bare feet that would have been the trail the dog preferred. It seemed that not even the familiar scent of the boots would go through paper; but if the paper were once broken a sufficient trail was made. The master concluded also that, though following the trail, his dog was ready to be guided by inference as well as perception. He concluded also that the whole body of a man exhaled an individual odor which a dog will recognize, even in a crowd of other men and at great distances. These distances during calm weather are great in any direction. He even concluded that the odor of aniseed oil would not overcome this individual scent and that it was not affected by many other footprints of other individuals.

Now, to the wisest man in all the world, in full possession of all his faculties, the trail of this man across the grass lands would have been as though never made. The dog made no mistake about it in any of these confusing tests. Perhaps we could understand this keen faculty of scent; but, so far as we can reason from any knowledge actually in our possession, what made the dog a winner in these tests was his power of scent plus something his master was willing to call "inference or perception." We human beings have no such sense as that—nothing which can be so described. With the dog, it is one operation. With us it is the empirical application of a feeble sense, pieced out by a second and supplementary act of reason. Yet we are accustomed to call ourselves superior to the dog—which brings up the old saw that the more you see of men the more you ought to admire dogs!

Woodsmen's Tricks

ALMOST every sportsman has been annoyed while wearing the ordinary canvas shooting legging, which has a strap that goes under the foot. Such a legging is all right to wear in the house; but in a muddy field the strap under the foot accumulates a ball of mud, much to the discomfort of the wearer. The best thing to do is to cut this strap off when you first get your leggings. Take a harness punch and make a hole on each side of your legging through the leather edge; then knot a narrow leather thong, to go under the foot instead of the strap. It will pick up much less mud and hold the legging down just as well.

Men who have to camp out in the winter-time may get a good hint from the Finns, who are about as good woodsmen and out-of-door people as the world produces. When a Finn finds himself out in very cold weather he secures two logs, each a little longer than himself, of some dry wood that will burn with fair readiness. He splits each of these logs and then separates the halves by a thin stick at each end, so that there will be a crack in the middle of the log not more than an inch or two wide. The woodsman will have one of these split logs on each side of his sleeping place. Before he goes to bed he will take a paddle or slab of wood and, using it as a shovel, will take live coals and fill the space in the log on each side of him with these hot coals. The logs, thus prepared, will burn very slowly, but will keep warm, so that he will not have to get up often—if at all—during the night to replenish his fire. The split-log idea is something one has never seen tried in this country; but it ought to be worth remembering at least.

THE RECORDING ANGEL

(Continued from Page 13)

same street. He was old and fat, not very tall. He wore trousers too long in the stride, which caused the bottom of each leg of them to hitch up and then drop down again as he stepped along. He was in his shirt sleeves and carried a thin, black alpaca coat folded over one arm. A very much worn and narrow brimmed straw hat was tilted moodily over his face. And what could be seen of this was mournful. His underlip was thick and pendulous; his chin frosted with a gray stubble and overhung with a drooping, tobacco-stained mustache that would otherwise have been white. A pink bald spot, about the shape and size of half a small saucer, showed between the brim of his hat behind and the thin, untrimmed gray hair that fringed the lower part of his head. He was wingfooted, and his legs rubbed so close together as he walked that—as some writer puts it—one knee seemed to say to the other: "If you will let me by this time, I'll let you by next time!"

The remarkable thing about his figure was that it lacked so many of the angles of the human frame. His shoulders drooped, his neck was so short and fat that his head came literally next to his trunk. His legs in repose might have appeared as one leg. His arms were mere antennæ—futile, listless. One had the feeling that if he had not been a man he would have been a worm; that in case he had a soul it must be a cocoon, with the chrysalis of a dead butterfly inside; and that, being a man, he must have lost his guardian angel long ago in battle for him. Nothing more forlorn or hopeless in the very nature of things could be imagined than this man who followed slowly in the wake of the little whirlwind.

He also paused before the old house, stood for a moment studying the serene face of Amy, his wife, in the darkening frame of the window. Now for the first time you understand that he was drunk—not very drunk, merely sadly, hopelessly so. This was revealed by his little furtive preparations. He put on his coat, made an abortive attempt to lift himself and square his shoulders. He took off his hat entirely, like a feeble senile gallant getting ready to flourish a bow to the ladies. He was a poor old actor changing his costume for the next scene. The neighborhood was his dressing room; the open street was the place where he made up for another rôle in the little drama of life.

And he never lost interest in this last act. The risk that quickened every sodden faculty more than the most enthusiastic audience can animate and inspire a favorite actor was this—whether for two hours he, the village vagabond and drunkard, could fill the rôle of hero in a blind woman's fancy without once missing his cue or forgetting his lines.

"Elbert," said Amy a moment later, "I have had such a pleasant day."

"I know it, Amy. For the rest of us a day doesn't care whether it's pleasant or not; but whenever the Maker of Light creates a poor little runt of a day He encourages it by giving it permission to spend the whole of itself with you. Then the darned little thing brushes its teeth, combs its sunrise, perfumes its air with ten thousand flowers, clears its skies, and comes and shines like a lover outside your window, from dawn to dusk!"

Amy laughed. Fortunately she could not see her husband. He sat humped in his chair, his head poked forward terrapin fashion, his prominent blood-shot blue eyes walled up, his knees braced one against the other. He was really only the prompter behind the scene to the eloquent gentleman who complimented God with the authorship of a runty day in a certain woman's honor. Amy's laugh, like her features, was wonderful, and for the same reason neither sorrow nor anxiety had added those flat notes so often heard in women's ha-has. It came deep, mezzo-toned, golden, from the Arcady of her blindness. To preserve it Elbert would have suffered himself to be quartered, but he could not have remained sober even for a day.

"But this has been an unusually happy day," she went on. "I have an idea. I have been to the Woman's Club and I have brought home with me an idea."

"I do not doubt it," retorted Elbert. "I never go out of this house in the morning looking for an idea, I never spend the day downtown trying to swap history and tradition for one, that I do not come in the evening to find you sitting here with the Holy Grail in your hands, drinking poetry out of it."

"But I am troubled about this one. I'm afraid it's blasphemous."

"I hope so. If I were going to find fault with you, Amy, it would be that. You have always seemed to me fatally lacking in this natural ingredient of the human—blasphemy—that egotism of man which sasses the Creator."

Elbert never said a good thing nor a bright one anywhere but in the presence of his wife. Her blindness was her faith and, therefore, his inspiration. I do not recommend it, but I say if more wives had cataracts over their eyes more husbands would become great. And it is not my fault that the moral inanition of Elbert White does not prove this conviction. The fact remains that the way so many wives get their eyes opened about the men they marry, and keep them coldly observant, often prevents these poor Saturn souls from collecting and congealing their rings of immortality more creditably.

Amy had laid aside her work—a purse she was beading. It glistened now in the moonlight among the other beads, put together like a little sample of the many-colored foundation stones of the New Jerusalem. Finished, it would have been the very pocket for a young angel's Christmas present; but carried by any woman yet in the flesh and gowned in a cheap print, it was destined to become one of those ornamental absurdities that none of the sex knows how to resist. She sat with the palms and fingers of her hands folded together and held closely under her chin. This was one of her favorite attitudes, contracted through the character of her thinking. And now it gave her the appearance of a holy figure in a stained-glass window. The closed eyelids prevented any animation of her features and heightened this effect. No one would have supposed—what was really a fact—that she was a saint in whom the human predominated like a rosy light in a tomb, that she had a brilliant mortal intelligence, and a sense of humor which she must have inherited from that wink in God's eye, somewhere mentioned in the New Testament—it was so divinely illuminating, so omnisciently astute, so smilingly patient. All of which her natural sight might have obstructed if she had retained it. There is nothing so blinding to the average person as his eyes. They furnish the short-sighted angle of vision by which his thoughts are measured.

"You know," she began in her deep, recitative monotone of the blind, "the Recording Angel is the only biographer in Heaven of whom we have any information, and this is very meager."

"Naturally," interpolated Elbert. He took occasion of the rest between his lines to insert his thumb and forefinger into his waistband pocket, from which he drew two little red breath pills and a clove, which he slipped between his lips.

"If we knew more about its character we should know better what to expect from the Book of Life," Amy went on. "But aside from the description of an almost superfluous number of wings, written by Isaiah, little is known about any angel in Heaven. It's a terrible thing, Elbert, for a human without wings to have his peripatetic, penguin character added up and subtracted from perfection by an unimaginable being who may be innocent of having any character at all, but who may possess an argus-eyed faculty for noting and tabulating all our temptations and transgressions."

"Well, what's to be done about it?" Elbert demanded, humoring her.

"That's it. That is the idea I have come upon. I am thinking of writing a little Book of Life myself, not of competing, you understand, with him, the original multifarious biographer, but just a meager one of the men and women in this town that I know. It would be in the nature of supplementary footnotes on the humans we are in spite of divine grace. And the notes might help to soften the angelic exaggerations of our faults and frailties. And they would count, for the angel would be obliged to set them down as one of my deeds done in the body."

Elbert said nothing. He was stirring, however, and getting upon his elbow mentally

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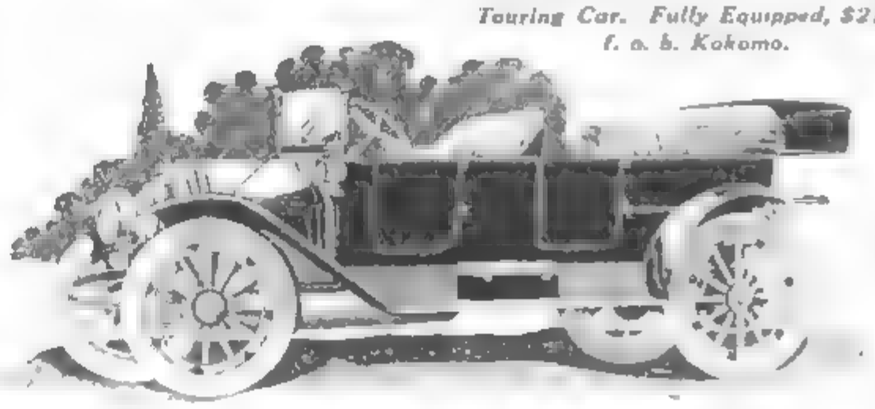

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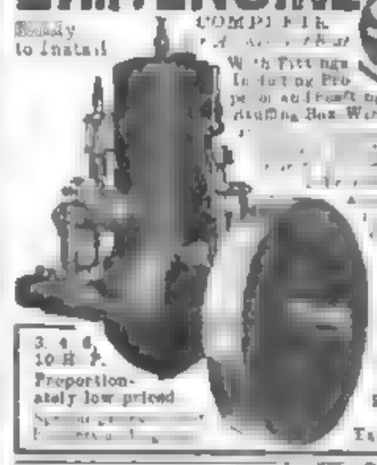

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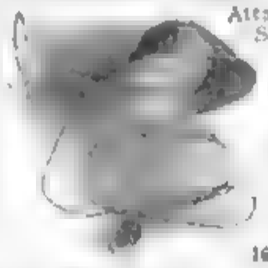

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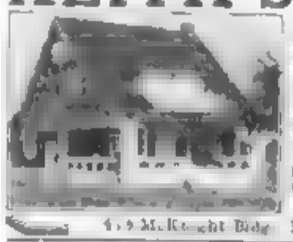

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to stare at Amy. He felt a vague alarm. She went on, serenely unconscious:

"This town is full of fiction that never gets published. Rachel tells me the captain has nearly finished his fourth romance of the Civil War. Mildred Percey has seventy-two original poems in her portfolio; and Leonora Bell has written a blistering paper on 'Man, the Orang-Utan,' which has been refused by eight editors. I have been wondering if there is not beginning to be a demand for just the truth. Suppose some one wrote about the men and women in Ruckersville as they are, and put in all the mitigating circumstances that the old angel leaves out. I was thinking I might do a little of this, not to be published now, you know, but to go along with the captain's romances and Mildred's poetry. Long after we are dead posterity might be as much interested in facts about us as it is in the fiction we have written and laid away. Maybe it would read like the best fiction then. All I should ask of you, dear, would be to copy my notes in the evening when you come home."

Elbert was aghast. He feared the awakening of Amy's recording angel more than he did that of any other angels. Her tentative proposition had the effect of turning off the light on his stage and of leaving him in the dark. From being the star performer in a blind woman's fancy, he perceived that he was about to become the amanuensis for an occult intelligence, and probably be called upon to write out a memorandum of his own feelings. He never could tell how much his wife knew about him.

"I'd be particular who I laid out in such a tale, Amy. You never can tell when the truth will tear the shirt off of a man, nor when it will lame a woman for life. Who do you think of putting into the first chapter?"

"Well, today at the club Mary Yancey read one of her stories that the editor sent back. She called it The Uses of Adversity. But she missed adversity about as far as a shooting star misses this planet. The heroine was only the painted paper-doll of her imagination. She could never have breathed the breath of life without sneezing. Yet Mary went on to tell in a brocaded silk style how, although she had been the spoiled darling of fortune, she behaved herself when poverty overtook her people, wore a simple white muslin, married a millionaire at last and lived in extravagance ever afterward. Now, Elbert, adversity has been the only sweetheart poor Mary ever had. And what I'm saying is, if she'd just written out what a faithful lover he's been, instead of telling romantic lies on him, that would have been a good story. She can't get rid of him to marry anybody else. If she could have written out how it feels for a woman to miss happiness and get her little hopes from a fortune teller, instead of out of life, I reckon the editor would have taken it."

Amy drifted into silence. She was thinking of how many times Mary Yancey had confided in her about visits she made to camps of vagabond gipsies to have her fortune told. Being blind, Amy was the unconsciously appointed receiver of secrets in Ruckersville. Thus she knew that for years the angular old maid had lived a pathetically double existence, one as the grim and industrious mistress of the old Yancey house, where she and her sister kept an occasional boarder, and the other as the tall heroine of a fortune-told romance.

Meanwhile, Elbert had been relieved to know that some one else was engaging the energies of Amy's dangerously direct mind, and had fallen asleep. His whole body sagged to one side, his head lay upon the uptilting shoulder, and at this moment from his open mouth came a deep snore. Instantly he was awake, startled, cocked and primed with the denial he knew he would have to make.

"Elbert," said Amy, "you are asleep."

"I am awake and about to serve supper," he retorted, rising and shuffling toward the door that opened into another room.

"You will bring the notebook when you return from the office tonight?" Her mind was still upon that.

"I will, Amy Light!" This was a term of endearment with which he often extolled her.

An hour later she lay dreaming in her bed; and Elbert was sitting in Bilfire's saloon with Captain Martin and Clark Story, before a plain deal table upon which the latter had spread his specimens.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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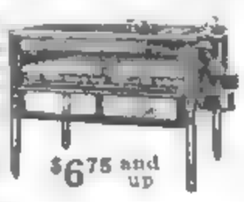

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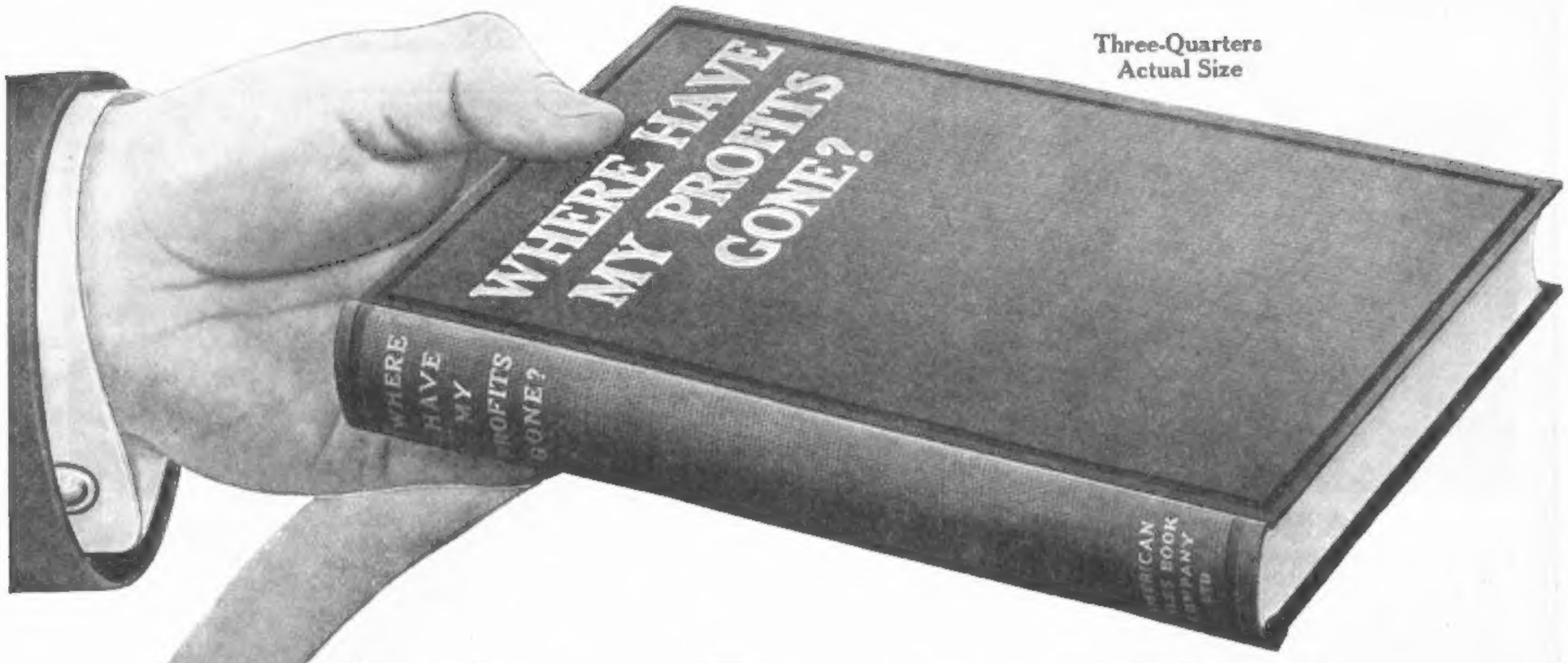

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MADE under our own patents, in our own factory, and the entire production sold direct to the home and office. That is the reason we can offer them at such **reasonable prices.** Our Sectional Bookcases are the product of years of undivided attention to this one line of manufacture. Book sections have **non-binding, disappearing glass doors,** and are highly finished in SOLID GOLDEN OAK. Other styles and finishes at correspondingly low prices. **Write for New Catalogue No. 25.**

THE C. J. LUNDSTROM MFG. CO., Little Falls, N.Y.
Manufacturers of Sectional Bookcases and Filing Cabinets
New York Office: Flatiron Bldg.

Sense and Nonsense

A Retired Sea Captain

Cured of Ancestors

W. BLEEKER FORBES, one of Pensacola's foremost merchants, bears also the distinction of being Florida's best wing-shot. Quail are Mr. Forbes' specialty, and to indulge himself in the sport he maintains a kennel of high-class pointers, a pack of such size as to require the services of a special attendant. A recent incumbent of the place was an Old Dominion darky, whom for the purposes of this narrative we will call Piney.

Hailing from V'ginny, Piney naturally lorded it over the resident colored population, the members of which he addressed usually as "You trash there," or "You lowdown," and so on. Should the remark be resented, Piney's retort was invariably Homeric. "G'wan! who is you, pusson? Why, you ain't even know who owned your grandpa!" In other words, Piney boasted a lineage that he could trace back through three generations of slave-owners.

Eventually Mr. Forbes heard of Piney's claim, and meeting him at the kennel, remarked casually: "What's this I hear, that you can trace back through three generations, Piney? They say you have ancestors."

For a long moment Piney stared at him in bewilderment. "Ancestrors? Ancestrors?" he repeated, when suddenly a look of comprehension sprang into his face. "No, sah! No, sah! Dat ain't me had ancestrors, Marse Bleek; dat my brother. Only he worked in a drug store and he done got rid of 'em!"

The Net Results

WHEN Ollie James, new junior United States Senator from Kentucky, first broke into politics in his native county of Crittenden he had occasion to try a case before a rural magistrate. When the trial was ended the magistrate invited the young lawyer to go home to dinner with him. As they sat down at the table the old man said:

"Ollie, it pains me mightily to see you messin' in with politics."

"Why so?" inquired James.

"Ollie, my son," said the magistrate, "politics ain't a fittin' pursuit for any young man. Look at me! I started in politics when I was young and hopeful, jest like you are now. I have held all the positions of trust in the gift of the people of my home district—I have been school trustee, road supervisor and constable and justice of the peace. But now, as an old man, all I've got to show for my years of ceaseless political activity is a lot of warm enemies and cold friends!"

Something in It

GOVERNOR BERYL CARROLL, of Iowa, has an amusing story of a state senator whose burly appearance might possibly lead one to mistake him for a laboring man, but who is as sensitive as a woman to all unpleasant circumstances.

"This man," said Governor Carroll, "happened to be standing outside a Des Moines undertaking establishment, conversing with a friend on political matters, when one of the employees came out of the shop and said:

"'Say, will you give us a lift with a casket?'

"The senator shuddered and replied hesitatingly:

"'I-Is there—is there—anything—in it?'

"'Sure,' came the hearty reply, 'there's a couple of drinks in it!'"

A Striking Difference

THERE used to be a negro orator in Birmingham, Alabama, who was a power among the voters of his own race. He came North as a delegate to a Republican national convention and, being pleased with the manners and habits of the Northern people, decided to settle in Cincinnati.

A year later Congressman Oscar Underwood met him on a Cincinnati street. His gladsome raiment and his air of prosperity were gone. He looked shabby—indeed, he looked almost hungry.

Recognizing Mr. Underwood, he craved the favor of a small loan.

"Well, Gabe," said Underwood as he reached into his pocket, "how do you like living in the North?"

"Well, suh, Mistah Oscar," said Gabe, "they's some things I likes about it and some things I don't like. Up here they calls you Mister—but they don't feed you."

Too Much Chair

A JURY in Virginia found a negro guilty of murder in the first degree; and the trial judge, following the time-honored form, sentenced him to die in the electric chair on such and such a date, "between the hours of sunrise and sunset."

After the condemned darky had been taken back to his cell he sent for the prosecutor.

"Boss," he said plaintively, "I knows Ise got to die sometime and it mout as well be now; and so I ain't got no fault to find with the day the jedge done specified. But, boss, I p'intedly does hate to be settin' round in that there 'lectric chair frum sunrise to sunset!"

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Why Men Have Used 900,000

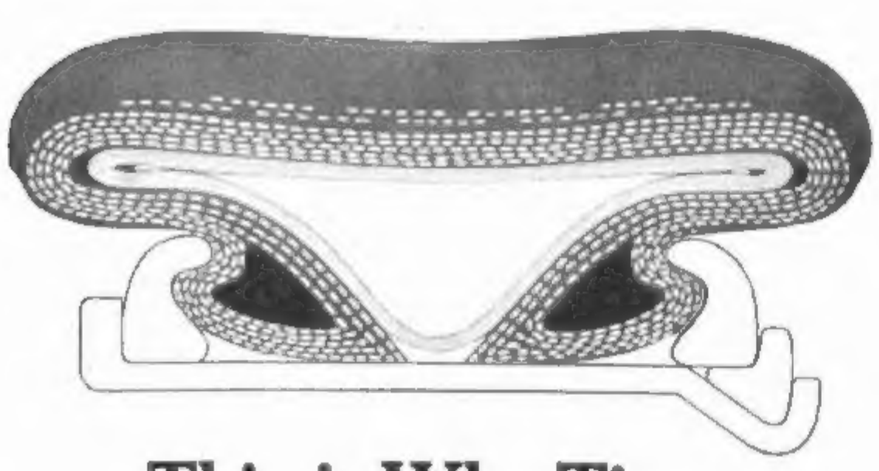
Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires now far outsell any other tire. The multiplying demand is sensational.

Yet motor car owners have only begun to prove out this patented tire.

This year, 127 leading motor car makers have contracted for Goodyear tires. And users' demands, up to this writing, are three times last year's figures.

The reason is, No-Rim-Cut tires cut tire upkeep in two. That fact, when proved, is irresistible.

Let us show how it comes about.



This is Why Tires Are Rim-Cut

This is a clincher tire—the old-type, hooked-base tire. It is a relic of bicycle days.

This, until lately, was the almost universal type of pneumatic tire.

Those beads on the bases hook into the rim flanges. That is how the tire is held on.

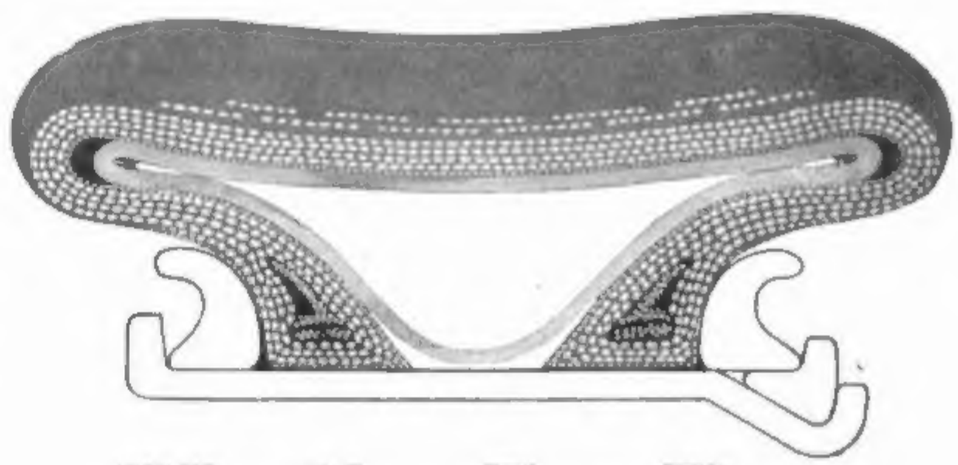
Note how those curved-in flanges dig into the tire. That is what cuts tires when only partly deflated. When a tire runs flat, for even a few feet, it may be wrecked beyond repair.

23 Per Cent of Ruin

Statistics show that 23 per cent of all ruined clincher tires have been rim-cut.

That is the money loss. Then there is the worry—the need for instant action when a tire runs flat.

All this loss and this worry have been completely wiped out by the invention of No-Rim-Cut tires.



Why New-Type Tires Can't Rim-Cut

This is a Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire, fitted on the same rim as the clincher.

The removable rim flanges are simply reversed—slipped from one side to the other. They curve outward then, not inward.

Note that this tire has no hooks on the base. It doesn't need to be hooked to the rim.

When this tire is wholly or partly deflated it rests on a rounded flange, and rim-cutting is made impossible.

Fits Most Rims

About 96 per cent of all rims are now made to take this No-Rim-Cut tire. All are quick-detachable—some are also demountable.

Any rim where the flanges curve outward, or can be changed to curve outward, takes this new type of tire.

We make clincher tires of the same ideal construction for rims that can't take the No-Rim-Cut.

Made 10% Oversize

No-Rim-Cut tires, because of their extra flare, can be made 10 per cent over rated size without any misfit to the rim.

We give you this 10 per cent more air—this 10 per cent added carrying capacity—without any extra charge. For No-Rim-Cut tires now cost no more than other standard tires. They used to cost one-fifth more.

This oversize takes care of your extras. It saves the blow-outs due to overloading. This 10 per cent oversize, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

This added mileage, plus the saving of rim-cutting, is how No-Rim-Cut tires cut tire bills in two. Tens of thousands of men have proved that they do that.

You get in addition the final result of our 13 years spent in tire making. You get tires as near perfection as men can ever hope to get.

GOODYEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

We Control This Tire

The only way known to make a practical tire of No-Rim-Cut type is controlled by the Goodyear patents.

Vulcanized into the tire base, on either side, are three flat bands of 126 braided wires. These wires make the tire base unstretchable.

Nothing can force this tire off the rim until you remove a rim flange, as with any quick-detachable tire. So the hooks are not needed.

Other devices to make the tire base unstretchable have proved most unsatisfactory. Our Tire Book tells you why. Don't adopt an experiment, made to meet our competition. When you change to this type, get the tire of which 900,000 have been tested out—the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(508)

RUBBERSET
TRADE MARK
BRUSHES

Shaving Brushes
in a remarkable range of styles 25c to $7.00 at all Druggists, Hardware—Specialty and General Stores.

The Safety Tooth Brush
Styles of tufts and handles to suit all. 35c each, individually boxed. Sold by Druggists and Department Stores.

Complexion and Nail Brushes
The Finest—most unique brushes made—Individually boxed. Complexion Brushes $1.50 to $2.00 Nail Brushes $1.00 to $1.50 all Specialty—Drug and Department Stores.

Paint Brushes
Home Brushes and paint brushes for every need conceivable. The standard line of the world. To be had of dealers wherever paint brushes are sold.

RUBBERSET is a name—a discovery—a standard in brush making. Until the Rubberset idea prevailed, all bristle construction in brushes was physically short lived.

We found ways to perfection that revolutionized old principles.

RUBBERSET method of construction has changed the short lived, dilapidated shaving brush to a lifetime of usefulness. The dangerous bristle shedding tooth brush, to the *safety* tooth brush. The dissolving, bristle streaking paint brush, to the everlastingly intact paint brush. RUBBERSET has made nail brushes, complexion brushes and hair brushes enduring.

Alberite, the new material used in the handles, is sanitary, bright and lasting, an exclusive feature of RUBBERSET brushes.

All of this is guaranteed by the inimitable process of taking hold of each and every bristle and gripping it in rubber, then vulcanizing the base to the hardness and durability of flint. Nothing on earth can deprive this hard rubber base of a single bristle.

The RUBBERSET method of brush construction adds ten times the life to shaving brushes—tooth brushes—paint brushes and other brushes but not to the cost to you.

True the prices may scale higher than ordinary brushes but the quality makes the price of a RUBBERSET brush.

Therefore, when you buy a brush your protection, your own interests demand that you buy a RUBBERSET. Whatever the price you want to pay there is a Rubberset to meet it.

A splendid catalog picturing and describing the best features of the Rubberset line of all brushes, Dental Cream—Shaving Cream Soap and Powdered Shaving Soap FREE on postal request.

RUBBERSET COMPANY
(R. & C. H. T. Co., Props.)
Factories and Laboratories, Newark, N. J.

Bristles gripped in hard vulcanized rubber